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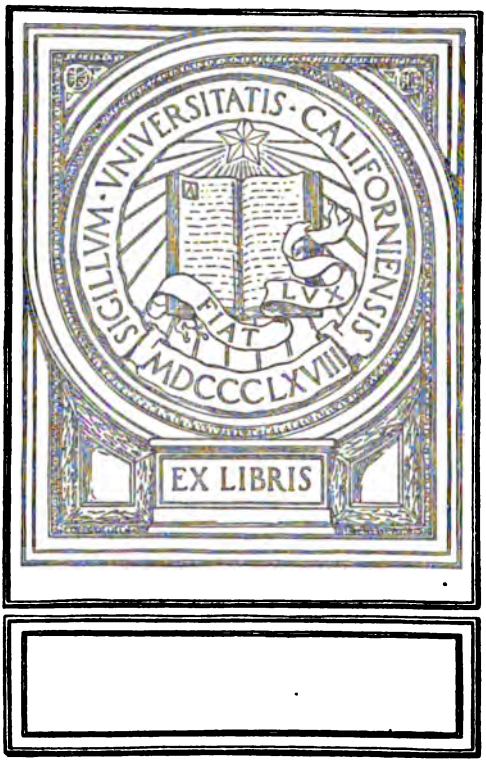
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BATTERY A



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Hon. William Sprague,

Rhode Island's War Governor.

After dispatching the First Rhode Island Detached Militia and battery to the seat of war Governor Sprague, on his own responsibility, began immediately to raise and organize Battery A and the Second Rhode Island Infantry before President Lincoln's second call was made. When the second call for troops came the governor quickly responded, and started immediately with the battery and regiment for Washington, and remained with them and participated in the battle of Bull Run where he rendered conspicuous and gallant service and where his horse was killed under him. Besides being Governor of the State at that time he was also Colonel of the Marine Corps of Artillery. He is the only Civil War Governor now living.

THE

HISTORY OF BATTERY A

FIRST REGIMENT RHODE ISLAND
LIGHT ARTILLERY

IN THE WAR TO PRESERVE THE UNION
1861-1865

By THOMAS M. ALDRICH

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTRAITS

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

PROVIDENCE
SNOW & FARNHAM, PRINTERS
1904

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PREFACE

COMRADES OF BATTERY A: It affords me great pleasure to present to you a record of the service of our battery during the period we were battling for the sacred cause of the Union. Of all the light batteries Rhode Island sent to the field, none ever excelled the Second, or Battery A in efficiency, endurance, or the intelligence of its men. It was well said by an officer of the Second Army Corps that "Battery A will stay and fight without officers." It is not an easy task to thus record our services, and, without doubt, there will be many who will not agree with me in all the statements I have made. But we must remember there are no two persons who see alike. I have tried by the aid of my diary kept throughout the whole period of my army service, and through other sources to give an accurate account of everything of interest that occurred in relation to our battery, and I hope that my efforts will assist my comrades who read it, to bring vividly to their minds the scenes and incidents which transpired long ago,

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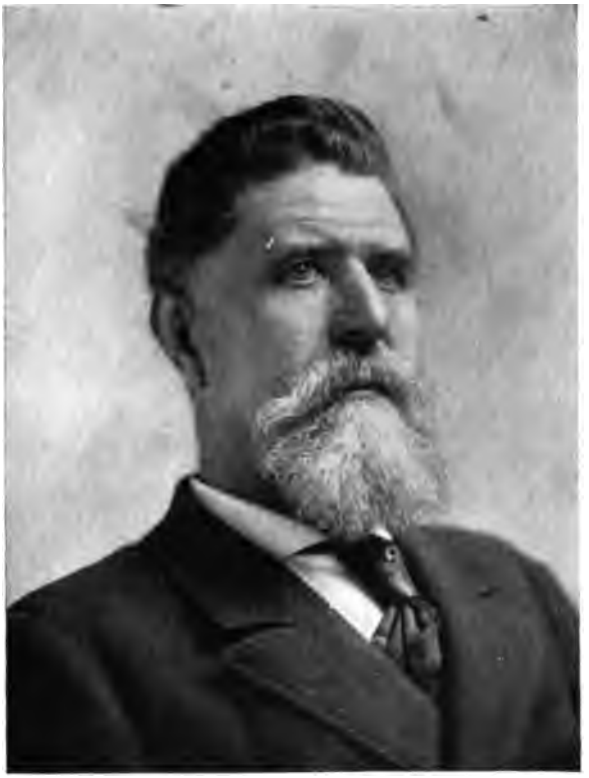
and of which perchance they may have forgotten in the years that have intervened since that memorable struggle.

To the following individuals who have kindly assisted me in my labors I am greatly indebted: Capt. Charles C. Gray, Lieut. Henry W. Newton, Sergt. Stephen M. Greene, Henry F. Hicks, and John G. McKay.

To Mr. William E. Foster of the Providence Public Library, and his assistants; also to Mr. Harry L. Koopman, Librarian of Brown University, and Mr. Henry R. Davis, of the Providence *Journal*, I desire to acknowledge my grateful appreciation for many kindly and courteous services rendered.

If I shall have interested my comrades and the general public in this portrayal of the events connected with our battery, I shall feel repaid for the many long and laborious hours spent in preparing this work for publication.

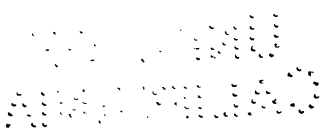
THOMAS M. ALDRICH.



THOMAS M. ALDRICH.

The author of this work, as he appeared June 19, 1903.

NOTE.—During his three years' service he was instrumental in saving three guns, namely, the Bull Run gun, July 21, 1861, which was the only gun saved at that battle; also one at Bristow Station, Oct. 14, 1863, and one at Po River, May 10, 1864.



CONTENTS

CHAPTER I.

PAGE.

Organization of the Battery — Departure for Washington — Camp Clark 1

CHAPTER II.

March to Bull Run and the Battle 14

CHAPTER III.

Back at Washington — Sandy Hook — Point of Rocks — Darnestown — Edwards Ferry — Muddy Branch — Poolesville 32

CHAPTER IV.

From Harper's Ferry to Fair Oaks 55

CHAPTER V.

From Fair Oaks to Harrison's Landing 81

CHAPTER VI.

From Harrison's Landing to Antietam 119

CHAPTER VII.

The Battle of Antietam 137

Page.

CHAPTER VIII.

Antietam to the Rappahannock 147

CHAPTER IX.

The Battle of Fredericksburg 158

CHAPTER X.

Chancellorsville 174

CHAPTER XI.

Back at Falmouth 179

CHAPTER XII.

From Falmouth to Gettysburg 185

CHAPTER XIII.

The Battle of Gettysburg 201

CHAPTER XIV.

Gettysburg to the Rappahannock 223

CHAPTER XV.

Bristoe Station 244

CHAPTER XVI.

Mine Run 261

CHAPTER XVII.

Winter Quarters at Mountain Run 270

Page.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Wilderness Campaign 287

CHAPTER XIX.

Spottsylvania 316

CHAPTER XX.

North Anna and the Totopotomoy 338

CHAPTER XXI.

Cold Harbor 351

CHAPTER XXII.

Return Home of the Veterans 364

CHAPTER XXIII.

Reorganization of the Battery and its Subsequent Consolidation with Battery B. 371

APPENDIX 389

ILLUSTRATIONS

Hon. William Sprague (War Governor) . . Frontispiece

Thomas M. Aldrich (Author), as he appeared June 19, 1903 Opposite page iv of Preface

Lieut.-Col. William H. Reynolds . . Opposite page 4

Capt. Thomas F. Vaughn " " 16

Lieut.-Col. John Albert Monroe . . . " " 32

Lieut.-Col. John A. Tompkins " " 48

Capt. William B. Weeden " " 64

Col. George E. Randolph " " 74

First Lieut. Henry W. Newton " " 96

Capt. Charles D. Owen " " 112

Lieut.-Col. T. Frederick Brown . . . " " 128

Major Harry C. Cushing " " 144

Gen. John G. Hazard " " 160

Capt. Jeffrey Hazard " " 168

Lieut. Charles H. Clark " " 170

Capt. William A. Arnold " " 192

First Lieut. George W. Field " " 200

Capt. Elmer L. Corthell " " 224

Capt. Gamaliel L. Dwight " " 240

First Lieut. Peter Hunt " " 256

Second Lieut. Benjamin H. Child . . . " " 272

First Sergt. William D. Child " " 280

Second Lieut. James P. Rhodes . . . " " 288

Sergt. Amos M. C. Olney " " 296

Sergt. Stephen M. Greene " " 304

Sergt. Augustus S. Towle " " 314

Corp. James B. Buffum " " 324

Henry F. Hicks " " 336

John F. Leach " " 346

Edward Shaw " " 356

William C. Dore " " 366

Thomas M. Aldrich (as he appeared June 19, 1861) . " " 388

Courtney House Opposite page 82

Scene of Pickett's Charge " " 214

CHAPTER I

ORGANIZATION OF THE BATTERY—DEPARTURE FOR WASHINGTON—CAMP CLARK.

WHEN President Lincoln issued his first call for troops to defend and preserve the Union, Rhode Island nobly responded to the call by immediately organizing and sending forward to the capital of the nation a full regiment of infantry and a complete battery for three months' service. But it soon became apparent that a larger force would be needed to crush the Rebellion, and for a longer term than three months' service. Accordingly, when the president issued his second call and the First Regiment and the First Battery had hardly left the State, Governor William Sprague began immediately to organize another regiment (the Second Rhode Island Infantry), and a battery for three years' service, and, within a few days there were four hundred men desirous to join what was then called the Second Rhode Island Battery, but afterwards known as Battery A, First Rhode Island Light Artillery.

The old Marine Artillery Armory on Benefit Street was the rendezvous of men from early morn till late at night, all eager to acquire the knowledge of military tactics as speedily as possible. Lieut. John Albert Monroe and First Sergt. Henry Newton were untiring in their exertions to complete the efficiency of the battery. At last the requisite number of men the battery required was selected by Surg. William V. Wallace, and, on the sixth day of June, 1861, at five P. M., the battery under command of Capt. William H. Reynolds, was mustered into the service of the United States for three years unless sooner discharged.

The following is the original roll of officers and men:

CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. REYNOLDS.

Lieutenants.

1ST LIEUT. THOMAS F. VAUGHN,
1ST LIEUT. J. ALBERT MONROE,
2D LIEUT. JOHN A. TOMPKINS,
2D LIEUT. WILLIAM B. WEEDEN.

Sergeants.

SGT. MAJOR GEORGE E. RANDOLPH,
Q. M. SERGT. ALBERT E. ADAMS,
1ST SERGT. HENRY NEWTON,
2D SERGT. JOHN H. HAMMOND,
3D SERGT. WILLIAM H. WALCOTT,
4TH SERGT. G. HOLMES WILCOX,
5TH SERGT. CHARLES D. OWEN,
6TH SERGT. FRANCIS A. SMITH.

Corporals.

CHARLES M. REED,
NATHAN T. MORSE,
WILLIAM A. SABIN,
H. VINCENT BUTLER,
JAMES B. BUFFUM,
GEORGE W. FIELD,
CHARLES H. CLARK,
GAMALIEL L. DWIGHT,
T. FREDERICK BROWN,
ALBERT F. REMINGTON,
HARRY C. CUSHING,
SEABURY S. BURROUGH.

Artificers.

JOSEPH C. DICKERSON,
ALEXANDER K. PAGE,
ALBERT HAWKINS,
DEXTER D. PEARCE,
MICHAEL GRADY,
DANIEL W. MARSHALL.

Farriers.

GEORGE A. STETSON,
JAMES P. RHODES.

Bugler.

NELSON H. ARNOLD.

Privates.

Aldrich, Thomas M.
Aldrich, Stephen W.
Allen, George W. D.
Adams, George A.
Barker, William C.
Bennett, Henry H.
Benedict, Frederick H.
Bourne, William E.
Boutems, Charles E.
Brown, Joshua
Brown, Clovis G.
Brooks, Joseph E.
Butler, Freeman
Bup, Frederick
Byrne, George
Byars, Joseph
Calder, Wesley B.
Cargill, Charles
Carter, Frank
Chaffee, George W.
Chaffee, Charles E.
Chester, George N.
Child, Benjamin H.
Church, John
Church, William C. M.
Collins, James H.
Collins, Timothy
Corthell, Elmer L.
Codding, Charles D.
Cooper, James

Crandall, Henry B.
Curtis, Horace M.
Day, Henry F.
Desmond, Michael
Donegan, Patrick
Drape, William
Fletcher, Calvin
Flood, Thomas
Franklin, George A.
Freeman, Edward R.
Gardner, James
Gladding, Olney D.
Graham, Henry, Jr.
Greene, Stephen M.
Greenleaf, George J.
Greenhalgh, William J.
Griffin, John
Griffin, John, 2d
Griswold, George S.
Goldsmith, James H.
Googins, Eugene
Harrison, Gilbert F.
Haynes, William
Hicks, Henry F.
Hines, Joseph E.
Hoit, Joseph S.
Humphreys, Preston A.
Irons, Lewis W.
Jenckes, Albert J.
Jollie, Thomas
Lake, Charles W.
Lannegan, Patrick
Laughlin, Robert
Lawrence, John H.
Lewis, James
Luther, Hezekiah W.
Luther, Levi
Lyndsay, Benjamin F.
Lynott, John
Maines, Alexander
Marcy, Albourne W.
Martin, Benjamin F.
McKay, John W.
McCarrack, John O.
McDonough, John
Messinger, Eli
Messinger, George
Moran, John
Morrison, William
Mowry, Charles H.
Munroe, Benjamin S.
Navin, John
Olney, Amos M. C.
Peck, William F.
Percival, Richard
Phillips, Frederick A.
Pierce, Willard B.
Potter, Edwin
Pratt, Henry L.
Raynor, Robert
Reichardt, Adolphus H. D.
Reichardt, Theodore
Remington, Richard T.
Rider, William H.
Rowbottom, Robert,
Sayles, Thomas W.
Scott, Charles V.
Seddon, John
Sedlinger, Simon M.
Shaw, Edward
Shepardson, George A.
Shippee, Benjamin
Slocum, George L.
Stanley, Milton
Stewart, Henry H.
Swain, Reuben C.
Taylor, William H.
Thompson, John B.
Thornley, Richard
Towle, Augustus S
Vose, Warren L.
Wales, Joseph W.
Walker, Arnold A.
Walker, Stephen
Walsh, John
Warden, Samuel P.
Warden, Wendall,
Weeden, Amos C.
Wellman, George A.
Whalen, John
Wickes, Edwin E.
Wilcox, Henry B.
Wild, John
Zimala, John

In a few days, together with the Second Rhode Island Regiment, we went into camp on Dexter Training Ground. We were then full-fledged soldiers in Uncle Sam's service. Tents were pitched and the people of our little State came to enjoy the unusual spectacle of field drills, reveilles, dress parades, firing of artillery at sunrise and sunset, of tattoo and taps. The sight attracted throngs of men, women, and children day after day.

While in camp mounted drills wore away the weary hours of inaction. About every man in the battery seemed eager to get away to the front, as the life on Dexter Training Ground did not appear to be congenial to them. We had been there but a few days before all our battery guns were exchanged for new ones, which were of brass with James's rifle bore, said to be the first rifle cannon ever used in war in any country. This change was hailed as a sign of our early departure for the front.

On Tuesday, June 18, 1861, we received our ammunition for the guns, and filled our ammunition chests, and preparations were made for breaking camp.

On Wednesday, June 19th, our battery in company with the Second Rhode Island Infantry, broke camp on the Dexter Training Ground, and marched down High Street to Westminster Street, across Market Square to South Main Street, and thence to Fox Point where the steamers lay in waiting to take us to New York. Our battery went on board the old ferry-boat *Kill Von Kull.* The Second Rhode Island Regiment boarded the steamer *Empire State,* and, about sunset, we left our friends and dear ones, some never to meet again.

The scenes at the docks can never be forgotten by any who beheld them or who were participants therein. It was one living, surging mass of humanity, everyone trying to get a look at those who were about to leave them for three years, and perhaps forever.



LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM H. REYNOLDS.

First Lieutenant First Light Battery: Captain Battery A; Lieutenant-Colonel First Rhode Island Light Artillery.

It was about sunset before the boats swung into the stream and started amid the booming of cannon and the farewell cheers of the multitude. As we left our loved ones on the dock a different expression could easily be seen on the faces of all on board, and sadness was felt for the first time when we saw strong-looking men (who afterwards showed themselves both brave and courageous), break down and cry like children.

These were the scenes that caused the stoutest heart to beat rapidly, and, for the first time, the writer thought of what he was about to undertake. Governor Sprague and the patriotic Bishop Clark accompanied the Second Regiment on the *Empire State.* As we approached Fort Adams we were saluted by the artillery there, and, upon leaving Beaver Tail Light, we received our first government ration, consisting of pilot bread and so-called salt junk (salt meat), and a cup of coffee. Many found fault with the poor quality of the provisions, but those who grumbled had something yet to learn of army fare.

The night was rather rough on the Sound for such a boat as the *Kill Von Kull,* and it continued so until after we got well into Long Island Sound where the sea could not get such a rake at us. A number of horses were thrown down by the plunging of the boat, and the writer was somewhat squeezed between them in trying to get them upon their feet again.

We arrived at Fort Schuyler about daylight, and steamed up through Hell Gate, passing New York City and reached Elizabethport about ten o'clock in the morning. We disembarked and boarded a train that was to take us to Washington after spending a good part of the day in making preparations. From people all along the line at New Brunswick, Trenton, Easton, and other places we passed through, we were received with cheers and expressions of sympathy. Refreshments of all kinds, such as strawberries, pies, cakes, and fruit were handed into the cars. The

weather was very warm and traveling so slow that many times we would get off and walk alongside of the car. Stops had to be made to break holes through the car, so that our horses could get fresh air, as they were almost suffocated. We crept along all night, which was very trying to the men in the cars with the horses, as they had had no chance to rest after such a tedious night on the Sound.

Harrisburg, Penn., was reached in the morning, and here also we received a grand welcome by everyone, as well as pies, cakes, coffee, and everything the people had to offer. After a short stop we continued our journey. We crossed the Susquehanna River, passed Little York, and, after a hard day's journey, arrived at Baltimore about eight o'clock in the evening. On our way there we saw signs of where the rebels had burned bridges or had attempted to, and this proved to be the reason of our slow progress.

The Second Rhode Island Regiment marched through the streets of this city from one depot to the other, their guns loaded with ball cartridges. The cars containing our guns were taken through the streets by horses, and those containing the horses with three or four men in each car to care for them, were drawn about half way and left standing without any kind of protection. While there, a man put a rebel flag through the door of our car and told us that was the flag we would have to live under. The regiment was under strict orders not to take anything to eat or drink while in Baltimore as they were afraid of poison, they being the first body of troops to pass through there after the Sixth Massachusetts had been attacked; therefore they had to be very cautious. Our battery stayed in the streets about two hours without protection before they took us down to the depot, and, as we left for Washington, a few bricks and stones were thrown after us.

The first thing that greeted our eyes the next morning as we looked from the car door was the Capitol building

itself, the dome of which was about half completed at that time. Colonel Burnside, of the First Rhode Island Infantry, and Captain Tompkins, of the First Rhode Island Battery, had made arrangements that breakfast should be prepared for us, consisting of roast beef, soft bread, and coffee. After unloading our battery we marched to Camp Sprague and pitched our tents on the left of the First Regiment of Rhode Island Infantry. Our camp was christened Camp Clark, in honor of our beloved (lately deceased) Bishop Clark, of whom all Rhode Islanders are justly proud as he was a model minister and a true patriot.

Our first Sunday at Camp Clark was passed very quietly. Some men received passes and went to the city, and, in the afternoon, Bishop Clark preached a very impressive sermon. It was very hot, the water did not taste good, and, altogether, it had a depressing effect upon us after our hard journey. The horses seemed to stand it well, although some of them were very sore and others appeared rather listless. The day closed with a dress parade, President Lincoln, General Scott, and a number of officers and dignitaries being present. It was a very pleasant sight for the men to see the President and General Scott for the first time, and to know that they were serving under them in defence of the Union.

On the 24th everything was hustle and bustle preparing for the grand review by President Lincoln and General Scott. We marched by the White House and through the principal streets of Washington, and had a grand day of it. The Rhode Island troops were lionized wherever they went, with Governor Sprague at their head, and Colonels Burnside and Slocum of the infantry, and Captains Tompkins and Reynolds of the artillery. It surely was a grand showing for our little State and one of which we could be justly proud.

On the 25th regular camp duty and camp drill kept us busy. The water began to have a debilitating effect on some of the officers and men, and a few of them were quite sick. The First and Second regiments and batteries had a fine dress parade, and, as usual, many officers, senators, representatives, and some foreign officials were onlookers. We continued to gain in reputation and were called by other state troops "Sprague's pets." During the night there was considerable excitement on the guard line. There was a continual call for the corporal of the guard. On one occasion there was a shot fired which caused about everyone to turn out double-quick. Later it was found that the guard had got excited and shot at a bush that was stirred by the wind.

On the 26th another day of drill. Mr. Amasa Sprague, brother of the Governor, was around the stables all day, and seemed to be the jolliest man in the whole camp, and appeared to take a great interest in our horses.

The 27th was another day of drill and dress parade. It was cloudy with a little rain, but not enough to do any good or cool off much.

The boys became accustomed to camp life and better acquainted with each other. John Navin, who had been a soldier in the English army, related to us many interesting tales of his soldier life in India, of the siege of Lucknow, and of many battles of which he had been a participant. Another comrade, John Griffin, entertained us with many queer sayings in relation to his soldier life, and his description of his daily fare in camp was very amusing. Some of the men who were not sworn in before leaving Providence, went to Washington and were mustered in by a regular army officer.

On the 28th a shower which had fallen during the night did not, however, prevent us from having our usual amount of drill on the field and at the manual of the piece, followed

by the regular dress parade. Fish was served that day which was quite a change and a treat to those who liked it, but, as usual, there was more or less grumbling. President Lincoln, his wife and General Scott came out to see us again. The general made a striking appearance in full uniform. He was a very large man and filled a whole seat in an open barouche. There was the regular routine of camp life; some playing cards, others looking around for some souvenir to send home. We found a log of petrified wood in a stream back of the camp; it was an old oak tree and had turned to a perfect stone.

On the 29th we had another refreshing shower, enough so that the clay began to stick to our feet. It was a great change from our soil at home. We had the usual amount of drill and some of the horses were quite sick. The officers and men of the regiments and batteries were greatly debilitated from the water they had been drinking.

The 30th passed very quietly and camp life had become so irksome that the men hardly knew what to do with themselves. We derived most pleasure in camp that day around the stables where Amasa Sprague had been matching up horses and talking with the men. We had a fine dress parade and the president and his family with the usual lot of attendants were present. The services were held by Chaplains Thorndike C. Jameson, of the Second Rhode Island Infantry, and Augustus Woodbury, of the First Rhode Island Infantry. There were also Catholic services observed in a nearby church by the Rev. Thomas Quinn, also of the First, who was associated with the Rev. Mr. Woodbury. Congressmen, cabinet officers, and men of all ranks and stations, considered it a great privilege to attend and view the dress parades and evening services of the Rhode Island regiments and batteries. While the services were being held the stillness that pervaded the throng of spectators and soldiers was very noticeable.

On the 1st of July we all expected something new, but the same daily routine of camp life followed: morning and afternoon drills, dress parades, and evening services. Preparations were also made for the proper observance of the 4th. Every one anticipated a good time. A number of us received passes and went to the city and visited almost all the public buildings, including the White House. We met an old sailor who was boatswain's mate on a little gunboat called the *Stepping Stones*. He was very friendly and gave us some good advice as new beginners in Uncle Sam's service. He told us about the shelling of a Confederate work down by the Potomac River called Cockpit Point.

On the 2d the weather was very hot and sultry, and about the same routine of drill and preparations for the 4th. It was reported that we were to have a cargo of ice and clams for a big bake at that time, and all our men looked forward to the celebration with delightful anticipations.

On the 3d the weather was extremely hot, and we tried all sorts of expedients to keep cool. After drill it was a sight to see the different kinds of hats and dress that were displayed through the camps. In the majority of cases it might be called undress. The signs and decorations on some of the quarters were very unique, being embellished with flowers and cambric of patriotic colors, and some of the tent floors were neatly carpeted.

The 4th was a day never to be forgotten by any who were present on that occasion. After the regular morning work the First and Second Regiments were reviewed by Governor Sprague. After that both regiments assembled in the grove at Camp Clark. Major Ballou was president of the day. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Thorndike C. Jameson, the chaplain of the Second Regiment; the Declaration of Independence was read by Chaplain Woodbury of the First Regiment, and a very eloquent address delivered by the Rev. Father Quinn, assistant chaplain of the regiment. A very

pertinent and patriotic poem was read by Captain Dyer, and Professor Sweet gave a fine exhibition of rope walking. We had an excellent dinner of roast pig and all the fixings to go with it.

The 5th was like a blue Monday with some of the boys, the fine dinner and refreshments having been too much for them, and they showed it, but nevertheless the drills were kept up just the same.

On the 6th it was the same old story, drill and dress parade, and the cooks were kept busy supplying both regiments with rations. It was quite a sight to see the quantity of food they handled morning, noon, and night; from eight to ten barrels of flour and about fifteen hundred pounds of meat and two hundred large pans of gingerbread each day. On bean day it took about one barrel of pork and three barrels of beans, and on boiled dinner day it took one barrel of pork, three barrels of beef, and from three to five hundred heads of cabbage. The men who had money had all the strawberries, cherries and fruits in season, but the prices for them were high. Also plenty of milk came into the camp, the price being twenty cents per quart.

The 7th was a very quiet day. After the excitement during the week we had our services the same as usual and the boys were inclined to wander about. The writer would have preferred to have more liberty in camp, but as he was detailed as veterinary assistant he had to stay around the horses about all the time. The horses were in excellent condition, and seemed to stand this new and novel experience as well if not better than the men.

On the 8th it was the same old story, the drill, etc. At six o'clock or half past we had breakfast call, with peas on a trencher; at eight o'clock guard mount, and, about one o'clock, roast beef call was sounded for dinner; dress parade in the afternoon and then supper. At 9 o'clock tattoo, and at 9.30 taps, when everyone in camp must be quiet, and,

as a rule, everyone was willing to comply with this reasonable regulation, as the hot weather and drill had a fatiguing effect upon the men.

The 9th was a very sorrowful day, for on that morning at field drill while going at a rapid gait, a limber chest in Lieutenant Vaughn's section, filled with shell and cartridges, exploded. Gunner Morse and Privates Bourne and Freeman were mounted upon it, and Bourne was killed outright. Morse lived about an hour, while Freeman was considered mortally wounded. Richard Thornley, the wheel-driver was also wounded and his horses were very badly burned. The swing-driver was also burned and bruised. How it happened or why there were not more killed or injured is something that cannot be explained; but it caused a great gloom in the camp. The remains of Morse and Bourne were carried to the depot by members of the battery and sent home to Rhode Island for burial.

On the 10th the gloom occasioned by the sad accident of the previous day still hovered over us. For a new excitement we were ordered to advance on the enemy across Long Bridge into Virginia and the men were well pleased to receive marching orders.

On the 11th everybody was astir early, and polishing and furbishing of guns and equipments was going on in preparation for a grand review before President Lincoln, and Generals Scott and Fremont. When the distinguished party made their appearance salutes were fired and they were received with due honors, and the review took place. It was an imposing spectacle. It was reported that we were to be brigaded with the First and Second Rhode Island, Second New Hampshire, and Seventy-first New York, and to comprise the Second Brigade of the Second Division, commanded by Colonel David Hunter of the regular army, with Col. Ambrose E. Burnside commanding the Second Brigade.

All hands were speculating when we would start across the river to annihilate the enemy.

On the 12th we had our regular every day drill. The men who had become debilitated by the use of the bad water and the change of climate were improving, and the excitement of marching orders appeared to have braced them up.

On the 13th after a very foggy morning and the regular drill of the day, everyone like inquisitive Yankees that we were, seemed to be endeavoring to find out about the advance movement. You would have thought to have heard them talk that Griffin and Navin knew more about it than any of the generals; that is, to any of those who were gullible enough to listen to them. They were a very slick pair of jokers, and Navin in particular, for he with his ready Irish wit, made some of the credulous ones believe about all of his impossible stories. Some days he had the Confederates coming across Long Bridge and the next day he had them laying down their arms; there was something new on the tapis every day. At any rate he and Griffin were jolly fellows. We thought at the time that it would be a good thing if we had a full company of them, as they with their entertaining tales relieved the monotony of camp life.

The 14th was a foggy morning. Although on such a morning the Newport fog is dense, yet it could not be compared to Washington. With a fine breakfast of good old beans and pork, guard mount, and the regular Sunday services the day was very quiet. The men seemed to be endeavoring to see if they could outdo each other in telling yarns and striving to emulate Navin and Griffin, but their efforts in that direction were in vain.

On the 15th there was excitement in camp. Our ammunition boxes were packed and we received canteens and haversacks. Everything was hustle and bustle and that night the camp was enlivened with the jokes and quips which were passed from one to another at the bright prospect of an early movement.

CHAPTER II

March to Bull Run and the Battle.

ON the 16th we filled our new canteens with water, and took our first rations in our new haversacks, with blankets and everything that goes to make up a soldier's outfit. Some of the men took a lot of stuff that proved to be burdensome to carry. We marched through Washington, crossed Long Bridge, and, for the first time, found ourselves on the soil of old Virginia. It was reported that our army consisted of thirty-five thousand men, fifty-five pieces of artillery, one thirty-pounder, two twenty-pounders, two small howitzers drawn by hand, forty-four six-pounders and our battery of six ten-pound rifle guns of the James's pattern. These forces marched from Washington in three columns, one by way of Alexandria upon the railroad to Manassas and along the country road and parallel to the railroad, under Colonel Heintzelman; another under Brigadier-General Tyler on the railroad leading to Leesburg as far as Vienna, and the road nearly parallel to Falls Church. The centre column under Colonel Hunter, to whose command our brigade was attached, left Long Bridge and took the road leading to Little River Turnpike, which was the direct road to Fairfax Court House. We marched that day from seven to eight miles and camped at night at Annandale, and were formed in line of battle for the first time in reality. It was a beautiful starlight night, and, with the exception of a few long faces, everybody seemed cheerful. Our brigade under Colonel Burnside was composed of the Second Rhode Island, First Rhode Island, Second New Hampshire and Seventy-first New York, with their

two howitzers, and the Second Rhode Island Battery (A), William H. Reynolds, captain. It was a grand sight to look at the camp-fires as far as the eye could reach. Our camp was in a rye-field. It was an inspiring scene to see the different regiments filing into camp and to hear the different drum corps beating tattoo, the artillery and cavalry buglers sounding the same call.

On the 17th at sunrise the drum corps sounded reveille and everything was hurry and bustle. We partook of a hurried breakfast and then boots and saddles call was sounded and we were ready for the fray, which we expected at any moment as our troops were face to face with the enemy's pickets, and it was reported that a strong force with artillery well entrenched was at Fairfax Court House, only a few miles distant. We started early, our brigade in advance, by Little River Turnpike, direct to Fairfax Court House. Company K, Second Rhode Island, with a troop of cavalry acted as scouts. In this way we advanced steadily until we began to find trees which had been felled by the enemy and placed across the road, which our pioneers cut away, and we soon came to one upon the hillside that had been cut down and turned completely over and stood bottom up in the road, but which we marched around with but little trouble, however. We presently came in sight of earthworks across the road but the enemy had fled and had left their breakfast cooking upon the fire. Some of us had a taste of it; it proved to be good fresh meat. There were eight embrasures for the guns in the earthworks, built of sand bags, all new and marked "Confederate States." The writer soon had two of them which he thought was a fine capture, and made a good addition to his saddle blanket. We reached Fairfax Court House about noon. The Second Rhode Island was the first to enter the place. The rest of our troops soon arrived and immediately began pillaging, and it seemed as if men from every regiment tried to see

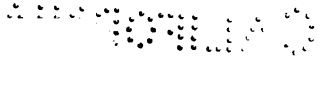
who could do the most foolish thing; men who in home and camp life were quiet and unassuming, seemed possessed with the desire to destroy everything that came within their reach. A printing-office was ransacked and the type and everything connected with the establishment was destroyed. The Second Rhode Island captured a Confederate flag and the Second New Hampshire hoisted the Stars and Stripes on the Court House. There were a few arms taken, some mail with tent and camp equipments, and a few negroes who were acting as servants to the rebels. The talk that night was to the effect that if Tyler's division had done its duty we would have captured the whole Confederate force in our front. Our battery was parked near the court house, on the grounds and near the house of Mr. Stephenson, an English gentleman, with a large and interesting family, who appeared to do their utmost to promote our comfort. The brigade was bivouacked through the town, besides doing picket duty on the outskirts. Governor Sprague, Col. John A. Gardner, and Joseph Manton were guests of the First Rhode Island. The men were all very much excited over the capture of Fairfax and everyone endeavored to describe what he saw or did all at the same time. The occupation of this town appeared to be an easy matter, and we thought if we met with no more opposition than we had thus far encountered the life of a soldier must indeed be very fine. "On to Richmond!" was the cry. The horses seemed to get on very nicely. Some slight kicking and biting on the picket rope was all the disturbance there was. Our teams of six horses attracted great attention from all the troops. Ben Shippee was very proud of his six grays. Taps were sounded that night and we retired with the satisfaction that we had made some progress into the enemy's country.

On the 18th we were astir early and began the advance by daylight, marching about two miles and halting at a



CAPT. THOMAS F. VAUGHN.

First Sergeant First Light Battery; First Lieutenant Battery A; Captain Battery B.



place called Germantown, where we remained until after three o'clock. General Tyler's division had taken the lead at Fairfax. We could hear artillery firing at the front. It was reported that a fight was going on at Centreville. It turned out to be Tyler's troops who had come upon the enemy at Blackburn's Ford, but before our brigade had reached the front the enemy had retired. However, we prepared for action; equipments were distributed to our cannoneers, sponge buckets were filled, and every man was at his post. It was about four o'clock when we resumed the march, and, within about two miles of Centreville, we went into camp. Strong picket lines were thrown out and everyone expected there would be a fight the next morning. Our officers and men appeared to be in the best of spirits, and, with few exceptions, seemed eager for the fray. It was very hot and everybody seemed to be willing to get to sleep as soon as possible.

On the 19th everyone was up early with the expectation of an early start, but to our surprise we remained in camp all day. The different companies and commands erected bush sheds to protect them from the hot sun, and christened it Bush Camp. Our battery had a number of bush houses. Through the First and Second Regiments could be heard inspiring songs and the scenes enacted were of so lively a character that it appeared to be a simple holiday excursion. Our camp was very attractive. That night we could see hundreds of camp-fires, and all seemed to be enjoying themselves. That evening after dress parade the service was the most impressive I ever witnessed. It was conducted by Chaplain Woodbury. After the Lord's Prayer and the doxology, Frank Moulton led in the singing. General McDowell and staff were present, with officers and men from about all the regiments in the division.

On the 20th everyone seemed as lively as on the previous night, and speculations in regard to the day's movements

were discussed with great interest. It was reported late in the evening that after a council of war, held by our generals, it was decided to remain where we were encamped until the morrow. The First and Second Regiments held their regular dress parade and services, with a larger audience than the evening before. It was said that after General McDowell had witnessed the parade and listened to the services, he walked up to Colonel Burnside and said: "Colonel, I shall depend upon your brigade whenever we meet the enemy." After a rather exciting day and lots of fun with plenty of heat thrown in, everyone seemed ready to retire.

Sunday, the 21st, was a day never to be forgotten by any who were participants in the struggle which then took place. We broke camp about 2.30 A. M. and started on our march on the Warrenton Pike, through Centreville, for nearly two miles, when we came to a halt, and remained there until after sunrise, waiting for Tyler's division to cross the bridge over Cub Run. After waiting a long while we began the march again, and, as soon as our column crossed the bridge, it took a road through the woods to the right and proceeded until about a quarter past nine before we reached the open country. Then it was an inspiring sight, for, as far as the eye could see, it was a level plain with wheat, corn, and all kinds of farm produce which is raised in abundance in that fertile section of country. We swung to the left and continued our march for a half-hour when we came to a good sized stream called Bull Run, and crossed it at Sudley's Ford, near an old building called Sudley's Church. Just before crossing the ford we could hear Tyler's guns on our left, which were firing to attract the enemy's attention while we were making a flank movement. After leaving the woody section we passed some very fine looking farmhouses, the people coming out in their Sunday apparel to look at us and to ask

questions. Some of the ladies were very indignant at the Yankees for invading, as they said, their homes and firesides. When we arrived at the ford we were so tired and thirsty that we took the opportunity to fill our canteens with water. In two minutes the stream was a perfect mud-puddle; everybody rushed into it knee-deep to get water, and it was slow work and quite a little time elapsed before all our brigade had crossed the stream. We marched about a half mile on the edge of oak woods with openings on the right, two companies of the Second Rhode Island Regiment in the advance as skirmishers, and the remainder of the regiment following closely after. We halted on a stony road where the Second Regiment lay down to rest. Some of the men of our battery dismounted, the officers remaining in their saddles, when all of a sudden a cracking of guns and a singing of bullets began. Through my ignorance of warfare I thought it was fun, and I said to Lieut. William B. Weeden, who was on the opposite side of the gun from me, "They are driving in the pickets, lieutenant!" In reply he said, "I am afraid they are hard old pickets, Aldrich." I thought his voice sounded strange, and I said to him, "You are not afraid, are you?" when he smiled and said, "No, it will not do to be afraid," and, drawing his watch from his pocket, he said: "It is ten minutes past ten." In less time than it takes one to write this the command, "Forward!" was given to the Second Regiment by General Burnside, and I never will forget the scene I then witnessed. Every man seemed to move at once, and all threw off their haversacks and blankets, which they were wearing across their shoulders, and away they went on a quick run over the hill. They had no more than started before the command, "Forward your artillery!" by the same voice, and in an instant the battery was smashing through a rail fence on the right, the rails flying as the guns passed over them. It was a startling sight as the battery reached

the hill to see men shooting at us less than two hundred yards away. How they ever let us get on the top of the hill is more than I can imagine. At our left was the farmhouse of Mathews, and sloping down from his house was a large cornfield. The view spread before us was very picturesque. Here the Second Regiment and the Second Battery drove the enemy back down the slope. Both the regiment and battery seemed to have been there about twenty minutes or more before any relief came, when at last the Seventy-first New York appeared with their two little howitzers and stood there in supporting distance. General Hunter was wounded and his horse killed about this time. He then placed Colonel Burnside in command and soon afterwards left the field. Burnside immediately ordered the First Rhode Island into action, and they went in with a rush, taking the place of the Second Regiment, who filed to the left to prevent a flank movement. About this stage of the battle Bob Rowbottom, one of our cannoneers, walked up to the front and shouted to the rebs to stop shooting up there or he would give them a shot from his gun, he supposing them to be our men firing in the wrong direction. The Second New Hampshire was now called into the fight, and, together with the Seventy-first New York, took the places of the First and Second Rhode Island, who were on the left flank of our brigade. The first brigade of our division under command of Colonel Porter, came to the support of our battery. Lieutenant Weeden's horse was killed about this time, also that of Governor Sprague, who came to the writer for another horse. When furnishing him with another horse, he remarked that he feared it might get killed, when I said to him, "I should think you would be more afraid of getting killed yourself." His reply was to the effect that it would not do to be afraid. After mounting he went but a short distance before his horse was shot and the work began again of shifting his saddle and holster

over from the dead horse to a fresh one, it being the last spare horse the battery had. After this I had nothing to do, so I ran to where our battery was stationed and offered to assist Corp. Gamaliel L. Dwight at his gun. He ordered me away, remarking that his detachment wanted the honor of serving that gun. About this time I met James H. Goldsmith, No. 1, of the first gun, badly wounded through the arm. I assisted him to the Mathews house, which was being used as a hospital. Then three men came along carrying in a blanket Joshua Brown, who was wounded in the leg and appeared to be in great pain. I took hold and assisted them to take him down towards Sudley's Church, but met some men coming with a stretcher, who relieved us. I returned to the battery and received orders to take Brown's team, but Sergeant Smith, in command of that detachment, did not seem willing to give it to me, but gave it to another man in his detachment. In a few minutes the section was ordered to the right, and, as we had gained over a mile of ground and the section was put in battery near what is called the Doogan house, it soon became warmly engaged in assisting Heintzelman's division, but was shortly ordered back to its former position with the battery. Within an hour from that time another section was ordered from the right to help Heintzelman's division out again, but when we arrived we were too late, as the two regular batteries, Rickett's and Griffin's, had been captured by the enemy and had been turned against us. We pushed forward and got into position, but before a single shot could be fired the fatal mistake of the day occurred, the mistake of supposing a rebel command to be a portion of our own forces. Thick and fast their bullets came in upon us and they were rapidly approaching, when, with almost superhuman energy and with great rapidity, which I never saw equaled, our cannoneers limbered to the rear and we withdrew. Here Private Frederick Bup lost

his life, and Warren L. Vose was wounded and taken prisoner. It was out of reason to think of staying there any longer. The section came back and joined the battery which had also advanced to the front and right at the same time. We had two guns disabled; one by No. 2 getting excited and putting the shell in front of the cartridge, and one by being hit so it had to be slung under the limber, which caused us considerable trouble bringing it along the road after the retreat began. Our brigade being out of ammunition had been relieved by the First Brigade under Colonel Porter. Major Sykes, with the United States Infantry, came down the slopes double-quick and relieved the Second Rhode Island Regiment, and Col. William T. Sherman's brigade of the First Division crossed Bull Run at Poplar Ford and came in to the left and relieved Burnside's brigade. Sherman's was soon joined by Keyes's brigade of the First Division, and together they advanced to the Warrenton Pike, with Heintzelman's division, our army gaining ground at least one mile on the left and about two miles on the right. Between three and four o'clock the fighting seemed to have nearly ceased. Our battery being out of ammunition we drew back towards Sudley's Church, just to the right of the position on the opening of the fight. A wagon came to us with ammunition and nose bags were put upon the horses to feed them, when all at once the troops began rushing past us. We tried to stop them, but it was no use. They seemed quite excited and asked us if we had not heard the bugle sound retreat. Captain Reynolds became somewhat anxious, ordered the bridles put on the horses, the men to mount, and the battery was started from the field left in front. The sixth piece was in the lead until we arrived at Cub Run, where we found the bridge broken down and the guns parked two abreast alongside the road, and where in inextricable confusion lay baggage wagons, caissons, and also some private carriages from

Washington, that had come out to see us whip the rebels. It was a grand mix up. One baggage wagon and two caissons had fallen down the bank into the stream. A baggage wagon had broken through the bridge together with an ambulance of a Massachusetts regiment. After leaving the battlefield we passed Sudley's Church on the same route that we had taken in getting there, a distance of eight or nine miles, which had we kept straight down the Warrenton turnpike would have been but four miles.

While passing through the woods one of the Zouaves climbed upon the rack of our battery wagon with his gun all loaded and cocked as he had come off the field with it. While he was trying to shift his position the gun was discharged and in an instant there was a panic. The cry arose "Black Horse Cavalry!" and there were a number injured before the panic was checked. After that there was no more trouble, only with the gun we had slung under the limber, until we had reached the Cub Run bridge, and there the rebels opened on us in good earnest. Until that time Burnside's Second Brigade was marching in good order, with the First Rhode Island in advance, and with Burnside and his staff just in advance of them. As he emerged from the woods he saw at a glance that the bridge was broken down, so he filed his command to the left and crossed the stream about two hundred yards to the left. When the enemy's battery opened the first shot they made seemed to have perfect range, the shot striking the ambulance that was on the bridge just as I was about to pass it. It was the first time that I had seen anything to startle me during the day. This caused me to change my mind, and I immediately passed alongside of the bridge, jumped down the bank and stood under the bridge and there remained until the shelling ceased. The panic was then completely turned into a rout. Before the third shell struck near us, every man as far as the eye could reach

seemed to be running for very life. I stood and watched them as they fled. One of our guns which had been driven down the bank into the stream or had fallen into it after having been left by our drivers still remained there, but the lead and swing-horses had managed to get up on the bank. I went to the wheel-horses and gave them a little assistance when they both got up, and, as I stood thinking what to do, two infantrymen with gray uniforms came out of the swamp below the bridge, and, on seeing the horses, came up on the rush to take them, until they saw me, when I asked them if they would like to ride. They both agreed, one mounted the lead and the other the swing-horse, and we started with the gun up towards Centreville. It was getting somewhat dark, but the rebels could see and hear us and sent us two or three more shots after that, but they went wild, and we proceeded up the hill at a good gait until near Centreville where we met the reserves. The officer commanding acted like a man who was very drunk. He called us curs and one thing and another, and finally let us pass. We had not gone far before Governor Sprague came to us and asked what gun it was. I told him it was one of the Second Rhode Island's. He ordered it into the field where the Second Regiment was forming on the right of the road.

About this time Charles V. Scott came to me and claimed the team I was driving. Knowing the team was his I gave it to him. After getting rid of the horses I could go where I wanted and could do as I pleased. Then the sergeant of the gun, John H. Hammond, came up and began to upbraid the infantrymen who had assisted me, and took charge of the gun, and then galloped away to find two of our drivers to take the horses. He had some difficulty in getting the gun from the men who had brought it from the field, but after a while they gave it up to him. I kept on till I arrived at our old Bush Camp, and found everyone was turn-

ing in there; so I went in, shook hands with what men I saw of our battery, and then went into a negro cabin where a black woman was cooking for some of our officers. While waiting to get something to eat, if possible, I fell asleep, and the next I knew the old negress was shaking me in great fright, and told me my people had all gone, and that the rebels were close by.

It was so dark when I came out of the cabin I could not see anything and did not know which way to go. While she was trying to tell me, our farrier, James P. Rhodes, came up and hailed me. He said there was a horse left in the fields. I went with him and we had the good luck to catch it. It was a brown mare which afterwards gave birth to a horse colt which was called Yorktown and brought home by Artificer Dexter D. Pearce and kept till he was twenty-five or six years old. With a watering bit I made a bridle, and with a First Regiment blanket I had picked up after delivering the gun to Scott, I made a saddle, and then I started for Washington. I kept company with Farrier Rhodes for some time until we overtook the army straggling along, when we became separated and I kept on by myself. I overtook Sergt. Robert Robertson, Jr., of the Second, and a number of his regimental comrades to whom I gave a lift on horseback thinking to help them along, but they, not being used to it, could not stand it as well as they could walking, so I mounted again and was soon clear from the straggling mass. After going at a good pace I reached a camp near Long Bridge, called Camp Corcoran, about daylight, on the 22d, and never met such a reception in my life. They could not do enough for me. Their surgeon stood in the road stopping everybody and shouting to the men of his regiment to give us all the coffee we could drink. I soon had all I wanted to eat and drink and lay down in a little tent and immediately fell asleep. I was awakened about 10.30 and told that the Rhode Island troops had crossed

the bridge. Going for my horse I found it all safe, but my blanket was gone. I rode to the bridge and found a mob clamoring to get over. An officer came to me and said, "We will let you across as soon as these men can be driven back," which was in a short time, but there was a grand rush made when the gate was opened for me. The Rhode Island troops being the only ones allowed to go across was what caused the confusion. I crossed into Washington and then came a sight that brought tears to my eyes. Men, women and children came forward to greet me and gave me all the food I could eat. They were intensely interested in my welfare and wanted to know how far away the rebels were. All I could tell them was what I had heard, but thought that the rebel army was in the vicinity of Fairfax Court House. I kept on until I reached Camp Clark and found a good part of the battery had already arrived there; also the gun which I had saved. Like the people in Washington they were all glad to see me, as I had just come from the front, and all wanted to know where I had last seen the rebs. I had left Bush Camp after twelve o'clock, and had overtaken our troops and passed them on the road. I could not tell any more about the rebs than they could.

I had had a good rest before crossing the bridge and felt quite well when I arrived at camp. The poor mare had not fared quite as well, but she had all the water she wanted to drink. We had a refreshing shower through the night, which helped to cool the atmosphere, but made it quite muddy and bad walking for the men. A good many of them had taken off their shoes but had not been able to get them on again. It could not be correctly stated that night how many of our battery were killed, but we were sure that two were killed and twelve wounded. There was a number missing, but some of them came in during the night. We could tell then how many were captured. We had six horses killed on the field and lost nearly all the rest, with

five guns and battery wagon and forge at Cub Run bridge. As none of our battery wagons went farther than Centreville they were all saved. The First and Second Regiments lost heavily, including Colonel Slocum, Major Ballou, Captain Tower and Lieutenant Prescott. It was some time before we could ascertain the correct loss of the regiments and batteries engaged.

Major William F. Barry, chief of artillery at the Battle of Bull Run, in his official report said: "The Rhode Island Battery came first upon the ground, and took up, at a gallop, the position assigned it. It was immediately exposed to a sharp fire from the enemy's skirmishers and infantry posted on the declivity of the hill and in the valley in its immediate front, and to a well sustained fire of shot and shell from the enemy's batteries posted behind the crest of the range of hills about one thousand yards distant. This battery sustained in a very gallant manner the whole force of this fire for nearly half an hour, when the howitzers of the Seventy-first New York Militia came up, and went into battery on its left." Colonel Burnside, commanding the Second Brigade of the Second Division, said: "The battery of the Second Rhode Island Regiment, on the knoll upon the extreme right, was used in silencing the heavy masked battery of the enemy in front, occasionally throwing in shot and shell upon the enemy's infantry, six regiments of which were attempting to force our position. Captain Reynolds, who was in command of the battery, served it with great coolness, precision, and skill."

At one time in the fight a six-pound round shot came over about six feet in advance of the captain and covered him completely over with dirt and injured him somewhat, when Private James Gardner, of our No. 1 gun, seeing him in that condition ran up to him on the impulse of the moment and patting him on the shoulder said: "Never mind, captain! We'll whip 'em! we'll whip 'em!"

Comments on the Battle of Bull Run and How the Gun of the Second Rhode Island Battery was Saved.

In whatever accounts I have read of the battle of Bull Run, the book or paper generally closes with the statement that the undisciplined soldier lost the battle. Being a private soldier myself there may be some who will accept my statement as of but little account, but I will try in my simple way to tell or show the reader how in my mind, the battle was lost. There have been many articles and papers written in regard to this battle. Many have said that if the army had not tarried at Centreville for two days it would have won. This statement I will not dispute; as Johnston could not have reached there in time to have saved Beauregard from being defeated; yet it seems that the intention of General McDowell was to attack by way of Blackburn's Ford, and, in that case, no one can tell how he may have succeeded. As it was he changed his plans and made a flank movement by way of Sudley's Ford, which would have proved to have been an excellent movement if it had been executed as planned. His first unfortunate movement was the crossing of Cub Run with such a large force dependent on one single wornout bridge, while the stream was at that time of the year only a good sized brook, which his pioneer corps might have bridged in half a dozen places in a very short time. Even if he had built only one such bridge he could have saved his wagon trains and artillery. As it was he marched over a structure that had to be braced up before all his troops had passed over it. Then he allowed General Tyler to delay his army for about three hours on the morning of the 21st, as Hunter's division marched about four miles to find Tyler's men making coffee, and then not moving until it suited their convenience. He also allowed Heintzelman to pass the road he was ordered to take, which would have put him in position on the right of Tyler and the left of Hunter, and he then would have been ready to

attack at the same time as Burnside. As it was, he did not get up until re-enforcements had been brought to that part of the field, and then appeared on the right of Hunter instead of on his left, where he was expected, by which movement Hunter's left was exposed so that if the Confederates had improved their opportunity they could have destroyed and captured Hunter's division.

Again, he allowed the battle to be fought by regiments instead of by brigades or divisions. As it was, the Second Rhode Island Regiment and Battery fought without support for over twenty minutes, some writers say over thirty, and gained ground all the time, whereas if brigades or divisions had been thrown in as should have been done, the surprise would have been complete and the enemy panic-striken before re-enforcements could have arrived.

As I have already stated I was only a private soldier, yet I viewed the battle from a good position, and through clear, far-seeing eyes, and I claim that through the assistance of two infantrymen I saved the only piece of artillery of our battery from the field of Bull Run that had been engaged on that day and never received credit for it. On the contrary, another man was promoted for it, though the only part he took in saving the gun was to take it away from me and the infantrymen who assisted me after we had brought it from the field. As I have said there was no reason for our troops to have left the field. I remained at Cub Run bridge until the army had gone and not one man in sight as far as I could see, and there was a good view from where I was, and no effort was made to stop any one, but all alike, as it appeared to me, seemed to be striving to see who could reach Centreville Heights first.

Lieut. J. Albert Monroe in a paper read before the Soldiers and Sailors Historical Society of Rhode Island, says:

"About one or two hours after the engagement began, Captain Reynolds, with Lieutenants Tompkins and Weeden,

went off to the right of our position with two guns, which were placed in position near the Doogan house, I think, where they went earnestly to work.

"During their absence, Sergt. John H. Hammond, of my section, reported to me that he was entirely out of ammunition, and, as I knew that there was no reserve supply for the James's gun within available distance, I directed him to take his piece to the rear to some safe place and wait for orders.

"Upon going out of the house to resume the march, I found, to my surprise, that sometime during the march, Private Scott (Charles V.) had arrived in camp with the piece that I had sent off the field under Sergeant Hammond for want of ammunition. Upon inquiring of Scott for the particulars of his becoming possessed of it, he informed me that he got strayed from the company, and, while picking his way through the woods, came upon the piece with all or a portion of the horses still hitched to it. Calling upon some infantrymen near by, who were also astray, he mounted one horse himself and directed them to mount the other horses, and together they took the piece to Centreville. Its advent was hailed with special delight by every member of the battery. Sergeant Hammond told me that he followed his instructions to the letter; that after directing his cannoneers to serve with the other pieces, he took the piece well to the rear and sought an obscure, and, as he thought, a secure place, and with his drivers remained by it awaiting orders. During the afternoon some cavalry appeared in their near vicinity, and, supposing them to be rebel cavalry, they fled, knowing that if they attempted to take the piece with them it would be captured and they would be taken with it. It is highly probable that the cavalry they saw were a part of our own forces; but such had been the rumors and talk of rebel cavalry, its efficiency and the terrible work it was capable of performing, that the

appearance of even a solitary horseman was enough to strike terror to the hearts of half a dozen ordinary men. Sergeant Hammond and his drivers rejoined the battery at Centreville, assumed command of his piece, and took it to Washington with the company."

These statements I have made may seem bold to some of my readers, and, while I may not be capable of debating on many subjects, yet in regard to this battle I am willing to meet any one who thinks differently, and will endeavor to substantiate the statements I have made. As Lieutenant Monroe did not himself see that gun when it was taken from the field, and only states from hearsay, and not actual knowledge, I leave it to any one, especially those who are familiar with artillery movements, to judge for himself as to who gives the most accurate account of the saving of the gun.

The casualties in the Second Rhode Island Battery at Bull Run were: Two men killed and fourteen wounded.

The casualties in the whole army were as follows: Killed: Officers, 19; enlisted men, 462; total, 481. Wounded: Officers, 64; enlisted men, 947; total, 1,011. Missing: Officers, 40; enlisted men, 1,176; total, 1,216.

NOTE.— Since the compilation of this work I have been informed by one of the men of our battery, John W. McKay, an esteemed and respected citizen of Providence, R. I., that he with Olney D. Gladding (the latter being mortally wounded), was on the limber of the gun when it went into Cub Run, where it had been left by our drivers, so the statement is incorrect where Charles V. Scott says he found the gun in the woods.

CHAPTER III

BACK AT WASHINGTON—SANDY HOOK—POINT OF ROCKS—DARNESTOWN—EDWARDS FERRY—MUDDY BRANCH—POOLESVILLE.

THE 23d was a gloomy day, but I was kept quite busy attending to the horses that were saved. They seemed to be doing nicely and very much refreshed after a good night's sleep. The men, however, appeared to be somewhat disheartened in consequence of the defeat of the Union arms. Some of them wanted to return and fight the Johnnies. There were all sorts of reports in camp about the rebels coming to Washington, but they would have had to show better fighting qualities than characterized their efforts at the Bull Run battle before they could have reached that city. The inhabitants in Washington were at fever heat and officers appeared busy as if making preparations for another forward movement. There were some rumors that we were to have a new battery and cross the river again. The Second Rhode Island Regiment and our battery gained an enviable reputation in the late battle. Men kept coming into camp that day which considerably lessened the roll of those reported as missing.

On the 24th the men seemed more cheerful, although some of them showed the effects of their last week's trying experience.

On the 25th there was considerable excitement in camp. The First Regiment left for home. They marched off with a light step, and, as they passed us, Captain Reynolds proposed three cheers which were given with a will and to which the men of the First quickly responded. The



LIEUT. COL. JOHN ALBERT MONROE.

First Lieutenant Battery A; Captain Battery D; Major; Lieutenant-Colonel First Rhode Island Light Artillery; Inspector of Artillery; commanded Artillery Brigade, Ninth Army Corps.

NOTE.—In civil life he was a distinguished civil engineer, his last and most important work being the construction of the bridge across the Thames River at New London, Conn.

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paymaster was in camp that day and we received our first pay in gold.

On the 26th two more men came in who had been given up for lost; also a number of the Second Regiment.

On the 27th General James, the inventor of the James's rifle gun, chose men from our battery to go on board of an ocean steamer down the Potomac River, near Acquia Creek to exhibit his guns (one of heavy calibre), upon some earthworks thrown up by the Confederates, by which they had been blockading the Potomac. There were two or three men chosen from each detachment, chiefly on account of their good work at Bull Run. The president, the cabinet, foreign officers, diplomats, army officers of all grades were present, also a number of ladies, the most conspicuous of whom was Miss Kate Chase, to whom our young war governor seemed to be paying considerable attention. Our men received great credit for their soldierly appearance, and Captain Reynolds was commended by our boys for refusing to lunch until they had been supplied. Governor Sprague and Miss Kate Chase appeared to be enjoying themselves. She fired the big gun a number of times, which proved to be a most powerful one. The earthworks were located at Cockpit Point. Nothing was seen of the enemy except two or three men who ran into the woods after the first shot was fired. There were some excellent shots made.

On the 28th Captain Reynolds received orders to go to Harper's Ferry and relieve the First Rhode Island Battery and to take their guns as their term of service had expired. As soon as possible we got under way and bid Camp Clark adieu. We marched to the depot of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, taking the train for Harper's Ferry and going by the way of Annapolis Junction, made famous by the First Rhode Island and Seventy-first New York Regiments on their way to Washington, where the famous song, "Only Nine Miles to the Junction," was composed by a

member of the Seventy-first, and sung lustily by the members of that regiment. We passed through a very fertile country and also observed a number of manufactories on our way. We arrived at Sandy Hook in the afternoon and were cordially greeted by the men of the First Battery, and exchanged stories with them in regard to our experiences since our last meeting.

On the 29th we relieved the First Rhode Island Battery and they left us for home in the evening with rousing cheers from our men, which they returned with a will. We were now under the command of Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks. We encamped upon a fine plateau above the village at the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains, called Maryland Heights, and near what is called Weavertown. Lieutenant Vaughn went with the right section to Maryland Heights, which position overlooks Harper's Ferry. It was a very mountainous country. The Potomac River, the Baltimore and Ohio Canal and railroad lay just below us, and lofty mountains loomed up in all directions. Captain Reynolds went home on a leave of absence.

On the 30th we began anew the life of a soldier in camp. Mounted drill in the morning and the manual in the afternoon. It was very hot during the day but cool in the evening. I was assigned a new position, the charge and care of all the sergeants' horses, and I had all the work I wanted to do to keep everything in good condition. John Lynott and Patrick Donegan were detailed to take care of the officers' horses. Blackberries were in great abundance on the mountain sides and the men brought them in to camp by the bucketful. They were as delicious as any I ever ate. Some of our officers and men went up on the mountain with the first section and reported that the view to be obtained from that point was indescribably grand.

On the 1st of August we had the usual camp duties. Towards night we witnessed a thunderstorm of unusual se-

verity. The scene presented to our view was truly sublime, and taught us a good lesson in regard to caring for our tents and in preventing them from blowing down. We had not become accustomed to regular army rations and they were decidedly different from those we had received at Camp Clark. Our men realized the change, but with berries and other fruit we managed to get along very well on our soldier fare.

The 2d was very warm and there was considerable strolling about by the boys. Some infantrymen of our brigade were in camp trading stories, and telling all about their hardships, and they in turn listening to our men while they related their experiences in the Bull Run fight. Everything here seemed to be quiet, although there were some reports that the Johnnies across the river contemplated making a move upon us.

On the 3d the weather was extremely hot, and it told very hard on the horses. We remained there until the 13th occupying our time in inspection, drills, and the regular camp routine.

On the 7th we had considerable excitement in camp over a negro that Corporals Clark and Cushing had picked up somewhere and were using as a servant. A detachment of cavalry was sent after him. The corporals getting wind of it secreted the negro in the side of the mountain. The owner of the negro was with the cavalry when the officer in command made a demand for him. He was told by Lieutenant Monroe who was commanding the battery in the absence of Captain Reynolds that the negro was not there. After the officer had carefully looked the camp over Lieutenant Monroe gave him to understand that neither he or his men had enlisted to hunt negroes, whereupon the officer gave up the search and departed. The owner of the negro remained and began to look around the tents. Lieutenant Monroe learning of this, went up to him and said,

"I will give you two minutes to get out of this camp, after which I will not be responsible for what may happen to you." It is needless to say that he was not there at the end of the two minutes. We had considerable fun in camp that day with foot races and other sports. The weather continued very hot with frequent thunderstorms.

On the evening of the 12th Lieutenant Monroe received orders to proceed to Point of Rocks. We broke camp about six o'clock and marched all night arriving there early the next morning. It was a very pleasant march and much better than if we had marched in the heat of the day. Lieutenant Vaughn with the right section left Maryland Heights and went to a place called Berlin. The rest of the battery were located near the Potomac River. A very picturesque view was obtained from this point. Colonel Geary was in command of the post there. The Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania Regiment was encamped near our battery with three other regiments belonging to our brigade. Across the river was a large mountain called the Catoctin, the northernmost one of that range, and we could see horsemen quite frequently. Our pickets reported considerable movements of troops on the opposite side of the river. The reason of our going there was the report that the rebels contemplated making an attack both at that place and at Berlin.

At that place a section of our battery, with the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania, under the direct supervision of Colonel Geary crossed the canal bridge, and our section under Lieutenant Monroe put their guns in position and the regiment was posted along the river bank. Colonel Geary called for volunteers from that regiment to capture a rebel skiff on the opposite bank of the river. When none of the men of that regiment responded to the colonel's request Comrades Charles V. Scott and William C. Dore, of our battery, both drivers, volunteered their services, which were ac-

cepted. They started on their mission, stripping themselves of all their clothing and in full view of the rebels on the other side, but for some reason the enemy did not molest our men, probably on account of the presence of the regiment, and a section of our battery, the latter being in readiness to open upon the enemy should they commence to fire. The men crossed to the other bank, secured the skiff and paddled it back to our side of the river.

On the 14th we changed our camp nearer the river.

On the 15th our battery was still on duty at Point of Rocks and there we remained until September 2d. At no time during the service did the officers and men of the battery feel more keenly the responsibility of their situation than while stationed there, expecting an attack from the enemy any moment either by night or day. Our life there, however, was an agreeable change from the monotonous routine of duties at Camp Clark, near Washington. We were assembled that day to witness the drumming out of camp of a soldier from the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania Regiment, convicted for stealing from his comrades.

On the 16th the familiar cry "All quiet along the Potomac" might fittingly have represented the situation as far as any demonstrations by the rebs were concerned; but nevertheless it was a busy day for us in other respects. Captain Reynolds returned accompanied by the Third Battery (B) and some recruits for ours. The Third Battery was to relieve us and we were then to be returned to Washington to be brigaded again with the Second Rhode Island Regiment as was promised when we came here. Colonel Geary, however, who was in command, did not deem it proper to take a new battery that had just arrived from home and let one that had had experience depart, as he expected an attack at any moment and did not care to rely upon a new battery at such a critical period. While arguing the point the long roll was sounded and our bugler was

ordered to blow "Boots and Saddles." By this ruse the colonel had time to get word from General Banks and we received orders to stay, and the Third Battery went to Washington in our stead. This battery was under the command of our former Lieutenant Vaughn, he having been promoted from our battery. Sergt. George E. Randolph, who had been commissioned a second lieutenant on the 14th of August left us, he having been transferred to Battery C.

The 17th found everything quiet on the Potomac, our drills still being kept up. Pigs were very plentiful and we had a fine time while encamped here, and our men, as usual, got their share of good things.

On the 19th we were called into line and Colonel Geary gave us a talking to about killing pigs. He said it was reported that our battery was killing a good many and he hoped it was not as bad as reported. Captain Reynolds informed him he had not seen any pigs killed, although he had found a nice ham lying on his table that morning, but did not know how it came there. I could have told him but thought it not wise to do so.

On the 20th we had a fine shower which prevented us from drilling. Everyone appeared to be in good spirits and we had plenty of pig meat for breakfast.

On the 21st we had considerable excitement. Baggage was ordered off, but our tents were left standing. It looked as if we had to get out quick for some reason. Afterwards it appeared to be a big scare, as there were no signs that night of moving.

On the 22d our right section was ordered to Berlin and marched towards Frederick City. With our regular drill and some games everything was as quiet as usual.

On the 23d horsemen were seen across the river which caused some excitement. By the action of some of our men one would have thought the whole rebel army was ready

and waiting to come over. I saw a few men, but could not tell whether they were soldiers or not.

On the 24th it was very quiet. We had a fine drill. Turkeys and chickens were reported not far off, which report some of us ascertained the truth of. We captured a fine pig that morning which weighed about eighty pounds, a nice portion of which was left on the captain's table.

The 25th was a very quiet day. Received visitors from the infantry encamped here. Went out to look up turkeys and chickens and found them in abundance. It appeared as though the battery might be supplied for a whole week. We were of the opinion that we had just as soon stay here the rest of our three years' term of service, but it seemed too good to last. Colonel Geary came into camp again and inquired about the turkeys, but there was no trouble made in regard to them.

On the 26th the firing of artillery was heard in the direction of Edwards Ferry, which caused considerable excitement. Captain Reynolds and Lieut. John A. Tompkins with one section went to Harper's Ferry. We changed our camp that day out of sight of the enemy.

On the 29th there was considerable excitement. The Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania were ordered into line and marched towards the river. Our battery was hitched up double-quick and put in sections along the river bank, but as usual it was a false alarm.

September 2d Captain Reynolds received orders to join the first section at Darnestown. We broke camp in quick time and were soon on the march. Colonel Geary ordered his regiment into line and they presented arms as we marched past. We gave them nine cheers and a tiger. Our battery had become very much attached to Colonel Geary and his regiment. It seemed very much like leaving friends and home behind as we esteemed the colonel and his regiment very highly. The march to Darnestown was

one never to be forgotten. This section of Maryland is one of the finest in the state; in fact it was a paradise compared to any we had yet seen. We arrived at Darnestown late in the afternoon and went into camp near General Banks's headquarters, and where nearly all of his divisions were encamped around the town.

On the 3d there was music in the air all night and the call for the corporal of the guard was quite frequent. Our battery, with its battery park and horses were encamped near the road leading to headquarters. Everyone who passed to and from the general's headquarters was halted and the countersign demanded of him. General Banks himself was halted three times before he was allowed to pass our camp. He finally inquired of the last sentinel on post how large that Rhode Island battery was. Our camp was very nicely situated and green corn and pigs were quite plentiful, and, as the saying goes, we "lived in clover."

On the 4th as the battery was returning from drill in the afternoon Lieut. John A. Tompkins received orders to report at Great Falls with his section, about ten miles distant. After a very hot day we had a refreshing shower in the evening.

On the 5th the left section under Lieutenant Tompkins arrived at Great Falls during the night, guided there by Colonel Harvey of the Seventh Pennsylvania Infantry, whose command had been fired upon by a Confederate battery during the day, firing about one hundred shots and wounding some of his men. The section was put in good position and the regiment of infantry threw up an earthwork around it. The sections of our battery that remained in camp went through their regular drills. The men of our battery were delighted with the new encampment. John Tyng was the life of the camp and we had lots of fun with Jim Reader, Captain Reynolds's colored servant. He, it is said, was the fellow who put a green corn cob into Bug-

ler Snow's bugle and broke the cob short off. The first order Snow received afterwards for a bugle call caused more merriment in camp than I had ever known before. After trying for a long time to blow, he discovered the trouble, and became very angry, and, in his bland way, drawled out, "I'd give ten dollars to know who put that corn cob in my bugle."

On the 6th the heavy rain for the last two days caused the Maryland mud to be very disagreeable under foot. Green corn and pigs were plentiful. The section at Great Falls had no opportunity of firing at the enemy as they did not make their appearance in that vicinity. As the men left on a quick order they took no rations and soon became hungry. Some of the men went into the town and had the good luck of finding some bread and molasses, and succeeded in appeasing their appetites. There was very little money among them, so Lieutenant Tompkins furnished the means out of his own pocket for procuring their food. About three o'clock the section left Great Falls for Seneca Falls, where the enemy were making demonstrations. With the heavy rains for the two days previous and that night, they had a very rough experience. The country through which they passed was densely wooded and it was impossible to proceed farther. They therefore were compelled to halt until daylight, and, taking possession of an unoccupied house, made themselves as comfortable as possible until morning, when the weather became more propitious. The men discovered a fine peach orchard, where they had halted for the night, and supplied themselves with an abundance of delicious peaches. The march was resumed with very heavy wheeling, however, and the section arrived at Camp Jackson about nine o'clock, where they found the Thirty-fourth New York Regiment of Infantry, Colonel La Due commanding, who gave them a hearty reception. In the evening Colonel La Due and Lieutenant Tompkins took one

of the guns and masked it in a good position near a canal along the Potomac. After the rain the sections in camp went out to drill, General Banks observing it with apparent interest. A party of us went out on a foraging trip and some fine peaches were found near our camp, which, with the green corn and pigs, added greatly to our bill of fare.

On the 8th the section at Seneca Falls fired a few shots across the river but got no response from the enemy. At our camp in Darnestown it was very quiet, John Tyng and Jim Reader furnishing most of the fun that was going on. John Navin also contributed his share of amusement by relating his story of how we were to march over the river and capture the rebel army, and thus end the war. Riding out a short distance from camp a fine peach orchard was discovered; also some very fine pigs. There being no one to assist us we had to leave the pigs, although we were very loth to do so.

On the 9th the section at Seneca Falls was visited by Col. Frank Wheaton of the Second Rhode Island Regiment, and Maj. Charles H. Tompkins, our chief of artillery. They tried a few shots across the river but received no reply from the rebels.

On the 10th Governor Sprague, Colonel Wheaton, Major Tompkins and Captain Reynolds left our camp for the section at Seneca Falls. They found everything quiet there. In camp at Darnestown we had our usual drills, and everybody off duty seemed to be in a merry mood. With occasional foraging expeditions we were enabled to live on the "fat of the land."

September 11th the section at Seneca Falls we learned were enjoying themselves as only soldiers know how to do. Songs and stories filled up the idle hours. Griffin, with his wonderful yarns about apple sauce and doughnuts for horses, was much in evidence. We missed him in our camp very much to help Navin and Tyng out, yet we had plenty

of fun, and, altogether, if this state of affairs could have continued a soldier's life might have been called delightful. Our drills were regular and fine, but the guard duty we thought was irksome. Everything remained quiet at the Falls. The boys fared sumptuously from supplies of chickens, pigs, fruits, and vegetables from the plantation of an old rebel named Peters. We in camp at Darnestown could not complain as we had our share of good things.

On the 13th we found some late corn and it was fine. Also received strict orders about killing pigs. No change at the camp or at the Falls. A few men could be seen across the river daily but no demonstrations took place.

Sunday, the 15th, was rather quiet. Some of the boys attended services with the infantry, and a number of them were in camp asking questions about our guns. I visited the section at the Falls that day and it was a very agreeable trip. I found them very pleasantly situated. There was a grand view of Sugar Loaf Mountain, and the scenery was very fine indeed.

The 16th was an eventful day for our battery as we were compelled to part with Captain Reynolds, he having been promoted to major of our regiment of light artillery. Lieut. John Albert Monroe received a captain's commission, and was transferred to Battery D and became its commander. Lieut. John A. Tompkins was also promoted to captain and assumed command of our battery. It might be said that for an hour or more on that day our battery was without a commissioned officer, the only one in commission at that hour being Lieutenant Newton, who was with the section at Seneca Falls. The Thirty-fourth New York Regiment crossed the river and had a skirmish with the enemy, and returned with a loss of a number of men.

On the 17th it was very quiet in camp. The section at the Falls had a little excitement and the masked gun opened fire for an hour or more on an imaginary enemy. The

major of the Thirty-fourth was present and directed the firing.

Sunday, the 22d, was another eventful day for some of the comrades of our battery. Lieut. Henry Newton assumed command of the left section on picket. Sergeants George E. Randolph and Charles D. Owen were promoted to lieutenants, and went to their new commands in other batteries, new ones having been raised in our State, and all of them had been organized into a regiment of light artillery; and from that time on our battery was known as Battery A, First Rhode Island Light Artillery. There was some excitement at Seneca Falls as a considerable force of rebel infantry and cavalry could be seen across the river.

The 23d was very hot. A few peaches were all that could be brought into camp. Everything was quiet with the section at the Falls. The gun on picket was ordered back to Camp Jackson with the other gun. The paymaster was in camp and we received our pay in gold for two months.

The 24th was a very dull day. Went for a pig but could not find one. The section at the Falls drew their pay on that day.

The 25th was a fine day. After drill we had considerable amusement. A pig was brought into camp, but the fact was kept very quiet. Peaches were scarce near camp and we had to go out quite a distance to get them. Nothing new with the left section on picket. They seemed to be getting fat and lazy for the want of work.

On the 30th in the afternoon the left section returned from Camp Jackson and joined the battery. It seemed good to see the boys again. Griffin appeared red and fat, and kept the boys laughing with his inimitable funny stories and quaint sayings.

October 1st we had some excitement about midnight. All hands were turned out, but the left section was all that

had to go. They left camp about two o'clock and returned to Seneca Falls. They arrived there about daylight and went on picket duty again.

On the 3d our new lieutenant, John G. Hazard, reported for duty and took the first section as first lieutenant. The left section returned to our camp again that day.

October 6th our battery received three new guns. Lieutenant Hazard made a new rule in the cooking department, changing it from detachment to battery cooking. By this new arrangement we saved rations, and, by selling them, created a company fund.

On the 7th Captain Tompkins received orders and marched away very suddenly for Harper's Ferry, with the right section, taking our new lieutenant with him. There was quite a severe thunderstorm that evening.

October the 11th we had a new arrival in camp, Lieut. Jeffrey Hazard, brother to our first lieutenant, John G.

October 13th, the day was very quiet with the exception of a visit from Governor Sprague. At roll call that evening Private Frederick H. Benedict was not accounted for, and it was reported that he had deserted.

October 15th Governor Sprague and Colonel Tompkins came to camp, and the battery gave a drill and parade which seemed to be very satisfactory to them. Our old lieutenant, now Captain Vaughn, also came into camp that evening, and made a little speech. He said, "Boys, I deserve to be kicked for ever leaving this battery, because by right it is my battery and I should have remained with you." At this remark our men gave him nine rousing cheers.

October 16th General Banks was in camp in the evening and was much pleased with his visit.

October 19th we had a fine drill at which General Banks was present with his staff. The drill and appearance of our men appeared to be very satisfactory to him. The

right section had a fight with the rebels at Harper's Ferry. Colonel Geary, with the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania, crossed the river in scows and forced the fighting up to Boliver Heights. The right section under Captain Tompkins stationed on Maryland Heights opened on Loudon Heights and Boliver Heights, and the drivers who were encamped at the foot of the mountain amused themselves by firing an old iron ship gun mounted near the canal. They had no shell for it, so had to substitute railroad iron, spikes, and anything they could get. It was quite an exciting fight.

October 21st Lieut. John G. Hazard received orders, and, at short notice, we packed up and broke camp and started on a forced march for Poolesville. On our arrival we heard that a desperate battle had been fought at Ball's Bluff in which our troops were defeated and reported to have been slaughtered and driven into the river, with the exception of a few who had made their escape. There was great excitement, but little could be learned at that time. We kept on and arrived at Edwards Ferry about six o'clock A. M. on the 22d. Here we found out that between two and three thousand had crossed the river and other troops were crossing on scows. A hard rain set in at daylight and continued steadily all day. We had been skirmishing all day and towards sunset our lines seemed to advance and a very lively engagement ensued. Rickett's battery, First United States Artillery, had some howitzers which seemed to be doing good work. Colonel Geary with the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania, Colonel Murray with the Twenty-seventh Pennsylvania and Van Allen's cavalry went on to re-enforce them. Battery B, First Rhode Island Light Artillery sent one section as far as Harrison's Island. One gun went over to the bluff and was lost. The battery lost five men wounded and four missing. Captain Vaughn went over with a flag of truce to see about

his dead and wounded. The Fifteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, Forty-second New York, and Seventy-first Pennsylvania were engaged. They were commanded by Colonel Baker, acting brigadier-general, who was killed. A great many of the officers and men of his brigade were killed, wounded and captured. The 21st seemed to be an unlucky day for the army, and the Ball's Bluff fight appeared to have been more disastrous, according to the forces engaged, than that of Bull Run.

The morning of the 23d broke beautiful and clear after the rain. The enemy were reported in great force around Leesburg, about five miles distant. Skirmishing was going on all day. Captain Tompkins came from Harper's Ferry with the right section, and that evening they were ordered across the river. The guns were put upon a scow, with a company of the First Maryland Regiment. The company did not know much about handling a scow and soon lost most of their oars, and were forced to return. Orders were given to disembark and they returned to camp. All our forces across the river were withdrawn through the night. Between five and six thousand were over all together.

On the 24th after the withdrawal of the troops, the enemy came down to the river and put out their picket line. A few shots were fired at our men. The Union batteries were drawn up in line, but no shots were fired at the enemy by any of them. The rebs shouted to our pickets all day and tantalized them about the defeat at Ball's Bluff.

On the 25th our situation was the same as the previous day, watching the enemy. There were all kinds of reports concerning the killed at Ball's Bluff and across the river in our front and every report we heard seemed to increase the list. It was a very singular movement to make, and it seemed as if a very grave blunder had been made by some one. We learned that day that we were to be attached to General Williams's brigade.

On the 26th Captain Tompkins received orders to march, and we were not long in getting under way. We were under the command of General Williams and marched with the new brigade to which we had just been assigned. We arrived at Muddy Branch and went into camp with the Twenty-eighth New York that afternoon. It was not a very inviting camp as we remember.

On the 28th we received orders to build stables for our horses, and the details and work connected with it kept us busy. It was a very long structure and was covered with wheat straw, which was very plentiful in that region. The infantry also began to build quarters and it looked as though we were going to stay there all winter.

On the 30th a cold rain set in which was very disagreeable and which showed this place to have been rightly named, Muddy Branch, as there was plenty of mud in evidence. The construction of the stables progressed rapidly. They were covered with straw and made a good protection for the horses. We had our regular drills every day and became better acquainted with the soldiers of our new brigade, and there was considerable visiting going on among us. A number of shanties were built here where we bought pies and cake, and also a picture gallery where my friend Cooper and myself had our pictures taken together. All kinds of rumors were afloat but none ever came true so far as we knew. We had some disagreeable storms and plenty of mud. I went out a number of times with our teamer, Ben Shippee, to get hay and grain for the horses. It was accounted a fine thing to go out foraging and get away from camp.

From October 30th until the latter part of November there was nothing of importance that occurred in our battery.

November 27th we broke camp at Muddy Branch and had a very disagreeable march in a cold, driving rainstorm.



LIEUT.-COL. JOHN A. TOMPKINS.

Commissioned Second Lieutenant of Battery A; Captain Battery A; Major First Rhode Island Light Artillery; commanded Artillery Brigade Sixth Corps; Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel.

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We went through Poolesville about four o'clock and went into camp about 4.30. Our tents were pitched on a very level piece of ground. Our camp joined that of Battery B, of our regiment, which was then commanded by Lieut. Raymond H. Perry, Captain Vaughn having resigned. The boys of Battery B treated us very handsomely, giving us hot coffee, which was just what we needed after our march in the pouring rain. On our way through Poolesville we saw a slave pen built up on something of the plan of a band stand where slaves were sold at auction. An old man standing there informed us that "there has been many a nigger sold on this yere stand."

The 28th, Thanksgiving Day, was quite a holiday with us. We made a feast of the turkeys that were presented to us by Governor Sprague.

On the 29th we began another new stable, and it looked more than ever as if we were to remain there in winter quarters. We had our regular drills and so found it to be a very pleasant camp.

On the 30th our usual drilling and stable building continued. Our drill ground was as fine as any I ever saw. The building of the stables progressed rapidly. There was considerable visiting between Battery B and our battery.

From December 1st until the 10th of that month nothing of interest took place, with the exception of occasional visits to Battery B and the infantry encamped in our vicinity. Drill and stable building was our chief occupation. The weather began to feel quite winterish, and colder than I had been led to expect in a Southern climate.

On the 10th our division under General Stone, to which we had been transferred from that of General Banks, had a sham fight at Poolesville. There were four regiments of infantry, three batteries of artillery, and Van Allen's cavalry. We fired blank cartridge and it was very exciting. There was a number of the cavalrymen injured in the charge.

During the 11th while going to drill and when on trot march Corp. Seabury S. Burrough was thrown from the limber and his leg broken.

On the 12th we had some artillery manœuvres with three batteries, which was a fine and very exciting drill. Our camp was at last well established, our stables completed, and we were busy working on houses for the officers.

On the 13th to our surprise both our batteries A and B received orders to report to Conrad's Ferry, about five miles distant, where we arrived before sunrise. We traveled very cautiously as orders were very strict about loud talking as they said the enemy was only three miles from us. I thought it was very singular if the rebs could hear us that distance.

Arriving on the morning of the 14th we found General Stone and Colonel Tompkins with two troops of cavalry, two companies of the First Minnesota and two companies of the Thirty-fourth New York. The rebels had built two forts which they christened Johnston and Beauregard. A balloon had been sent up from our side the day before to reconnoiter the enemy's works. After getting into position we opened fire on the two forts without much effect, as we were not allowed to use ammunition belonging to our guns. Lieutenant Perry did better work with his Parrott guns. While we could see a large number of men around and near the forts they never made any reply to our fire. About four o'clock P. M. our battery and part of Battery B withdrew. One section of Parrott guns was left to do picket duty. We had our drill and fun as usual, with some pretty cold weather and bad rainstorms.

On the night of the 15th (Sunday), about eleven o'clock our tent took fire, and, before I could hardly realize it, it burned flat to the ground. It took fire from a fireplace we had inside of it. I saw it the instant it started and grabbing my things ran out of the tent, but it burned the

back of my head before I got out. All I lost was my canteen. It was over in an instant, but some of the boys lost all of their clothing and bedding. It was very cold and we had to crawl into other tents till we could draw one for our mess.

On the 18th the right section was ordered to Conrad's Ferry on picket duty, but came back in the evening. From that time till Christmas day the different sections of the battery were together, and drill and guard duty occupied our time.

The 25th, Christmas Day, was celebrated in an appropriate manner.

On the 26th orders were received to build log cabins for winter quarters. One or two had already been built. Details were made to cut timber for the officers' quarters first, non-commissioned officers next, then the privates. Details were made daily of men to chop wood.

On the 27th Battery B, of Pennsylvania, came from McCall's division, after having taken part in the battle at Dranesville.

On the 30th the centre section under Lieut. Jeffrey Hazard, relieved the section of Battery B on picket at Conrad's Ferry. The fourth detachment was changed that day to the centre section. They were then called the sixth detachment. They relieved the section of Battery B and were quartered in a log cabin, with a fine view of the river and Blue Ridge Mountains.

On the 31st there was nothing of importance. Regular camp duty and some games between our battery and Battery B.

On Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1862, everything continued the same as usual at our camp. The section on picket enjoyed themselves that New Year's day. In our camp we managed to obtain a good living as pigs were quite plentiful. I came near getting shot that day while catching a pig, but I held

on to him. The man who fired the shot claimed that it was accidental. There was considerable picket firing on the river, but none by the artillery. There were some signals reported at night from this side, which were answered from the other side by spies or rebel sympathizers. It was reported that General Stone had blockhouses built of large timber, and capable of holding from three to five hundred men each, extending all the way from Muddy Branch to Conrad's Ferry. The weather was disagreeable and very cold.

On the 5th Battery G, with four twenty-pound Parrott guns and two howitzers under command of Capt. Charles D. Owen, one of our old sergeants, arrived at Poolesville, making in all three Rhode Island batteries stationed there. Everything moved on about the same in camp. Navin, Tyng, and their set told some more big yarns about how we were going to capture the rebel army. The section on picket was reported to be in good spirits but the weather there was very disagreeable.

On the 7th it was reported that the enemy were exhibiting great livelieness with their band-playing and very busy strengthening their fortifications. The weather was very uncomfortable.

The weather on the 9th was very cold and the night before it was reported that the river was frozen over. A steam tug came up the canal, which was a great sight to our soldiers as well as to the rebs across the river. Governor Sprague with a number of guests came on it.

On the 10th it was reported that the enemy had advanced their pickets over to Harrison's Island, at Ball's Bluff.

On the 12th considerable picket firing was heard along the river. In camp everybody was trying to keep warm, as it was very cold that night.

On the 20th Lieutenant Newton with the left section relieved the centre section at Conrad's Ferry.

On the 22d our hearts were cheered by the paymaster coming into camp, when we received two months' pay. There was a report received that day that our army in Springfield, Ky., had won a decided victory, in honor of which the national salute of thirty-four guns was fired.

February 1st was a very cold and disagreeable day, with nothing to enliven the monotony of camp life but card playing and some story telling.

On the 3d the right section relieved the left at Conrad's Ferry. From this time until the 14th there was about the same experience every day, with some stormy and cold weather.

On the 7th we received news of the surrender of Fort Henry, and, on the 8th, General Stone was put under arrest, General Sedgwick being put in command of the division. The section on picket reported all quiet with the exception of some picket-firing on the river.

On the 10th the centre section relieved the right section on picket, and, on the 13th, there was very brisk picket-firing. Captain Owen was ordered to open on the forts with his twenty-pound Parrott guns, from Edwards Ferry, and kept firing for an hour or more, without receiving any answer or doing much damage as far as could be seen. In the afternoon he opened again with apparently the same results.

On the 14th it was reported that one of the Thirty-fourth New York shot the Confederate officer of the day as he was passing down his picket line near the river.

On the 15th we had quite a snowstorm. Everything quiet in camp and on the picket-line. Heavy firing was heard in the direction of Dranesville.

The 16th was very quiet in camp, very cold, and bad getting around since the snowstorm. News of the taking of Fort Donelson was read to us in line that day.

On the 17th the right section relieved the centre section with Lieut. John G. Hazard in command.

On the 22d quiet all day along our lines except that the rebels fired a salute in honor of Washington's birthday.

On the 23d for the first time this winter the enemy opened fire with their artillery, and a baggage wagon was hit by one of the shots. The section was ordered to camp and we passed a pleasant evening. It was the first time the battery had been together in some time.

The 24th was a very busy day for all hands, and we received orders to get ready to march on the morrow. We had knapsacks issued and three days' rations kept ready.

On the 25th we broke camp at Poolesville about eight o'clock A. M., with Sedgwick's division and marched by the way of Barnesville to Sugar Loaf Mountain, and, after several attempts to get the artillery over, stayed all night at the foot of it without any tents, and did the best we could with the tarpaulins that were used to cover the guns. It was very cold, but the excitement of the march seemed to enliven the men and there was considerable fun, taking everything into consideration.

On the 26th we broke camp about seven A. M., and after some very rough traveling reached Adamstown about noon. The battery went into park near the railroad. Troops were passing by all the time en route for Harper's Ferry, to join General Banks, who was already there. General McClellan passed that day on a special train. It was a very disagreeable night and we suffered with the cold, yet everyone seemed cheerful.

On the morning of the 27th the battery was put aboard the cars; the horses with the battery wagons went by road through Jefferson City, Petersville, Knoxville, and Weavertown. We arrived at Sandy Hook about sunset. It was a cold and very disagreeable march. The cannoneers had an easy trip as they went by train.

CHAPTER IV

From Harper's Ferry to Fair Oaks

ON the 28th we crossed the Potomac on a pontoon bridge just above the abutments of the railroad bridge (that structure having been burned), and entered the town at the Government Armory, passing the engine house captured and occupied by John Brown on his memorable foray into Virginia, Oct. 16, 1859. The loop-holes made in the building, which he used as a fort still remained. Going up the hill through the village towards Bolivar Heights we were quartered in some brick buildings belonging to the Government, which were used for tenements for people who worked in the armory. We here beheld a very peculiar sight; every garden in the village was fenced with musket stocks, with butts up, crossed like an old-fashioned Virginia fence. It was a very odd fence but did not last long after the soldiers took possession of the place. We remained here until March 7th, having a good chance to look around. It was a grand and impressive view which greeted our vision in every direction whichever way we looked, either up the Shenandoah or Loudon Valley or down the Potomac River, the Maryland Heights or Loudon Heights.

The writer of the "Life and Letters of John Brown" says: "Harper's Ferry was named for Robert Harper, an English millwright, who obtained a grant of it in 1748 from Lord Fairfax, the friend of Washington. The first survey of this tract was made by Washington, who is said to have selected the Ferry in 1794 as the site of a national armory. The scenery has been described by Jefferson in his 'Notes on

Virginia,' written shortly before the death of Robert Harper in 1782, presenting the view from Jefferson's rock, above the village. He said:

"'You stand on a very high point of land; on your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to find a vent; on your left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic; . . . these mountains of war between rivers and mountains which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre.'

"Around this junction of the two rivers has grown up a village of three or four thousand inhabitants. North of the Potomac rise the Maryland Heights almost perpendicular to the river's bank, and thirteen hundred feet above it. The Loudon Heights, across the Shenandoah are lower, but both ridges overtop the hill between them, and make it untenable for an army, while this hill itself commands all below it, and makes the town indefensible against the force there. Therefore, when John Brown captured Harper's Ferry, he placed himself in a trap where he was sure to be taken unless he could quickly leave it. His first mistake was to cross the Potomac at a place so near Washington and Baltimore, which are distant but sixty and eighty miles respectively from the bridge over which he marched his men. This bridge was used by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and by the travelers along the highway; and the only approach to it from the Maryland side is by a narrow road under the steep cliff, or by the railroad itself. On the Virginia side there are roads leading up from the Shenandoah Valley, both up and down the Potomac. Harper's Ferry is indeed the Thermopylæ of Virginia. General Lee, the Hector of the Southern Troy, came here with soldiers of the National army to capture Brown in 1859; he came

again and repeatedly as commander of the Southern armies during the next five years. His soldiers and their opponents of the Union army cannonaded, burned, and pillaged the town, from the effects of which it has not yet recovered."

We were at the time our battery was there attached to General Gorman's brigade, and, on the morning of the 7th, Friday, we marched up the Shenandoah Valley nearly into Charlestown, where we encamped in the edge of the wood with the First Minnesota Regiment under Colonel Sully. We remained there until the 10th, receiving new Sibley tents on the 8th. We found it was indeed a fine country. We were on the edge of the field where John Brown was hung, and every one was looking for a souvenir of that event. I found a soft yellow stone and made a pipe of it. On this field among the Virginia militia, who surrounded the scaffold, was John Wilkes Booth (afterwards the assassin of Abraham Lincoln), who was then an actor at Richmond, and left his theatre to join a company from that city. This fact was given by the Virginia correspondent of the *New York Tribune,* Nov. 28, 1859. Booth assisted, therefore, at the two chief murders of his time,—"Washington slaying Spartacus," as Victor Hugo said, and "Sicarius slaying the second Washington." At this camp the Minnesota boys indulged in a peculiar pastime, in seeing how near they could fell a tree to a tent and not touch it. They felled one eighteen inches in diameter between my tent and the next one. There was considerable talk made about it, and they thought it strange that we were frightened. Then they began to show us how true they could strike with an axe. One man laid his hand upon a stump, while his partner with an axe swinging it over his shoulders sunk it to the eye between the man's fingers, doing it a number of times. They were the most hardy looking lot of men I ever saw. There was one whom

they called "Big George" who was nearly seven feet tall. He was the pioneer of the regiment, and, at the battle of Bull Run, a bullet plowed through the hair and knocked the skin from off the top of his head. George, in his bland way said, "They were shooting about cavalry high!"

On this field John Brown was executed in December, 1859. On the same day, from his place of exile in Guernsey, Victor Hugo thus addressed the American republic:

"At the thought of the United States of America, a majestic form rises in the mind,—Washington. In this country of Washington what is now taking place? There are slaves in the South; and this most monstrous of inconsistencies offends the logical conscience of the North. To free these black slaves, John Brown, a white man, a free man, began the work of their deliverance in Virginia. A Puritan, austerely religious, inspired by the evangel, 'Christ hath set us free,' he raised the cry of emancipation. But the slaves, unmanned by servitude, made no response; for slavery stops the ears of the soul. John Brown, thus left alone, began the contest; with a handful of heroic men he kept up the fight; riddled with bullets, his two youngest sons, sacred martyrs, falling at his side; he was at last captured. His trial? It took place, not in Turkey, but in America. Such things are not done with impunity under the eyes of the civilized world. The conscience of mankind is an open eye; let the court at Charlestown understand, Hunter and Parker, the slaveholding jurymen, the whole population of Virginia, that they are watched. This has not been done in a corner. John Brown, condemned to death, is to be hanged to-day. His hangman is not the attorney Hunter, nor Judge Parker, nor Governor Wise, nor the little state of Virginia,—his hangman (we shudder to think it and to say it!) is the whole American republic. . . . Politically speaking, the murder of Brown will be an irrevocable mistake. It will deal the Union a concealed wound, which

will finally sunder the states. Let America know and consider that there is one thing more shocking than Cain killing Abel, it is Washington killing Spartacus."

A few months later (March 30, 1860,) Victor Hugo wrote again: "Slavery in all its forms will disappear. What the South slew last December was not John Brown, but Slavery. Henceforth, no matter what President Buchanan may say in his shameful message, the American Union must be considered dissolved. Between the North and the South stands the gallows of Brown. Union is no longer possible. Such a crime cannot be shared."

Again on the triumph of Garibaldi in Sicily, Victor Hugo said (June 18, 1860):

"Grand are the liberators of mankind! Let them hear the grateful applause of the nations, whatever their fortune! Yesterday we gave our tears; to-day our hosannas are heard. Providence deals in these compensations. John Brown failed in America, but Garibaldi has triumphed in Europe. Mankind, shuddering at the infamous gallows of Charlestown, takes courage once more at the flashing sword of Catalfimi.

"Although the course of events in America did not follow the exact lines anticipated by the French republic, the general result was what he had foreseen, that the achievement and death of John Brown made future compromises between Slavery and Freedom impossible. What he did in Kansas for a single state, he did in Virginia for the whole nation,—nay, for the whole world.

"It has been sometimes asked in what way Brown performed this great work for the world, since he won no battle, headed no party, repealed no law, and could not even save his own life from an ignominious penalty. In this respect he resembled Socrates, whose position in the world's history is yet fairly established; and the parallel runs even closer. When Brown's friends urged upon him the

desperate possibilities of a rescue, he gave no final answer, until at last came this reply: 'I would not walk out of this prison if the door was left open.' He added, as a personal reason for this choice, that his relations with Captain Avis, his jailer, were such that he should hold it a breach of trust to be rescued. There is an example even higher than that of Socrates, which history will not fail to hold up;—that person of whom his slayers said, 'He saved others, himself he cannot save.'"

About eight o'clock on the morning of the 10th, our battery broke camp and marched through Charlestown where we saw the prison that John Brown and his men were confined in. On the way to Berryville considerable excitement was experienced at a place called Ripton. A body of the enemy could be seen beyond the town. About one o'clock one of our sections took position and fired a few shots into Berryville. The Eighth Michigan and Van Allen's cavalry were ordered to charge the town, and by some mistake our battery was ordered with them, and away we went charging into the town with the cavalry. We could see men on horseback leaving as we entered. Our cavalry took a number of them. They were a queer-looking lot. Old and young, in motley garb with all kinds of guns, mostly shotguns slung across their shoulders. The battery would have been in a nice fix in case there had been troops there that had made a stand. Gorman's brigade followed us into the town and took down their flag and put the colors of the First Minnesota in its place. Our battery was put into position in sections around the town.

On the 11th our battery stayed in Berryville throughout the day and about sunset went into camp with guns in position outside the town.

We remained at Berryville throughout the 12th, and one of our corporals, H. Vincent Butler, with some of the First

Minnesota men, took possession of the printing-office and printed a number of copies of "The Berryville Observator." We received news of McClellan's occupation of Manassas and fired a salute of forty guns. In the evening Captain Tompkins came dashing into camp, the assembly was blown and the captain said: "Boys! A fight is going on at Winchester and this battery must be there!" Camp was struck in extra quick time, and in ten minutes the battery was on the road with everything packed in good order. Within half a mile the order was countermanded and we went into camp again.

About eight o'clock on the morning of the 13th we broke camp and marched for Winchester, and when within about two miles of that place we received orders to return with our brigade to Harper's Ferry. Banks was already occupying Winchester. We arrived at Berryville about four o'clock. We found the roads there all macadamized. It seemed strange that after getting out of the mud on to such fine roads that both men and horses should become lame and footsore. When we first struck these roads we thought it was grand, but the change was too sudden.

On the 14th we left Berryville and marched through Charlestown to our old camp. After a good night's rest with everyone feeling fine, on the morning of the 15th we broke camp and marched back to Harper's Ferry, going into our old quarters in the Government houses. The houses did not seem to agree with the men, as everybody took cold by sleeping on the floor. We were all in fine spirits after our trip up the Valley and back. We remained at Harper's Ferry until the 22d. The Army of the Potomac was at that time composed of five corps. Gorman's brigade and our battery were attached to the Second Corps.

On the morning of the 22d we broke camp and marched to Sandy Hook. There were rumors of Washington as our

destination, as well as other places. The train with the battery and cannoneers under command of Lieutenant Newton, left at seven in the evening for Washington, the horses with wagons belonging to the battery, under Captain Tompkins and Lieut. John G. Hazard, marched a few miles and then camped for the night.

On Sunday, the 23d, we started early on the march and had a very pleasant day of it.

On the 26th we took an early morning start, driving the horses a long distance, I should say twenty miles. We camped in a field in a big wood about eight miles from Great Falls, the horses standing the trip first-rate. Everyone fell asleep immediately after lying down for the night, as this march had been very tiresome.

After another hard march the next day we arrived at Washington about five P. M., and found the company in what they called Camp Dunkins. Our guns had been changed for four Parrott guns and two howitzers. All hands were tired out.

On the 27th we were informed that we now belonged to McClellan's army. We had the first battery drill sometime in the afternoon, and, without unhitching after it, we marched to the foot of G Street, where we left the guns to be put on board of vessels. The rumors were so plentiful that no one knew where we were going.

Friday, the 28th, our battery was loaded on board the steamer *Novelty,* the horses on board the schooner *Charm* and barge *Onrest.* At noon we started down the river as far as Alexandria, anchoring about seven o'clock. It was very early the next morning when we sailed down past Fort Washington and Mount Vernon. Thus far it had been a very pleasant trip. We anchored at evening near Cockpit Point.

Starting early again the morning of the 30th, we had a pleasant trip down the Potomac, which was interesting all

the way, with its views of different earthworks that had been thrown up by the rebels, and its places of historical interest and importance. We anchored at night, gratified by the manner in which the horses continued to stand the trip. As they were on deck it was a cold berth for those on the east side.

Again an early morning start on the 31st. passing between Capes Charles and Henry, and dropping anchor at evening close to the celebrated *Monitor* that had just won a brilliant victory over the rebel ram *Merrimac*. French and English men-of-war also lay close by, with Fortress Monroe only about a quarter of a mile distant.

April 1st we remained at anchor all day. The scenes here presented were so interesting that the time passed quickly, with the company unloading the battery at Hampton. Though there were many warships in the harbor the little *Monitor*, facetiously called by our soldiers "the cheese-box on a raft," was the object of the greatest interest by many visitors and sight-seers. When her officers were informed that we had participated in the Bull Run battle and other engagements they invited us on board. This was an opportunity of which we gladly availed ourselves, and the occasion was one of rare enjoyment to us. We were shown where she was hit during the trying ordeal to which she was subjected, and the whole story of the fight was told in such a vivid and realistic manner, that it was intensely interesting and greatly enjoyed by us all. Descending into her hold seemed like going down into a well.

On the 2d our schooner was taken as near as possible to Shipping Point to a landing, a sling hitched under each horse, which was then lowered and allowed to swim ashore. Some of the first ones gave some trouble. When they came to my horses, I asked them to let me mount and be put over with them, to which they consented. After that there was

no trouble, as each man when mounted could look out for and guide his own horses. On meeting the men of our battery, I saw Joe Brooks, who was wounded at Bull Run and taken prisoner. He had come to the battery accompanied by some recruits, the day we left Washington. We were ordered into camp at Hampton, which was nothing but brick walls and cellars then, it having been burned by the rebels before they evacuated it.

Hustle and bustle was the order of the 3d, as McClellan's army was concentrating here for a grand attack on either Richmond or Norfolk; at least so it was reported.

On April 4, 1862, we left Hampton at eight o'clock in the morning and arrived at Big Bethel and went into camp about five o'clock in the afternoon. This was the place where Butler had his fight in June of the preceding year. Here the different regiments and batteries of the Second Corps began to assemble. It seems fitting at this time to make mention of this corps which was to occupy such a prominent place in the history of the Army of the Potomac.

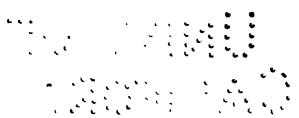
The Second Corps was organized March 13, 1862, in accordance with General Orders, No. 101, Headquarters, Army of the Potomac. Gen. Edwin V. Sumner was assigned to the command of the corps, with Generals Richardson, Sedgwick, and Blenker as its division commanders. General Blenker's division, however, was withdrawn from McClellan's command on March 31st and ordered to re-enforce Fremont in Western Virginia. Blenker's division never rejoined the corps; in fact it had never really joined it. The remaining two divisions which constituted the corps at this time numbered 21,500 men, of whom 18,000 were present for duty.

It was one of the five original corps organized by President Lincoln in March, 1862, and maintained its existence unbroken until the close of the war in May, 1865; and its



CAPT. WILLIAM B. WEEDEN.

Commissioned Second Lieutenant of Battery A, June 6, 1861; promoted Captain of Battery C, August 25, 1861; Chief of Artillery and Ordnance of Division of the Sixth Corps, June 26, 1862.



history is, in a marked degree, the history of the Army of the Potomac. The corps in its many encounters with the army commanded by that distinguished general, Robert E. Lee, captured fifty Confederate battle flags and forty-four pieces of artillery without losing one of its own; the corps which had been commanded by Sumner, Couch, Warren, Hancock, and Humphreys,—a most illustrious roll, left (according to the United States official reports) forty thousand men killed and wounded upon the many battlefields of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. It was prominent by reason of its longer and more continuous service, larger organization, hardest fighting, and greatest number of casualties. One regiment of this corps, the First Minnesota, sustained the largest percentage of loss in any one action, while another regiment of the same corps the Fifth New Hampshire, the greatest numerical loss during its term of service. Of the one hundred regiments in the Union army which lost the most men in battle, thirty-five of them belonged to the Second Corps.

Its banners are emblazoned with the record of the following historic engagements: Siege of Yorktown; Fair Oaks; Oak Grove; Gaines' Mill; Peach Orchard; Savage Station; White Oak Swamp; Malvern Hill; Antietam; Fredericksburg; Chancellorsville; Gettysburg; Auburn; Bristoe Station; Mine Run; Morton's Ford; Wilderness; Corbin's Bridge; Po River; Spottsylvania; North Anna, Totopotomy; Cold Harbor; Assault on Petersburg; Jerusalem Plank Road; Strawberry Plains; Deep Bottom; Ream's Station; Poplar Spring Church; Boydton Plank Road; Hatcher's Run; Siege of Petersburg; White Oak Road; Sutherland Station; Sailors' Creek; Farmville; Appomattox.

Gen. Edwin V. Sumner, the first commander of the Second Corps, was an officer of the regular army. He was born in Boston, Feb. 30, 1797. He entered the army in 1819

as second lieutenant in the Second Infantry, and served in the Black Hawk War. Upon the organization of the Second Dragoons he was commissioned a captain in that regiment; was promoted major in 1846, and, in 1847, led the famous cavalry charge at Cerro Gordo, where he was wounded and obtained the brevet of lieutenant-colonel. At Contreras and Churubusco, he won high honors, and at Molino del Rey commanded Scott's entire cavalry forces against the vast array of Mexican lancers, and for his gallantry and efficiency in the latter action he was deservedly brevetted colonel. In 1848 he became lieutenant-colonel of the First Dragoons, and, in 1855, colonel of the First Cavalry. Until the breaking out of the Civil War he remained upon the plains, commanding in Kansas during the border troubles, and conducted a successful campaign against the Cheyenne Indians. The distrust entertained by the administration concerning the probable action of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, led to his being sent in 1861 to San Francisco to relieve that officer in command on that coast, which General Sumner's unflinching loyalty and courage did much to hold true to the Union cause. Perhaps the question may be asked why at his advanced age he should have been designated for the command of twenty thousand new troops in the field, against a resolute and tenacious enemy skilfully and audaciously led; but the soldiers of his old corps will never tire of according a full meed of praise to the transcendent virtues and to the eminent abilities of this distinguished commander. In honor, in courage, in disinterestedness, in patriotism, in magnanimity, he shone resplendent. Meanness, falsehood and duplicity, were more hateful than death to the simple-hearted soldier who had put himself at the head of the divisions of Richardson and Sedgwick.

The commander of the First Division of the Second Corps was Gen. Israel B. Richardson. This division was what

had been known as Sumner's old division, and, during the previous winter was encamped near Fort Worth, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad at Camp California, where it had been put through a thorough course of drills, reviews, inspections, picket duty, and sham fights. General Richardson, its new commander, was a native of Vermont and a graduate from West Point in 1841, and was a second lieutenant in the Mexican War, under General Scott, and was brevetted captain and major in 1851 for bravery. He afterwards became a captain; and, in 1855, retired from the army and took up his residence in Michigan, where, on the outbreak of the war, he organized the Second Michigan regiment, and went to Washington with it. He was put in command of a brigade at Bull Run and was subsequently appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers to date from May 12, 1861. His brigade commanders were: Gen. Oliver O. Howard, Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, and Gen. William H. French.

Gen. Oliver O. Howard commander of the First Brigade, lost his arm at Fair Oaks, and rose to the rank of major-general and commanded the Eleventh Corps, and subsequently the Army of the Tennessee in the West. Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, the Second Brigade commander, was famous as an orator and a leader of the Irish rebellion of 1848. He had often aroused his countrymen in America by his eloquence, and, on the outbreak of the Civil War, he raised the so-called Irish Brigade, which proved to be one of the greatest fighting brigades of the war, and remained with the Second Corps until the collapse of the Rebellion. General Meagher was one of the finest looking men I ever saw in the saddle, and generally rode a thoroughbred horse. He was a great lover of sport, and, on two occasions, gave horse races, steeple chases, and games of all kinds for the amusement of his soldiers. Gen. William H. French, the commander of the Third Brigade, was

subsequently promoted to the command of the Third Corps, but by his tardiness on the advance on Mine Run, October 11th to 15th, and some ill-feeling against General Warren he was relieved of his command.

The First Brigade, First Division, Gen. Oliver O. Howard, commanding, consisted of the Fifth New Hampshire, Col. Edward E. Cross; Sixty-first New York, Col. Spencer W. Cone; Sixty-fourth New York, Col. Thomas J. Parker; Eighty-first Pennsylvania, Col. James Miller; Second Brigade, Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher commanding: Sixty-third New York, Col. John Burke; Sixty-ninth New York, Col. Robert Nugent; Eighty-eighth New York, Col. Henry M. Baker. Third Brigade, Gen. William H. French, commanding: Fifty-second New York, Col. Paul Frank; Fifty-seventh New York, Col. Samuel K. Zook; Sixty-sixth New York, Col. Joseph C. Pinckney; Fifty-third Pennsylvania, Col. John R. Brooke. Artillery, Capt. George W. Hazzard, commanding: Battery B, First New York, Captain Pettit; Battery G, First New York, Captain Frank; Battery A, Second Battalion, New York, Captain Hogan; Batteries A and C, Fourth United States, Captain Hazzard.

The Second Division was called the "Ball's Bluff Division," and had been serving on the upper Potomac with our battery from July 28, 1861, to March, 1862, under Gen. Charles P. Stone. The Fifteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, the Forty-second New York and the Seventy-first Pennsylvania (California regiment), were engaged in the memorable battle of Ball's Bluff, Oct. 21, 1861, meeting with great loss in killed and wounded. The three brigades were engaged in picket duty from Harper's Ferry down to Muddy Branch, connecting with Banks's division, and, on February 26th, commenced the march up the valley to Winchester.

The new commander of our Second Division was Gen. John Sedgwick, a native of Connecticut. He was a gradu-

ate of West Point, and entered the army in 1837, as second lieutenant of artillery. He was brevetted captain and major for gallantry in Mexico; and, at the outbreak of the Rebellion, held the commission of lieutenant-colonel of cavalry. April 25, 1861, he was made colonel of cavalry, and, on August 31st, was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers. He was one of the finest officers in the service, and had the respect and esteem of all his soldiers, who affectionately dubbed him "Uncle John."

The commander of the First Brigade of the Second Division was Gen. Willis A. Gorman, who had previously commanded the First Minnesota Regiment. Gen. William W. Burns, commander of the Second Brigade, was at the commencement of the Rebellion a commissary in the regular army with the rank of captain. The commander of the Third Brigade, Gen. Napoleon J. T. Dana, succeeded General Gorman in command of the First Minnesota Regiment, and, in February, 1862, was appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers, being succeeded by Alfred Sully, major of the Eighth United States Infantry.

The First Brigade, Second Division, Gen. Willis A. Gorman, commanding, comprised the First Minnesota, Col. Alfred Sully; Fifteenth Massachusetts, Col. Charles Devens, Jr.; Thirty-fourth New York, Col. James A. Suiter; Eighty-second New York (Second State Militia), Col. George W. B. Tompkins; First Company Massachusetts Sharpshooters, attached to the Fifteenth Massachusetts. Second Brigade, Gen. William W. Burns, commanding: Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania, Col. Joshua T. Owen; Seventy-first Pennsylvania, Col. Isaac J. Wistar; Seventy-second Pennsylvania, Col. De Witt Baxter; One Hundred and Sixth Pennsylvania, Col. T. G. Morehead. Third Brigade, Gen. Napoleon J. T. Dana, commanding: Seventh Michigan, Col. Ira R. Grosvenor; Nineteenth Massachusetts, Col. Edward W. Hinks; Twentieth Massachusetts, Col. William Ray-

mond Lee; Forty-second New York, Col. E. C. Charles. Artillery, Col. Charles H. Tompkins, commanding: Battery I, First United States, Lieut. Edmund Kirby; Battery A, First Rhode Island, Capt. J. A. Tompkins; Battery B, First Rhode Island, Capt. Walter O. Bartlett; Battery G, First Rhode Island, Capt. Charles D. Owen.

Sunday, the 6th, our battery was sent on a reconnoisance with Burns's brigade, taking nothing but the guns with eight horses to a gun. As we came within sight of Yorktown we caught sight of their flags and breastworks. They fired at our troops very often. Our brigade came upon some of the enemy's batteries, and soon afterwards we returned to camp.

The 7th was a busy day, the engineers laying out a line of battle, and the troops throwing up breastworks all along the line, heavy siege guns being hurried to the front, while Heintzelman with the Third Corps held the right, Keyes with the Fourth Corps on the left, and our Second Division of the Second Corps holding the centre, making Sedgwick connect with Hamilton of the Third on the right, and Smith of the Fourth on the left. The troops were very short of rations, and the bad roads made it hard to get rations up.

The camp lay along the lines of the Revolutionary Army, and the earthworks thrown up by Washington's troops were plainly visible. The general's tent was in a clump of peach trees, and very near the same spot Washington had his headquarters. The enemy's works appeared exceedingly strong and impregnable to us, and we felt somewhat discouraged by the great difficulties to be encountered in getting ration wagons on the road, though corduroys were being built as rapidly as possible. The soil was wretched, and there seemed to be no foundation under the mud, which was knee-deep.

On the 11th Walter Arnold and myself as a committee took our rations over and exhibited them to General Sedg-

wick, asking him if he thought that was enough for men to live on. He was very pleasant, and said, "No! it is almost impossible to get them, but I will see that you get more very soon." News of a great victory at Pittsburg Landing came to us the same day, and the next, the 12th, we got orders to take a pair of horses and go to Shipping Point for rations. Four drivers with eight horses went; we brought in what could be packed on the off horses, and it was a terribly tough job for the horses to get through. This was in consequence of our reporting to General Sedgwick. We did not return to camp until the 13th, after the hardest experience we had ever had of keeping in the road. If we lost it the horses were liable to get mired and it was almost an impossibility to extricate them from the mud. A man could by simply standing and jumping up and down shake the ground for twenty feet around him. We found Governor Sprague, General Barry, and Colonel Reynolds in camp (the latter our old captain). The boys were greatly pleased with their fresh rations.

We started again on the 14th after a brief rest, for more rations, more roads having meanwhile been laid, which was a great help to us. Siege guns were all along the road, some of them with ten or twelve horses hitched to them. Nothing transpired in camp through the day. When we came in the next day with the new loads and also grain for the horses, General Sedgwick noticed us as we came in, and asked if we were getting more to eat. I told him yes, but that we were working for it, which made him and his staff laugh. As he rode away he said, "That's right; bring up all you can, it is the only way we can get anything up here."

A sharp engagement occurred on the 16th across Warwick Creek, by Brooks's Vermont brigade. General Richardson's first division of our corps joined us that day and it was the first time we had been together, with Howard's,

Meagher's, and French's brigades. Smith's division crossed the Warwick Creek and met with quite a severe loss. It was reported that they had cut a dam away to prevent our troops getting back or any getting over to them. Our division was not engaged. Our brigade and battery advanced to support, but did not go into action; our battery was ordered back to camp. Capt. William F. Bartlett, of the Twentieth Massachusetts, was severely wounded. He was a brave man, and this was a great loss to his regiment. In one Vermont regiment were a father and two sons who came out of the conflict, two having lost each an arm, and one a leg.

There was considerable firing through the night of the 16th, and in the morning one section with Parrott guns was put in readiness to march at a moment's notice. I was sent again to Shipping Point with the ration seekers. We had hardly returned to camp again on the 18th with our grain and supplies when we received orders to go with the four Parrott guns to within a mile of the enemy at what was called Miner's Mills, and went to within eleven hundred yards of the enemy, the nearest any battery had gone during the siege. As soon as we appeared in sight they opened on us with a shot, the only one fired at us that day. The sections took different positions and opened on them. We kept up a steady fire until sunset; the guns were sighted for the night, and one gun was ordered to be fired every thirty minutes, which was done.

A brisk fire began at daylight of the 19th, with no response from the enemy up to six o'clock P. M., when the rebs fired three shots at Carlisle's battery, shattering the thigh of a lieutenant of a Massachusetts regiment. Then there was silence till ten, when some lively picket firing broke the stillness.

During the day of Sunday, the 20th, several volleys were fired by the rebel infantry without damage and with no

reply. Generals Sumner, Sedgwick, and Gorman, inspected the line that day and the battery fired steadily all the morning. About four o'clock we were relieved by Battery B and came back to camp.

On the 21st the beating of drums, the sounding of bugles and music of all kinds, were ordered to be temporarily suspended. Smith's Vermont brigade had a skirmish at Warwick Creek, we remaining quiet. With improved rations, etc., the spirits of the company became lighter, and many sanguine prophecies concerning the morrow's work were heard. All was quiet when the day arrived, however, up to nine o'clock, when our orders came to go to the front. Arriving there the rebs greeted us with two shots, which we did not answer. In the evening we fell back to the wood, the Fifteenth Massachusetts regiment supporting our battery, the siege guns keeping up their fire. I stole away in a quiet moment down to where California Joe had a rifle-pit. It was a nicely fitted up ditch with bushes around it, where he lay on his blankets and shot at any one appearing on the enemy's works. He was a very odd man, but seemed to take to me, and asked me to come and see him any time I chose. He had two rifles, one a Kentucky rifle which he called "Long Tom;" it had a set trigger. I fired it four times, he loading for me.

The 23d found us still at the front. It was quite an exciting day, the rebs fired on us early in the morning and we returned their fire very promptly. It did not last long, and all was quiet until four o'clock, when they opened again, and we returned it. At dark we fell back in reserve again. A reporter came into camp later, and Griffin, Navin, and the fellows of that set, filled him full of accounts of hairbreadth escapes we had experienced. A camp kettle had been overturned, and they told him it had been knocked from the fire by a shell from the enemy while eight men were standing round it and that no one was in-

jured. He went away well pleased and well stuffed. It was great sport for the boys to be interviewed. When a reporter would take his departure he had copy enough to fill a paper.

About nine the morning of the 24th, we were relieved by Battery B, and went back to camp. Were quiet for the rest of the day. News came that McDowell had taken Fredericksburg, and was marching to join us on the right. Considerable firing went on through the night.

The battery stayed in camp through the 25th. Five of us were again detailed to Shipping Point for rations. Took ten horses and had a fine time. New corduroy roads improved the traveling. The heavy guns were coming up fast.

We returned Saturday, the 26th, with the usual supplies of grain and rations. The battery had gone to the front, but returned soon after our arrival. There had been quite an engagement, but it was all over before our battery got there, so it came back into camp. We had considerable amusement for the rest of the day. Peach trees were in bloom at this date, and a number of other blossoming trees and shrubs, and the camp surroundings seemed very pleasant.

Sunday was a quiet day in camp with very little firing. Again I went down to the rifle-pit to see old Joe; no one was stirring around the fort in his front. He said he had them trained. He was a great character and a great shot.

On the 28th General Sedgwick ordered our battery to redoubt No. 7, to cover the work on No. 8 battery. The rebels opened very heavily on us, we giving them as good as they sent. Batteries B and G were also engaged in it. Lieutenant Allen's three-inch field guns jumped so badly that he attempted to stop it by putting the trails against trees. The first shot dismantled one of them, which quickly ended the experiment. We fell back in reserve at night,



COL. GEORGE E. RANDOLPH.

Enrolled as Sergeant Battery A; Second Lieutenant Battery A; First Lieutenant Battery C; Captain Battery E; Chief of Artillery Third Corps; Brevet-Major; Lieutenant-Colonel; Colonel.



supported by the Fifteenth Massachusetts, and spent a pleasant evening with the boys of the infantry. Navin and Griffin filled them up with their wonderful yarns.

At daylight of the 29th we took position in Battery No. 8, and were supported by Andrews's sharpshooters from Massachusetts, who were equipped with telescope rifles. The rebs kept up quite a steady fire all day, the sharpshooters doing most of it. We fell back in reserve as usual in the evening.

We were relieved on the 30th by Battery B and returned to camp and enjoyed ourselves by trying to see who could tell the biggest yarn. The camp was filled with the pleasant odor of peach blossoms.

May 1st another detail went to Shipping Point. I was among the number. We put up at night at a log cabin made by the rebels, a curious affair enough, with a large fire in the centre, the smoke going out at the top of the building. It made pleasant quarters, however, sleeping around the fire with feet toward it. We got started homeward early the next morning and hearing heavy firing all day as we traveled, supposed the battery was having a hot time of it, but when we arrived at camp we found all was peaceful there. Brought up a good lot of rations and grain and had a pleasant evening.

On the 3d reports were circulated that the rebels were evacuating Yorktown. They kept up a heavy fire all day, while we remained in camp every moment expecting orders.

The enemy deserted their entrenchments on Sunday, the 4th, and Stoneman's cavalry with Smith's division of the Fourth Corps started in pursuit. We heard that they left their siege guns behind. Now our whole army was ready and expected to move at any moment.

We marched on the morning of the 5th in a heavy rain, the first in some days, out in front of the rebel works, where torpedoes were planted in every direction, and everyone

fearful lest they might explode as we passed over them. A number of them did, killing and wounding several men of other commands. It was very tiresome as we stood there until near noon before we entered the town. As we went in one of our wheels ran over and scraped the dirt from a torpedo, but luckily it did not explode. When taken out it looked like a twelve-pound shell. A heavy battle was going on at Williamsburg, twelve miles from Yorktown. Sedgwick's division was ordered on board vessels to go up the York River, but later this was changed to an order to proceed to Williamsburg. We arrived just about the time that Hancock made his charge across Cub Dam Creek, with a brigade of Smith's division. Hancock led his line forward on a charge which broke Early's brigade and drove it back in confusion. It was said that when Hancock gave the order, he said, "Charge, gentlemen! Charge!"

It was a grand charge, through obstructions of fallen trees, with limbs sharpened and the sharp points protruding outwards. Our division was not engaged. On our return we halted by the roadside, and, about two o'clock, returned to Yorktown, near the river. It was a very cold, disagreeable night, raining very hard, and men and horses suffered severely all night long. None of our corps were engaged. General Sumner of our corps was in command of all the troops in action. We moved nearer the river, but had to wait for Franklin's division, with which Dana's brigade of our division had gone. We remained there loading ammunition until nightfall. Our horses were loaded on the schooner, the guns on board the steamer *Delaware*.

On the 7th the *Delaware* with our battery left for up the river and our schooner was taken in tow by a steamer loaded with troops. This was one of the pleasantest trips imaginable as we sailed up this beautiful river, and a decided change from muddy, disagreeable Yorktown. Oysters and quahaugs were very plentiful, but we were unable to stop long enough to get any.

The day of the 8th found us still sailing up the York River, and the country through which we passed appeared very beautiful to our eyes. Fine and spacious mansions on either bank came continually in view. Heavy firing was heard throughout the day. We arrived near Little West Point before dark, and dropped anchor for the night. Two gunboats were lying here, and it was the firing of their guns that we heard. Franklin's division had had an engagement with the rebels' rear guard there Wednesday, with Dana's brigade of our division in support. The gunboats had made sad havoc with the limbs of the trees along the banks of the river.

On the 9th we were still on board the schooner at West Point. Everybody was anxious to get ashore, but we waited to be taken in nearer shore so that the horses could be unloaded. We found it tiresome enough lying there all day.

The next day we were taken ashore much to our relief, the horses lowered overboard as at Shipping Point. We went to the guns, hitched on and marched about two miles, and camped at a place called Elkhorn, on the Pamunky River. Captain Arnold of the regulars had charge of the unloading.

Sunday, the 11th, was quite warm. General McClellan arrived during the day, bringing news of destruction of the *Merrimac*. Magnolias were in full bloom.

Another warm day on the 12th. We had a division inspection that day. At this time no one could tell what our next move was to be or in what direction. All was uncertainty.

The same condition of affairs prevailed on the 13th. The daily drill was our only occupation. The warm weather continued and so did the rumors as to our destination.

We were at last called out, early on the morning of the 15th, marched about fifteen miles and went into camp at

New Kent Court House. It was quite warm and the infantry straggled badly, especially one regiment called the Baxter's Zouaves.

We remained in camp through the 16th. It was called Camp Stumps by some of the boys.

It was at this camp that a difficulty arose between Sergeant Budlong and Patrick Donnegan. It commenced over a claim of a bridle. The sergeant had possession of the bridle and stated that it was his and that Donnegan had taken it claiming that it was a bridle which he had used on the horse of Lieut. John G. Hazard. Donnegan had been detailed to take care of Lieutenant Hazard's horses. The lieutenant commanded the sergeant to give up the bridle. The latter refused to do so, and some sharp words passed between them. Lieutenant Hazard ordered the guard to buck and gag Budlong and reduce him to the ranks. To degrade a sergeant in such a manner was something unknown and contrary to Army Regulations, and was so stated by the president of the court-martial, Colonel Surrey, who was a graduate of West Point. He never received any redress for this punishment.

We got under way on the 18th, and marched two miles and went into camp with every kind of a rumor that was ever heard of about what was to be done next, and when we were going to move. It grew monotonous.

On the 19th there was some little excitement, as firing was heard a number of times, though sounding a long way off, and in advance of us. Our corps, the Second, under "Daddy Sumner," as the boys dubbed him, was in reserve.

On the 20th we exchanged visits with Battery B, the Fifteenth Massachusetts and First Minnesota. All were tired of creeping along as we had been doing, and they were grumbling about it as well as the men of our battery. The horses appeared to stand it very well.

We marched again on the 21st about six A. M., and passed

by McClellan's headquarters at the Savage house at Baltimore Cross Roads. St. Peter's Church stands there where Washington was married to Mrs. Custis. We halted and entered the church. One of the boys came near getting into trouble. He was cutting a piece off the pulpit fringe for a souvenir, when a guard spied him and went for him with a bayonet. Marching on again we went into camp in the afternoon near Bottom's Bridge.

The 22d was a dull day. In the middle of the afternoon a strange coincidence took place. Lieut. Charles F. Mason's father, Mr. Earl P. Mason, and Mr. Slater, of Providence, R. I., and Colonel Dudley, of New York, were visiting us and had brought with them some wine; and, as the case was about to be opened, the remark was made that it would be very desirable if they could have some ice to cool a bottle; but before the case was opened a shower broke upon them with great severity, and all hands turned their attention to the tent, which was in danger of blowing down. While holding up the tent some of the party had their knuckles injured badly by the hail which descended in torrents. In twenty minutes the shower was over, and all around the tents large hailstones were to be seen completely covering the ground. They were from one to three inches in size. As the weather was very warm the men were very grateful for the supply of ice so providentially furnished. It is needless to say that our officers and their guests had a cool bottle of wine.

On the 23d we marched up the Chickahominy River, over the railroad in the vicinity of a new bridge just built, called the Grapevine Bridge, and not far from Cold Harbor. Here we were stationed in support of either wing of the army. It was very wet and muddy; we heard firing to the right and front of us, up the river.

Quiet on the 24th, with rumors flying thick. We had great sport in the afternoon. General Meagher gave prizes

to the soldiers for horse races, foot races, and all kinds of athletic games, winding up with a mule race, the last mule in to win. It was great sport, but very rough on the mules, as each man with a long black snake-whip tried to force his opponent in first, and the whip was put on to both men and mules. Some mules and their riders were sights to behold after the race.

Nothing occurred on the 25th till about five o'clock, when a sharp fight on the right took place. Stoneman's cavalry had it quite sharp, Franklin's corps going to their support, but all became quiet in the evening.

More excitement on the 26th as we got orders to be ready to march. Everything was packed in marching order, but we did not go, and remained in suspense until evening, then unhitched, and the usual rumors went the rounds of the camp.

On the next day there was great excitement among the troops of our corps. We learned that Franklin's corps and Stoneman's cavalry had had a very spirited engagement, and we expected orders to move at any moment, but none were received. Such periods of inactivity and waiting seemed worse than fighting, and kept us in an unsettled and expectant frame of mind.

Our division (Sedgwick's), received orders on the 28th, and marched to the right of the line toward New Bridge, and went into line of battle in support of Franklin's corps. They remained there all day, and lay in line of battle all night.

On the 29th our division returned from New Bridge, and arrived in camp about four o'clock. There were between seven and eight hundred prisoners and two guns captured.

Everything quiet again on the 30th. A very heavy storm prevailed in the afternoon; some of the tents were flooded, and the men of the battery had a hard time to keep the water out. I was on guard at the picket line with the horses who were very uneasy.

CHAPTER V

From Fair Oaks to Harrison's Landing

THE 31st day of May was the worst, it seemed to us, that we had experienced since the war began. We had at the close of that day lost as many, if not more than we had at Bull Run. About one o'clock the enemy suddenly attacked and surprised Casey's division, some of the men being shot while lying in their tents. Couch's division of the same corps (Keyes or Fourth), was on the left of Casey, and, in the stampede that followed, he, with consummate skill and bravery, held the enemy in check, but kept falling back until our division, the Second, of the Second Corps, under Sedgwick, crossed the river, knee-deep in water, on the new bridge, the Grapevine, and checked the enemy. General Couch, in his official report of this battle, pays this deserving tribute to General Sumner, saying: "Soon Captain Van Ness brought me word that General Sumner was at hand. Upon receiving the information word was sent to Generals Heintzelman and Keyes that my position would be held until Sumner arrived. This noble soldier came on rapidly with Sedgwick's division, and, when the head of his column was seen half a mile distant, I felt that God was with us and victory ours."

General Richardson, the First Division commander, crossed two of his brigades over on Grapevine bridge (a part of the bridge opposite their position having been swept away), the other brigade of his division was obliged to wade nearly to their middles in water, and, of course, followed but slowly. It was a great miracle that the Grapevine bridge held together as it did.

Heintzelman, commanding the Third Corps, was over the river with Keyes's corps in support, but for some unknown reason he did not come up. The country was so wooded that artillery was not used much, and, for that reason the artillery of our corps was kept back until the First Division had crossed. Battery I, United States Artillery, Lieutenant Kirby, went across with the First Division, as he had Napoleon guns. It was difficult for them to cross, however, but they managed to cross over with the assistance of the infantry and then went into action. Our battery followed Kirby's across the bridge, but then it was under water so that our guns were hub-deep in the middle of the river. It was almost impassable for the horses. It was about the hardest experience I ever had as a driver during the whole of my army experience. We finally succeeded in crossing, and started with our First Brigade for the battlefield, the First Minnesota leading, marching with that well known western swing, and was the first to reach the field, and not a moment too soon. As the head of the column emerged from the belt of timber, a low ridge was seen which crossed the road at right angles, and upon which the four regiments of Couch's division with Brady's battery were massed. The men of our brigade, the veterans of Bull Run and Ball's Bluff, had expected to come upon a line of men reeling under the shock of a furious charge. On the contrary, Couch's men stood there calm, serene, and brave. Not a puff of smoke was visible. It was, however, but the stillness that precedes the tempest. It was no time for speculation or inaction. Colonel Sully with his regiment was sent to the right of the line near the Courtney house, where he was ordered to take position, and none too soon, for, in an instant, from the woods close in his front, appeared a heavy column in gray, the advance of Gen. Gustavus W. Smith's forces. The Minnesota regiment to a man immediately commenced firing on the first appearance



THE COURTNEY HOUSE.

General Sumner's Headquarters at Fair Oaks.

Battery A and First Minnesota Infantry were stationed inside the breastworks.

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of the enemy. The rebels seemed to be completely surprised at finding Sully's men in that position, and the terrific volleys they encountered caused them to halt and break to the woods, and reform for the coming assault. As soon as General Couch caught sight of the Second Corps coming up he began to deploy his troops for action. Kirby with his battery took position on the right of Brady's; the Sixty-second and Eighty-fifth New York and First Chasseurs of Couch's command moved to the right and connected with Sully's, the space on the left of the road being taken by the other regiments of Gorman's brigade. The Fifteenth Massachusetts, Colonel Kimball; the Thirty-fourth New York, Colonel Suiter, and the Eighty-second New York, Lieutenant-Colonel Hudson, were quickly in line on the left and with rousing cheers prepared for action. Their cheering had hardly ceased before a heavy column under the Confederate general, Whiting, broke from the woods near the railroad and endeavored to flank Keyes, but they were too late, as Sedgwick had arrived and the scene had changed. Between Whiting on the Confederate right and Hampton on their left, Pettigrew's brigade was in front in the woods. Hatton was in support of Hampton, and Hood halted across the Nine Mile Road in support of Whiting. But they also were too late. If they had arrived a few minutes sooner it is difficult to conjecture what might have been the result. Scarcely had Sedgwick's division been posted with Couch's forces when the storm of battle burst with great fury. About one-half of the ground nearly to the railroad was open, which Couch had left an hour before. At this point Lieutenant Fagan, with two guns of Brady's battery, and Kirby's three, all that had come up from the river, were ready to sweep the field. In support of the artillery were Ricker's Sixty-second New York and Russell's Seventh Massachusetts. On the right along the edge of scrubby woods forming the centre, and in front of

Colonel Williams's Eighty-second Pennsylvania and Cochrane's Sixty-fifth New York, both of Couch's division, a few rails had been thrown down for a cover; not very high, but forming a slight protection for our men. Against this feeble breastwork the Confederates made a most desperate charge. On the right of the Union regiments just mentioned, the First Minnesota with Burns's Pennsylvania brigade comprising the Sixty-ninth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, and One Hundred and Sixth Pennsylvania regiments were placed in support. They were not quite up when the storm of battle broke upon them. The enemy's attack was along the line, but the fiercest fighting was on the centre, where Williams's and Cochrane's men were lying behind the improvised breastwork of rails in the edge of the woods. The Confederates then took a turn to the right across the Fair Oaks road and appeared in force from the woods with the apparent purpose of capturing Kirby's and Fagan's guns. They then made an effort to take the position on open ground on the right near the Courtney house, which was held by Sully.

At this stage of affairs our battery, after what might be termed swimming the river, came upon the field. I shall never forget the scene presented to our view. General Gorman's brigade was fighting in a grove of scrubby white oaks to the right of the road. Our section, under Lieutenant Newton, was sent to the right in support of Sully, and went into battery about half way between the Adams house and the Courtney house. The other two sections of our battery turned to the right of the road towards the Courtney house, and went into position in rear of Williams's and Cochrane's regiments in the centre. The line of battle from Courtney house and around the Adams house was a little over five hundred yards and was held by Sedgwick's division and Couch's brigade. The battle was now general along the line, the enemy making a bold dash on Kirby's

and Fagan's guns by crossing the road in plain sight and forming in line by brigades, our men believing that they were a part of Heintzelman's troops which had turned back upon finding Fair Oaks occupied by the enemy. They soon found out their mistake and Kirby's guns opened on the Confederates and soon forced the enemy to retire to the woods. Hampton (Confederate) already in position, pushed his brigade forward close up to the Eighty-second Pennsylvania and Sixty-fifth New York, with the intention of breaking out on Kirby's right and taking his guns by flank. Hampton was then met by a terrific fire from these two regiments behind the rail breastwork. In this desperate assault which was continued with slight intervals for an hour and a half, Hampton was joined by Pettigrew, while Hatton went in as soon as he could be brought up to re-enforce the attack on Sully across the open ground at the Courtney house. Whiting's brigade closed in to the support of Hampton, Pettigrew and Hatton meeting with great loss, while Hood remained farther back at the railroad. On the second charge of the enemy on the centre, another bold attempt was made to carry our guns. Kirby's and Fagan's cannoneers opened on them with double canister, and, for a few minutes, the Sixty-second New York, which was in support of the battery, wavered. Their Colonel (Ricker) dashed to the front, setting an example of bravery, and falling dead near the woods. General Couch in person brought up the companies that had faltered and restored the line. Some Confederates were killed within fifteen yards of our guns, and fell back before the discharges of our canister and the fire of our musketry, but the main body still held the road, and, from behind stumps and trees, maintained their fire upon our troops. Kirby's guns sank nearly to their axles in the mud. Meanwhile, Sully's First Minnesota had repelled the attacks of Hatton on the right, and Williams's and Cochrane's men had again beaten back

the charge made upon them at their slight breastwork of rails. Kirby now tried to advance his pieces, but the wheels sank so deeply in the mud that only two could be pushed forward, and those only with the assistance of details from the Fifteenth Massachusetts. This regiment had also done excellent service in supporting Kirby's guns during the repeated charges of the enemy.

The time had now arrived for aggressive action on Sumner's part. Burns's Pennsylvania brigade was now all up. The Seventy-second and One Hundred and Sixth were ordered to the Adams house as reserve. The Twentieth Massachusetts and Seventh Michigan of Dana's brigade had also arrived, the other two regiments of his brigade having been left behind, the Nineteenth Massachusetts on picket, and the Forty-second New York to protect and assist the artillery over the river. With these troops in hand General Sumner then sent General Sedgwick to the right to command the troops under Sully and Burns, with Couch in the centre and he himself taking charge of the left. On the extreme left beyond the Adams house, he formed line of battle which was thrown forward directly to the front and at right angles to that formed by Couch and Sully. For this purpose he ordered up the Thirty-fourth and Eighty-second New York and Fifteenth Massachusetts of Gorman's brigade, and the Seventh Michigan and Twentieth Massachusetts of Dana's. As soon as the line was formed the order to charge was given. Our men advanced firing, but when within fifty yards of the enemy fixed bayonets, the five regiments broke into a cheer and rushed forward. The enemy who had three of their large brigades massed in the woods, the whole edge of which was covered by three or four regiments, had suffered severely by cross-fires to which they had been for an hour and a half subjected. One thousand one hundred and seventy-four of their men had fallen either killed or wounded, including

three generals. Hatton had been killed, Pettigrew wounded and taken prisoner, and Hampton badly wounded, yet he still kept in the saddle. The charge made by Gorman's and Dana's men was too much for the Confederates and they gave way. Three field officers, with a hundred men and two colors were brought in. This battle was called by the Federals Fair Oaks, but better known to the Confederates as Seven Pines. No language can exaggerate the heroism displayed by the Second Corps, from its noble old commander, Gen. Edwin V. Sumner, to the lowest private in the ranks; overcoming the difficulties which beset them at every step; taking their lives in their hands as it seemed to them when they put foot upon that perilous bridge, which settled until they were knee-deep in water; the forced march from the bridge to Fair Oaks, then to encounter a superior force of the enemy in what was the first battle to all, with the exception of three regiments. General Sumner with the Second Corps had saved the day, but the credit for that brilliant and heroic action on the right must be shared between the men of Sumner and Couch. Darkness ended the fighting. The forces under Sumner and Couch consisted of nine regiments and seven pieces of artillery, six regiments of Sumner's and three of Couch's. One of his regiments, the Seventh Massachusetts, had been sent to the left to open communication, if possible, with the troops at Seven Pines. The nine regiments had lost about four hundred men. At and near Fair Oaks Station were the brigades of Hood's Texans, Griffith's Mississippians, and Semmes's mixed brigade from the left, having been called up to support the brigades which had been so roughly handled in the afternoon. Gen. Gustavus W. Smith in his report of the battle says: "If daylight had lasted one short hour longer, the Confederates, thus re-enforced, would have driven the enemy (Sumner and Couch) into the Chickahominy," while on the other hand, Generals Sumner, Couch,

Sedgwick, and Richardson, were confident of the most decided victory could they have had two hours more of daylight. It would seem, according to the list of killed and wounded on both sides, that if there had been two hours or more of daylight the Confederate army would have been annihilated. By nine o'clock of that evening Sumner had twenty-three regiments against the nine which had been actually engaged with the enemy.

The night of the 31st of May was an especially severe one for the Second Corps, wet as they were from fording the Chickahominy, then engaging the enemy and afterwards holding their ground, surrounded as they were by the dead, dying and wounded, with mud nearly ankle-deep, it surely was a trying night for all of us. As soon as Richardson's troops arrived they were assigned positions in the following order: General Burns with the Seventy-first Pennsylvania of his own brigade was sent to the right, near the river at what was called Golding's, to take command of the Nineteenth Massachusetts and Forty-second New York, of Dana's brigade; and the Sixty-third New York, of Meagher's brigade, of Richardson's division, to protect the right and rear. The remaining troops of Sedgwick's division were in advance of this force during the afternoon from the Courtney house to the Adams house. Our battery was at the Courtney house with two sections of Battery B, First Rhode Island Light Artillery, Captain Bartlett, to the right and on the same line, with one section of Owen's Battery G, of the same regiment, in reserve at the Adams house. Owen's other two sections were with General Burns at Golding's. The remaining section of B was sent to near Fair Oaks Station, where it had quite a lively engagement with the enemy during the next day's battle. Col. Charles H. Tompkins had charge of the artillery of the Second Division. The First Minnesota, Fifteenth Massachusetts, Thirty-fourth and Eighty-second New York, of Gorman's

brigade; the Seventy-first, Seventy-second, and One Hundred and Sixth Pennsylvania, of Burns's, and Twentieth Massachusetts, of Dana's were under Dana's command. Richardson's division had been placed to the left of the Adams house. French's brigade was along the railroad, next to Birney's brigade of the Third Corps, and upon the left; the Fifth New Hampshire, of Howard's brigade was placed in front of French. The Sixty-first and Sixty-fourth New York and Eighty-first Pennsylvania, of Howard's brigade formed the second line; Meagher's brigade, less the Sixty-third New York at Golding's, was in the third line; Pettit's Battery B, New York, getting up from the river in the night was located on the line running north from Fair Oaks Station, to cover the broad space of open ground extending west by south for about one thousand yards. Frank's battery G, First New York Artillery was put in position in the rear and left to protect against the enemy in case he should advance from the woods on the south of the railroad. Captain Hazzard's batteries A and C, Fourth United States Artillery, with Hogan's battery, A, of New York, was in reserve. Richardson's line extended across the railroad. An opening between Richardson and Birney was filled by Colonel Miller's Eighty-first Pennsylvania of Howard's brigade.

The morning of June 1, 1862, found our battery in front of the Courtney house, and, as already stated, four guns of Battery B, Rhode Island, under Captain Bartlett on our left with the First Minnesota in support. At 6.30 A. M., while Richardson was straightening his line and the Fifth New Hampshire was being taken from t e front, the battle broke out with great fury, and, to the present day, it has never been decided who began the attack. Generals Johnston and Longstreet in their reports say their positions were attacked. Pickett in his official report says he was ordered by Gen. D. H. Hill to attack, while Hill himself

says he was in the act of withdrawing the brigades of Pickett, Prior and Wilcox, when a furious attack was made on Armistead's and the above mentioned brigades; while McClellan, Sumner, Sedgwick, Heintzelman, and Richardson, alike speak of the enemy beginning the attack; and it appears that General Hill commanding that part of the field did not attack, and was in the act of withdrawing his troops when the attack was made. Whoever made the attack it was furious. French's brigade was immediately engaged, his soldiers fighting with a valor worthy of veterans. The Fifty-second New York by a flank movement of the enemy lost in a few moments one hundred and twenty men. On their right Zook was fiercely attacked in front but stood his ground with the Fifty-seventh New York, supported by Pinckney with the Sixty-sixth New York. Colonel Miller, of the Eighty-first Pennsylvania, of Howard's brigade, was killed at the head of his regiment. On the left Col. John R. Brooke, who afterwards became a general in our corps, led the Fifty-third Pennsylvania, and it was their first engagement. This fierce musketry firing lasted for more than an hour without cessation, extending to the left of the line, involving Hooker's division of the Third Corps, of which Sickles's brigade and the Fifth and Sixth New Jersey formed a part and who were enthusiastically led into action by Hooker in person. The range between the contending forces here was very close, nearly hand-to-hand. Richardson's men were getting out of ammunition, and Howard was ordered to relieve French. Howard at the head of the Sixty-first New York, Colonel Barlow, commanding (a mere boy and this his first battle), who afterwards became a general in the Second Corps, and the Sixty-fourth New York, Colonel Parker, advanced up the railroad until he (Howard) reached Brooke, when he went to the front, Brooke's men being out of ammunition lying down to let them pass. Howard advanced as fast as the

tangled swampy woods would permit, until he had forced the enemy back into Casey's old camp from which he had been driven the day before. At this point Howard's horse was killed and himself severely wounded, losing his right arm. He gave orders to Colonel Barlow to hold his position until re-enforced and then ordered the command of his brigade to be turned over to Colonel Cross, of the Fifth New Hampshire, but learning that he was severely wounded he placed it in charge of Colonel Parker of the Sixty-fourth New York. Before General Howard went to the front he had learned that Colonel Miller had been killed, and that his regiment, the Eighty-first Pennsylvania, was left without a field officer, and had become separated from the other regiments of the brigade. He therefore directed his aid, Lieut. Nelson A. Miles, to take command of that regiment and hold the open field on the right of the railroad against an advance of the enemy. This young officer, Lieutenant Miles, afterwards attained the rank of a major-general in the Second Corps, and has recently retired from the position of commanding general of the United States Army. Colonel Barlow who had carried himself beyond support called upon Brooke who had replenished his ammunition to bring up his regiment upon our line, which he did. This position was at Casey's old camp. The enemy appeared to have had enough fighting and seemed disposed to wait for re-enforcements.

According to Union and Confederate reports in Volume XI of the Rebellion Records, Gen. D. H. Hill, division commander, charges that Armistead's men fled early in the action with the exception of a few companies, and that Mahone withdrew his brigade without orders, and that when he sent up Colston to replace him he did not engage our forces. Meanwhile, on our side, General Richardson took advantage of the lull and sent in the Fifth New Hampshire, Sixty-ninth and Eighty-eighth New York to relieve the

Fifty-second and Sixty-first New York and the Fifty-third Pennsylvania on the front line. General Hooker on the left threw Birney's brigade under Col. J. Hobart Ward, to the front. They had scarcely arrived in position when the attacks were renewed with great vigor by the brigades of Pickett, Pryor, and Wilcox, who fought with great determination. The action was now nearly over. Gen. D. H. Hill disheartened with the actions of Armistead, Colston, and Mahone withdrew those troops. At this time the divisions of Richardson and Hooker co-operated with great unanimity. The Excelsior, Sickles's brigade, and two New Jersey regiments under Hooker on the centre, Birney's brigade on the right; the Fifth New Hampshire, Sixty-ninth and Eighty-eighth New York of Richardson's division pressed forward to clear the ground. The Thirty-fourth and Eighty-second New York, of Sedgwick's division were sent in to re-enforce Richardson; while on the extreme flank General French swung around the Fifty-seventh and Sixty-sixth New York under Colonel Pinckney, until at right angles to the general line, and, leading them in person, charged across the front of the other regiments of the division. At the same time Pettit advanced his guns so as to get an enfilading fire on the enemy, who were still fighting the Irish regiments. This practically ended the battle.

On the Confederate side the lack of co-operation among the general officers was the cause which made their fighting so ineffectual, and was largely due to the fact that their commander-in-chief, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, had been severely wounded by a fragment of a shell in the battle of the previous day. This, in the writer's opinion, was more serious to the Union cause than to the Confederates, as it put Gen. Robert E. Lee in command, whom he considers the greatest general the Confederates possessed. On the Union side there was equal lack of co-operation. The intelligence and supreme authority which should have char-

acterized and ruled the actions of its commander-in-chief, and moved him to push success to its utmost possibilities did not appear.

To the troops engaged the actions of May 31st and June 1st, were highly creditable. Richardson's division, for the first time in battle, displayed under trying conditions courage and endurance to a marked degree; and their capacity for free and ready movements to the front, to the rear, or to the flank, in accordance with orders, showed the distinguishing characteristics of volunteers. There were no regulars here to rob them of what was justly their due. The patriotic and liberty-loving volunteer soldier of 1861 followed the fortunes of war till the Rebellion was put down, and did not resume the occupations of peace until he had secured by his prowess the full fruition of an undivided nation.

Our battery held its position at the Courtney house on the right of the centre with Gorman's First Brigade, Second Division. The fighting was chiefly on the centre and left of the line, yet at times was quite spirited along our front. We hammered away at every opportunity, shelling the woods and skirmish lines whenever the Confederates showed themselves. We had no casualties in the battery. We expended about three hundred rounds of ammunition. The four guns of Battery B on line with us also fired some shots, but their right section had quite a lively brush near Fair Oaks Station to the left of the Adams house.

The casualties of the First Division were 8,380. Of these, 557 occurred in Howard's brigade; the Fifth New Hampshire losing 180; the Sixty-first New York, 110; the Sixty-fourth New York, 173; the Eighty-first Pennsylvania, 91. The Irish brigade lost 39 men; French's brigade, 242, one-half or more from the Fifty-second New York; the Fifty-third Pennsylvania lost 94.

The Second Corps at Fair Oaks received a most signal

introduction into the stern school of warfare, and became fully initiated into the trials and hardships of battle, and was being prepared for the severe work which it was to perform in the coming years of its eventful history. Before the battle a part of Sedgwick's Second Division had never seen any fighting except what little was done at Yorktown and on the way up the Peninsula. But now they had been tried and stood the test, and all were on an equal footing. Officers and men of both divisions knew each other from that time on, and by that introduction both had gained honor, and ties were formed known only to those who have stood shoulder to shoulder in the fire of battle. The veteran Sumner had hurried his divisions to the banks of the Chickahominy upon the first indications of a battle, and was ready and waiting for the orders to cross. This promptness and readiness of Sumner to march to the relief of his imperilled comrades won for him and his soldiers the gratitude not only of the troops of the Third and Fourth Corps who were being so sorely pressed, but the admiration and gratitude of the whole army.

One of the most singular incidents of the war took place at the so-called Courtney house on the afternoon of the first day's fighting. Colonel Sully, commanding the First Minnesota, was on the extreme right in a wheatfield and edge of woods. There was not a man on his right to the river. He had received strict orders from General Sumner not to fire a shot unless attacked as it would expose his position; so his regiment was ordered to lie down in the wheat. While in this position a party of about fifty horsemen appeared not over two hundred yards off, and stood there for twenty minutes or more looking over the position. Colonel Sully said he could have annihilated them, but, owing to his orders did not fire a shot. Shortly afterwards he was engaged with the enemy, and some prisoners were brought in who informed him that the party on horseback

who had rode out to the front was Jefferson Davis and members of his Cabinet, General Lee, and a number of other high officials.

From midnight of the morning of June 2d we were in line of battle, the troops sleeping on their arms. The First Minnesota threw up earthworks around our guns; trains were run up to near Fair Oaks Station with plenty of rations and ammunition. Heavy firing was heard through the day on the extreme right. Another heavy shower set in in the afternoon, and the combination of heat, mud, and the stench of dead horses which were lying all around the field with only a little dirt thrown over them, was something fearful. The horses were troubled by the mud and a new disease known as mud itch took the hair off their bodies.

On the 3d we found one of the best springs of water we had ever seen, near the ruins of an old brick house which seemed to have once been a fine place. It rained all day, with mud everywhere ankle-deep, and the river rising. The whole army began throwing up entrenchments.

The rain continued through the 4th, steadily and monotonously; all bridges on the river were washed away, and the men became discouraged. The stench was very obnoxious, and we feared the place would kill more men by disease than the rebels had killed by the bullet. A quiet day with very little firing anywhere.

June 5th nothing to speak of occurred, except the grumbling of the men. Still, there was quite a little amusement going on around the lines; three new regiments came into the corps and joined the First Division,—Stephens's Seventh New York, Colonel Van Schack; the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts, Col. Ebenezer W. Pierce, and the Second Delaware, Col. Henry W. Wharton; also Russell's company of sharpshooters from Minnesota joined our brigade, which strengthened our corps very much.

The 6th was the first anniversary of our soldier life. Just

one year before the battery had been mustered into service, little thinking then that we should be placed in such a situation as we were now in. The day passed quietly with little firing, except a few shots on our extreme right toward Mechanicsville.

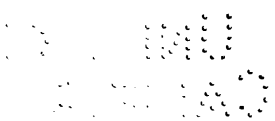
There was considerable excitement on the 7th. Our Second brigade, called the Pennsylvania, under General Burns, made a sally toward the enemy, which started the ball in good earnest. We had some machine guns on the railroad, which opened on the enemy. They made as much racket as two regiments. It was said that they fired sixty shots a minute, and one could easily believe it by the sound. They had what appeared to be hoppers on them, and cranks which were turned, and all were protected by what seemed to be steel wings. The man lies or sits on the trail and sights it, turning the crank. It was a great invention.

On the morning of the 8th the enemy appeared in force and made strong demonstrations, but was met with stubborn resistance by our troops. General McClellan held a council of war at the headquarters of General Sumner in the Courtney house. Our limbers were within a few feet of the house. The general and his staff, with the foreign officers and body guard made a fine showing. Prince de Joinville was a member of McClellan's staff, also the Comte de Paris, Duke de Chartres, two Spanish generals, Milan del Roch and Prince Senor Justo San Miguel; also Colonel Denteure, Colonel Cardazo, Senor de Sales, and Senor Perez Caloo, Spanish historian. They appeared to be having quite a heated discussion, when out came Phil Kearny, wild with rage, and as he mounted his horse, said in a loud tone of voice, "Let me advance, and I will get into Richmond or hell before night," which seemed to be the spirit which animated both officers and men.

Monday, the 9th, was what we called a quiet day for that place. The rebels opened fire with a will on Gorman's brig-



FIRST LIEUT. HENRY W. NEWTON.
Enrolled as First Sergeant.



ade, who were on picket, but they did not advance far. The trains on the railroad were kept busy night and day, and it was surprising how fast the rations and every kind of army supplies were transported. I was detailed to the station which was a wretched looking place. It appeared as if we were to stay there a long time, if the men could stand it, which was doubtful. Captain Frost, One Hundred and Sixth Pennsylvania, was killed there.

On the 10th there was another heavy fall of rain, and the mud was ankle-deep. While the boys were getting somewhat demoralized, still there was considerable amusement to be had about every day. The rebels with a battery opened quite lively upon us that afternoon. General Gorman's headquarters was between our guns and the picket line for the horses. One shell came over and just missed his tent but did not explode. He said: "Bring it here. Let's see if there is a message in it for me." After it was opened, he wrote a note and put into it, then sent it up to the battery and asked them to send it back with his compliments. Most of the shelling was in the direction of General Smith's division. Our battery cookhouse was located not far from General Gorman's quarters, and while the shelling was going on the cook, Lew Irons, took refuge behind an empty hard-tack box. As I was going to the guns with my horses, I saw him lying there and said to him: "Why don't you get a sheet of paper, Lew?" He replied: "Any port in a storm." Lieut. Col. W. L. Curry, One Hundred and Sixth Pennsylvania, was taken prisoner on the picket line.

About two A. M. the 11th, we had another big scare, and turned out. We stood by our guns expecting an attack every moment, but none came. It was a trick of the rebs. We had whipped them every time they had come out, and we were well entrenched. We thought they only intended to worry McClellan, as they had on the 25th to 27th of May,

when, with the assistance of the swollen river, they attacked our left, and were twice repulsed. After that scare it was very quiet for a time.

Nothing unusual transpired the next day, with the exception of some desultory firing. Our generals' plan seemed to be to strengthen the breastworks all along the line. A few guns had been heard in the evening on the right.

On the morning of the 13th, about three o'clock, there was more excitement, and we were hurried out to stand to our guns, but it died out as usual. Generals Sumner and Sedgwick changed their quarters that day from the Courtney house where our guns were. About five o'clock the rebels fired with several batteries, and sent over three different kinds of shells. The first shot killed a man in the First Minnesota,—a jolly fellow, who was a great admirer of our battery. He was sitting on a stump near by us, and singing one of his favorite songs. A man of the Thirty-fourth New York was badly wounded at the same time. This was near our right, where our boys and the First Minnesota comrades were accustomed to sit and tell stories and sing songs every day.

June 14th our corps formed an artillery reserve, comprising Batteries B and G, First Rhode Island Light Artillery, and Battery G, First New York Artillery. It was quiet that day all along the line, and the boys had a chance to say "The Johnnies are after the hard-tack," meaning the supplies down at the station, as the pile of hard-tack boxes was as large as a four tenement house, with every kind of ration to go with it, even down to whisky. Every day, when the firing opened someone would say, "they are after the hard-tack." The First Minnesota was entrenching all day.

Sunday was another rather quiet day, with some heavy firing off to the right. I had another detail to the station and found the supplies were increasing all the time. That was a busy place, with "red tape" enough among the clerks

to decorate the army. It was reported that the rebel general, Stuart, had made a raid around White House Landing the day before, and stirred things up quite lively.

On the 16th the rebels again endeavored to lay in a stock of hard-tack, and made an attack for the most part on General Sickles's brigade, but there was some shooting all along the lines. The machine guns opened quite lively up the railroad, with heavy firing on both right and left wings of the army. General McClellan passed along the line towards evening.

The 17th was a quiet day, and I took a trip up to the spring, getting some of that fine water, Lannegan looking out for my horses.

The next day there was a spirited engagement on the extreme right under Porter. In the afternoon Richardson was ordered to advance in front of Fair Oaks. Our line was all ready for an engagement. Richardson was supported by a brigade from Couch's division of three brigades. They advanced on the enemy in thick woods, in what is called Oak Grove, or Old Tavern, up the nine-mile road. Our battery was hitched up, and ready for action. The rebels made a little movement in our front, but it was of no account. General McClellan was present. We thought that he was getting too many foreign ideas. It was reported that Richardson's brigade lost about 200 men that day.

On the 19th there was only a little firing on the right. I went among the infantry, and they were anxious to move. There was a report that the rebs lost heavily the day before,—from three to five hundred killed and wounded. The mud-itch was troubling our horses very much.

On the 20th we were kept busy all day. The cry was, "They are after the hard-tack." The machine guns were used several times.

Friday night and the day following we were called to

our guns five or six times. The Johnnies were making attacks on the railroad, trying for the hard-tack since the whisky rations were discontinued. The stopping of the whisky ration was a good thing, as it did more harm than good. I tasted of it once, that was all I wanted of it. It was reported to be a preventive of fevers in that country; but I would rather have the fever.

Sunday the 22d was one of the quietest days at Fair Oaks. There was a great deal of visiting among the troops. The men of our division were very much attached to those of our battery, especially the men of the First Minnesota and Fifteenth Massachusetts.

Monday, the 23d, was quiet, until towards evening, when the rebs, in accordance with their custom, made another attempt to get the hard-tack on the railroad. The machine guns gave them a hot reception. At night there was a severe thunder shower, making more mud for the troops to wade in.

About two A. M. on the 24th, the rebels made a slight attack upon us, which did not amount to much, but served to bring everybody into line and in readiness to repel any attempt the enemy might make in our direction. With the rain of the night before Virginia mud was again in evidence.

On the 25th there was lively fighting. Hooker's division of the Third Corps advanced in front of Fair Oaks, and was directed against what was called Old Tavern or Oak Grove. It was supported by a brigade from Couch's and Richardson's divisions. The Nineteenth Massachusetts Regiment was sent in front, and was attacked by a heavy body of Confederates. The regiment fought with spirit and held its ground, sustaining severe losses, until it was compelled to withdraw. Our losses were reported very heavy.

All was quiet along our front the next day. There was a fierce battle at Beaver Dam Creek, near Mechanicsville,

on our extreme right. Fitz John Porter's corps was attacked by an overwhelming number, the battle lasting until nearly nine P. M., when it seemed from our position that General Porter was driving the enemy back. The artillery fire was very heavy and the sky after dark was a steady blaze. There was great cheering along our lines, with the bands playing all our national airs until after ten o'clock. We were in hopes we could keep it up, but were afraid the rebels would trick McClellan, as they were attacking us first on our right and then on our left.

On the morning of the 27th it was very evident that something was to take place, as our corps received orders to hold our position at all hazards. The battle opened at Gaines' Mill. It was reported that Stonewall Jackson had gone away from McDowell, and thrown his forces with those of A. P. Hill's against Porter's on the right; that Porter's corps had been completely routed, when Slocum's division of the Sixth Corps came up in time to save them. Then Longstreet appeared and made a furious attack with Hill and Jackson, on Porter's extreme right, hurling a fresh division into the fight, and the battle raged furiously. After a desperate fight our lines were broken, and our troops retreated. It was also reported that 8,000 had been killed, wounded, and taken prisoners, and thirty guns captured. Two of the brigades of our corps, the Irish Brigade under General Meagher, and French's brigade, with one section of our battery, and some of the artillery reserves of our corps went to the assistance of Porter. They did not get there any too soon. The sight was worse than at Bull Run, the men fleeing in all directions, with wagons and artillery, all in one grand rush. Our two brigades strengthened them, and it may be saved the whole army. About noon the enemy appeared on our right at Fair Oaks and opened a very heavy fire of artillery on Smith's division of the Sixth Corps, between us and the river on the Richmond

side. Hancock's brigade received the brunt of the attacks of the enemy. They were subsequently re-enforced by the Fourth and Sixth Vermont and Sixth New Jersey. Sedgwick also sent our Fifteenth Massachusetts to report to General Smith. While their attacks were strong, they were repulsed with severe losses. Our two brigades under French and Meagher were the rear guard at Gaines' Mill. The army came across the river in the night. The Eighty-eighth New York, under General French, destroyed the bridge. Our whole army was on the south or west side of the river, with our base of supplies cut off at White House Junction. We did not know what to expect next. We could safely say that this had been the worst day and night we had ever experienced. Bull Run was no comparison, excepting that our troops were better handled, and, with the timely arrival of our two brigades, checked a panic which seemed imminent. I will never forget the scene at the river near Gaines' Mill that night. It was a mass of struggling humanity, seeking to cross the river amid the constant roar of artillery and musketry combined.

On the 28th the effect of Porter's defeat and retreat had cast a gloom over the whole army, which could be plainly seen in the faces of our troops. The section of our battery that went to Gaines' Mill had a rough experience. Our situation at that time was very critical; all baggage wagons were being sent away, and all surplus ammunition and commissary stores destroyed. It appeared like a general retreat. At about ten in the morning the rebels made an attack on our centre and were repulsed with heavy loss. They left, it was reported, one hundred and fifty of their men within our lines, either killed or wounded. Among the latter was Colonel Lamar, of Georgia. Part of our Second Corps had already left when we received orders to hold the position at all hazards. It had a very gloomy look, indeed, for us.

On Sunday, the 29th, we received orders about three o'clock A. M. to get out as quickly as possible. Smith's division had already fallen back, which exposed our right flank. The rebels followed at our heels. After falling back a mile or so, General Sumner formed line of battle across the railroad at Allen's Farm or Peach Orchard. We did not have long to wait, for Magruder, with his division and three batteries, with his usual activity was following closely after. Our battery was in close action followed by French's brigade, and Pettit's New York light guns which came to our assistance. The fight for a time was very sharp. After three repulses the rebels fell back, having lost General Griffith and many officers and men. It was a short fight, and the enemy was badly beaten. We were still in a critical position; Smith's division had left our right flank exposed so that about three o'clock by a skillful movement of General Sumner, we fell back to Savage Station, leaving our dead and wounded. Here we found two of Heintzelman's divisions, one of Franklin's, and two of our corps, making five in all. General Sumner was in command of the entire force at this point. At a little past four o'clock Magruder, reenforced by McLane's and Jones's divisions, pushed his whole command against Sumner, and, at this very critical moment, to Sumner's great amazement, Heintzelman, unfortunately, wiithout a word to any one, had marched his two divisions from the battlefield, and was moving across White Oak Swamp. As good luck would have it, however, Stonewall Jackson was held at the river for want of bridges. Burns's brigade with Sully's First Minnesota on quick march to left, received the first fury of the attack of the enemy; then came General Sedgwick's division, the heroes of the war, to support Burns, and, a little later, the Sixty-ninth, bold Irishmen of Richardson's division, came over on double-quick. General Brooke's brigade of the Sixth Corps was sent in to take the place which Heintzelman had aban-

doned, and the battle raged the whole length of the line. Added to this were six six-gun batteries, and Pettit's light guns, making thirty-eight guns throwing their deadly missiles over the heads of the infantry. The roar of the battle was tremendous. When the battle was at its height the rebels ran some kind of a gun of very heavy calibre on a car up the railroad track and opened on our line. It sounded as loud as those of the gunboats on the York River. The fight lasted until about sundown and was a decided victory for Sumner and his Second Corps. If Heintzelman had stayed with his corps we would have annihilated or captured nearly if not quite all of Magruder's forces. The worst feature of this unfortunate affair it seemed to us was to leave all our sick in the hospital to the mercy of the rebels. There was a camp of acres of tents, and four or five hundred nurses and doctors left with them to take care of them. Here also was a huge heap of hard-tack, as large as a four-family house, with rations of all kinds, and ammunition for the army. Our men had been destroying these supplies all night and through the day until we fell back, and then it was set on fire. All the ammunition that was stored there was loaded upon a train of cars and set on fire; the engine was started, and, when it went off the bridge into the river, the explosions that we heard were something terrific. It could not be described. The explosions were frequent and continued until a late hour.

Lieut. Henry Newton gives this graphic account of the saving of one of the guns of our battery at this time. He says: "While falling back from the Chickahominy to Harrison's Landing, we were ordered to take position at Peach Orchard to support the rear guard, which was a brigade of the Second Corps. We relieved Hazzard's regular battery. The right section under command of Captain Tompkins and Lieut. J. G. Hazard went down to our left to cover the railroad. The left and centre sections remained in position

on a knoll and threw shells over the woods in our front. We remained on the knoll till about all of our rear guard had passed, when Captain Tompkins rode up and gave orders to retire, and to take up a position at Savage Station. While falling back the last piece of the battery got stuck in a ditch and the traces broke in trying to pull it out. The men determined not to leave the gun in the hands of the enemy, so Drivers Collins, McKay, and McConnell coolly dismounted. Collins said: 'Well, lieutenant, what shall we do now?' I directed the sergeant of the gun to ride on and get a spare trace which was in the battery wagon. By this time the enemy was throwing the lead among the handful of men who formed the rear skirmishing line, and several men fell in close proximity to us, but not a man of the detachment made a movement to the rear. Collins and McKay tied up the broken traces with ropes and then just as the Johnnies thought they were sure of our gun, with the assistance of some of the Fifteenth Massachusetts, who were the rear guard, we pulled out and made good our retreat to Savage Station, where the rest of our battery was parked. The men who would not desert their gun were Corp. A. M. C. Olney, and Privates McKay, Sweet, Collins, and McConnell; and this in the face of an order that if anything broke down to abandon it on account of the enemy following us so closely."

Although we were on the retreat, yet nevertheless it was in a measure a victory for us. It showed the endurance of our own troops. The Second Army Corps had again covered itself with glory, and its brave commanders, Sumner, Richardson, and Sedgwick, with their brigade generals Meagher, French, and Howard of the First Division, and Generals Gorman, Burns, and Dana of the Second Division, had no cause to blush for the part they took during those eventful days. After dark, about nine o'clock, General Sumner very reluctantly crossed the White Oak

Swamp bridge, and, at about midnight, halted for the night. The loss was then said to be about five hundred in killed and wounded at both the Peach Orchard and Savage Station fights. Everyone in our battery being very tired after three days' steady work, tumbled in anywhere. For myself, after doing all I could for my horses, I stamped down some low scrubby brush near them, and, spreading my blanket, fell upon it, and was fast asleep in a few moments, and did not awake until daylight.

We were routed out at daylight on the 30th, feeling that we had been asleep only a few minutes. The army was reported all across the White Oak Swamp, and keeping on towards the James River. A very large siege train was moving along the road, guarded by the First Connecticut, with about three thousand head of cattle, and about fourteen miles of wagons with thousands of sick and wounded that could hardly walk or crawl, and as many more stragglers, the most of whom ought to have been put to the front in a hard fight and made to stay there. This immense train was guarded by Keyes's corps, and, following them, was Porter's. Franklin was posted at White Oak Bridge with one division of Smith's, one brigade of Keyes's, Richardson's division, and two brigades of Sedgwick's division of Sumner's corps. It was a very strong position. The troops there were lying about promiscuously, being exhausted and weary for want of sleep.

Jackson came up at eleven o'clock with a much heavier force of infantry and artillery, and without any warning opened upon us with over thirty guns. For awhile it looked like another Bull Run or Gaines' Mill, but the men were soon in line and our artillery returned their fire. It was an artillery duel. While Jackson's force was superior to ours, the swamp completely blocked him from doing us any harm. The fighting was pretty general all along our right flank, but the battle of Glendale it seemed to me was the

toughest of any yet. Our side wavered in a number of places several times. General Meade was wounded and his brigade broke, and Randol's regular battery was lost. Cooper's battery of Pennsylvania was also lost, and McCall's corps broken in two places and two batteries were lost and one general wounded.

At about three o'clock the Confederates made a break for General Sumner's Second Corps, but in vain. They had just come from Oak Swamp bridge on double-quick, and, as they came on the field to fill the vacant place abandoned by Seymour's men, they arrived at a time of great excitement just as McCall's men broke through their forming ranks. Yet the men of the Second Corps did not falter, and Burns's and Dana's brigades stood the brunt of the action.

The Seventy-first and Seventy-second Pennsylvania and the Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts covered themselves with glory and suffered very heavy losses. The Sixty-first New York, under Barlow, and the Eighty-first Pennsylvania under Col. Alexander Hays, were very severely engaged and sustained the greatest loss. Hays and Barlow seemed to try to outdo each other; Barlow made a grand charge and captured a rebel flag. He looked like a mere boy. It was an inspiring sight to see General Sumner take that flag and drag it in the dirt and walk on it before his men to encourage them. The army fought at different places, viz.: Oak Swamp, Glendale, Charles City Cross Roads, Nelson's Farm, Quaker Road or Turkey Bend. The battle of Glendale was the severest of all and it lasted until dark.

About midnight, after everything had gone on, the Second Corps took the rear and marched to Malvern Hill. The dead and some of the badly wounded were left on the field. We had three in our company, Sergeant Hammond and Privates Slocum and Sedlinger, who kept with the battery. We lost the rear boxes and wheels of one caisson. The

linchpin broke, and, through the excitement and rush for the rear, it was left. This was needless, as ten minutes would have completed all repairs, and then they could have fallen into line anywhere. We arrived at Malvern Hill at about two o'clock A. M., and, as soon as possible after caring for the horses, I arranged a bed on some grain sacks and was asleep as soon as I lay down.

We were turned out sharp at daylight of July 1st, but it was nearly ten o'clock before the battle began. When the last of our corps came in, about daylight, they were received with cheers and the playing of a number of bands. We did not get into position but were given a chance to fix up a little. The cannoneers filled up the ammunition chests, and the drivers fixed up horses and harnesses. It was a busy day for the artificers; they worked quite steadily.

Our corps was well to the right of the line and in support. It seemed about time they received their share of work. Since the 26th of June, while we did not get into the engagement, we were constantly under fire, but were lucky as usual. It was said that my old chum, James Cooper, had been wounded in the leg by some of our own men, and the captain's horse was wounded.

The rebels advanced about ten o'clock against the left and attacked Porter, who held the left resting on James River, where the gunboats did splendid work with their big guns. One of the guns, before getting range, struck one of the guns of Battery C, First Rhode Island Light Artillery, and killed four or five men and wounded as many more and a number of horses. The battery was commanded by Lieut. Richard Waterman, Captain Weeden having charge of the artillery of the corps. For over an hour it was something fearful; all the artillery I ever heard could not compare with it. Then came the rush of Magruder. Between four and five o'clock General Couch on the right joined General Porter and received the brunt of the attack. It was some-

thing terrible. The only portion of our corps doing much fighting at this charge of Magruder and D. H. Hill, was the Irish brigade, General Meagher, and Caldwell's brigade of Richardson's First Division, who met and stopped the rebels' advance, then charged them and captured a number of men and officers. It was a great clash, and General Couch covered himself with glory. He had command of the left centre. The fight lasted into the night, and the display of shells from the batteries and the fire of musketry was grand. It seemed to cease all at once. I bunked on the grain sacks for the night but was disappointed, as we were routed out about two o'clock with orders to march for no one knew where.

Our army had won a most decided victory at every point; the slaughter of the rebels was frightful, and the position we occupied was a very commanding one. It seemed absurd and unreasonable to retreat when we held such an advantageous position, and we the victors. In fact, there had been no fight since June 27th in which our army had not been victorious.

July 2d we left Malvern Hill in great confusion. It was at one time as bad as the panic at Bull Run or Gaines' Mill; men from every corps in the army were intermingled, and it seemed as if every one was looking out for himself. The stampede caused the men to shoot in all directions, and it was reported that a great many men were killed and wounded. It rained as hard as I ever saw it; the roads were fearful, and it was lucky we had not far to go. We halted six or seven miles from Malvern Hill, on the James River. When we first arrived, as far as the eye could reach were wheatfields, and it was a fine sight; a part of the wheat was cut and in shocks while the rest was standing, but in twenty minutes from the time we struck there there was not a spear of it to be seen. The company took a good share of it, and it made a passable flooring for our tents in

such a muddy spot. Mud was nearly ankle-deep. It was very disheartening to see and hear the troops as they straggled on. All the wounded at Malvern Hill had to get through as best they could. It was a sad thought that ten days before it was one of the best armies that was ever marshaled, its greatest desire being to meet the enemy; and now heart-broken, demoralized, and decimated by battle and disease, until they were about ready to mutiny. No man could have made me believe this army would have come to such a condition. We were well protected here, however, by the gunboats on each flank, and there hardly seemed rebels enough in the army to whip us here, unless the condition of the troops greatly deteriorated.

We were out in season the morning of the 3d. Did not have to move, and became much refreshed after a good night's rest. The horses looked rough, poor fellows; they had had a hard time and the mud-itch caused them great suffering. We had just begun to boast that we were out of the woods with no fighting that day, when, bang! bang! bang! came a report from up the road to the right of our position, and it came near causing a panic for a few minutes. Everybody was jumping to get hitched up; it looked as if the rebs were on top of us without warning, and they made it lively for awhile. Before we got started the noise was all over, and it was said at night that a brigade of cavalry and horse artillery had made a dash on us to shake us up a little. They did not get away very easily, however, as a number of them were taken with their battery. They were said to have been captured by a new brigade of infantry from Shields's division, up the Valley, who had joined our corps the day before they came up the James River. They had been assigned to our Second Corps under General Kimball's command. There were three regiments, the Eighth Ohio, Colonel Carroll; the Fourteenth Indiana, Colonel Harrow, and the Seventh Virginia, Colonel Jim

Evans. As they were fresh and untried soldiers they had been put on picket, and proved to be good men for the place.

The great and glorious Fourth of July, 1862, will remain long in the minds of the Army of the Potomac. Since the previous morning troops had been moving into the positions to which they had been assigned, and extending from the river. In the morning we moved out about one mile towards Malvern Hill into a new camp. We celebrated the day, which was a very hot one, by firing salutes, and the music of bands could be heard in every direction. It was surprising to find that there were so many musical instruments saved on the retreat.

Hot was no name for the weather of the 5th. The mud had dried up, however, and the men began to seem like themselves.

The 6th was another very hot day; food rather poor, as our battery cook had not yet recovered from sickness. Generals Sumner, Sedgwick, and Richardson, we learned had been promoted to major-generals. I was detailed to go to the Landing, and it proved an enjoyable trip. It was a great treat to see the gunboats and shipping. Our old friend, the steamer *Canonicus*, was there, and looked old-fashioned.

Very hot again the 7th. We changed our camp into the woods as it was too hot in the open. President Lincoln visited the army; the troops passed in review before him, Kirby's regular battery firing a salute. When General Sumner passed our battery gave three rousing cheers.

We found no name for the heat of the 8th; it was the hottest place we were ever in. I was again on detail at the Landing, unloading ammunition. The boxes were very heavy and I never found it so hard to keep at work; a number of our men gave out. The army began reorganizing, and it was reported that our forces were throwing up earthworks at Malvern Hill; it was the worst place I ever saw

for flies, the large blue kind. Our sugar for the battery came in sacks, and the flies would cover a sack so thickly that nothing but flies could be seen. When we sugared our coffee we found the flyblows floating on the surface. A report was current that the little *Monitor* had captured a rebel gunboat the day before.

Heat continued through the 10th and told fearfully on the horses. Drill at manual was attempted, but it was found impracticable to keep the men out in the fierce sun.

The 11th was another very hot day. I, having been on guard the night before, had a pass to go to the Landing, and there I again saw the old steamer *Canonicus* that used to carry excursionists down our bay at home. All the Rhode Island troops came flocking to see her; it seemed like meeting an old friend. She was being used by the government as a transport for the sick and wounded men.

July 12th considerable sickness was reported in the army caused by the heat.

Sunday, the 13th, was a quiet day, with every one trying to keep cool.

The 14th was another dull day. The heat was intense. Secretary Stanton visited the army that day.

July 15th the heat was having a fearful effect upon our soldiers and horses. Four other men and myself were detailed to go to the Landing to get some fruits and other delicacies from the Sanitary Commission for the battery. A terrific thunder shower came up in the evening. I could only compare it to a battle. I left the woods, and went out into the open field.

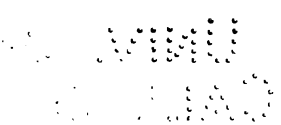
Nothing of importance occurred on the 16th, and the long hot days grew monotonous. Another detail; I went with Shippee after hay and grain.

After guard mount on the 17th some of us got permits to go to the river and wash our clothes. We had a fine time and a good swim, and felt first-rate by night. There was some talk of moving on.



CAPT. CHARLES D. OWEN.

Enrolled as Sergeant Battery A; First Lieutenant Battery A; Captain Battery G.



A light shower through the night made the 18th more endurable. The cooking, however, was very bad, and the flies the worst I had ever known. Some pressed vegetables that we received we considered quite a treat.

July 19th I received from Lieutenant Hazard another detail to go with the teams for rations.

Hot as ever on Sunday, but we were quite busy getting ready for inspection. Everything was cleaned and polished up in preparation for that event.

July 21st was the anniversary of Bull Run. The boys compared the day with a year ago, and we concluded we were as far off from success as then. The same old story; we got the credit of whipping the rebs in about every fight, but still we kept retreating. It was a singular state of affairs.

It was quite an exciting day on the 22d. There was a grand review of the Second Corps by General McClellan, and the corps turned out in fine condition. It was surprising to see how well the men appeared after all they had been through. We fired a salute in honor of the general.

Our camp having become foul on account of the weather, we received orders on the 23d to change it again a short distance in the woods.

The 24th was a monotonous day, but on the 25th we had a little treat. We went to the river with the guns and gave them a cleaning and succeeded in getting off some of the mud that was caked onto them. We had a good swim and gave the horses a thorough soaking.

Detailed again on the 26th with wagons for hay and grain. Our two howitzers were exchanged for Parrott guns, and it did seem as though something unusual might now transpire. The next day we had a little life in camp, receiving a number of infantry boys who had been out to the front on picket.

Nothing occurred on Sunday, the 27th, except a mounted

inspection, which seemed to be very fashionable. This time everything seemed satisfactory. The story tellers had more news; we were going to take Richmond, sure, in a few days.

On the 30th the thermometer registered over 100 degrees in the shade. The scourge of bluebottle flies kept growing worse; they became uncomfortably familiar with us. On detail at the Landing again, where the fleet of steam and sailing craft was constantly increasing in numbers. The monitors *Dakota* and *Galena* appeared to be on picket duty on the river; the steamers *Canonicus, Commodore, State of Maine,* and a number of others whose names I could not learn lay alongside the river bank.

The Landing had grown to be a miniature city, with post office quarters, sutlers, photographic tent, commissary stores, hospitals, and everything that goes to make up an army, with a camp of negro contrabands, which altogether made a very enlivening scene.

July 31st was if anything hotter than its predecessors. The stench in this camp grew intolerable, and fevers and diarrhœa were quite prevalent. Battery B was reported to have new Napoleon guns.

About 1.30 on the morning of August 1st we had for a few minutes all the excitement we desired. The rebels got a battery over on the high ground above Cozzen's Point and opened across the river on our fleet of transports, which carried our supplies. It was said that the wildest confusion prevailed among the negroes and shipping, and by the way that we afterward found things huddled up at the Point we could well believe the truth of the statement. The gunboats got to work and soon drove them off, and troops were sent over to occupy the ground to prevent any more such proceedings. The army was soon out in line ready to move, but was quickly ordered back to its quarters. There was excitement enough in our camp. Our battery hitched up as soon as possible. Our section got out quite a distance

when orders came to stop. The night was intensely dark. It could not have been darker if one had been blindfolded.

On the 2d we heard that seven men had been killed and a number wounded, and that considerable damage had been done to the shipping. Rumors were rife that we were to advance again. Some of Hooker's Third Corps moved out on the road toward Malvern Hill. Our corps was re-enforced by the Fifty-ninth New York, Colonel Tidball. It was assigned to the Second Brigade, Second Division.

The 3d and 4th were dull days. Fought flies till late in the afternoon of the 4th, and then started out of our line of entrenchments, and marched till about 1.30 A. M. of the 5th in the direction of Charles City Court House, and halted until after daylight. Sedgwick's Second Division was attached to General Hooker's Third Corps with a heavy body of cavalry and horse artillery. There appeared to be a grand reconnoisance in force.

After daylight on the 5th our column started on the advance with strong skirmish lines thrown out, and it was not long before we heard heavy artillery firing in the direction of Malvern Hill. We marched over Charles City Road to near White Oak Swamp, the same road we had retreated over after Savage Station in the seven days' fighting. After hearing the firing our column started on a quick march toward Malvern Hill, where a small engagement took place between our cavalry and horse artillery and a force of rebels at that place; but according to reports Hooker's plan failed, which was to capture that force, which consisted of only about fifteen hundred men and one light battery. It was said that the failure was caused by General Frank Patterson, a son of the General Patterson who had command of our forces at Harper's Ferry and who allowed the Confederate general, Johnston, to elude him and join Beauregard at Bull Run, thus contributing to the defeat of the Union forces at that battle. Our forces lost four men

killed and twelve wounded. Captain Benson of the regular artillery was killed. We captured about fifty prisoners and found two dead rebels. We took a good position on the hill and went into battery with guns facing toward White Oak Swamp. General McClellan appeared to be in good spirits over the work.

August 6th was spent on the hill, and was a very pleasant day, a great change from the Landing. McClellan's headquarters were in a brick house called the Malvern house, and by some called Binford's.

We had had such a pleasant day that we had made up our minds for a pleasant night, when to our surprise we were very suddenly, about midnight, ordered to hitch up and be ready to march. There had been some picket firing, so I expected that that was the trouble; but it was not the trouble for we started apparently on the retreat towards Harrison's Landing. About half way we came up to General Couch's line of battle, which was in support, and we marched through it, General Couch taking the rear.

August 7th we arrived back in camp about 4 o'clock A. M., and, after caring for the horses, turned in until reveille. It was a very hot day and our old enemy, the flies, were thicker than ever. I thought I would rather even have the rebels in close proximity to me than to be annoyed by these pests.

The 8th I think was of all hot days the hottest I ever saw. It was fearful, and the night was not much better. I had the good luck to be sent that day to the Landing again on detail. I bought a few things of the sutler, but not many, as my month's pay would not permit it. Thermometer was reported to be 110 degrees in the shade.

On the 9th all hands were set at work cleaning the battery equipments, which needed it very much. In place of mud this time it was dust, the same old Virginia soil, only put on dry, and I didn't know which was the worst to get

rid of. At any rate the harnesses looked enough better to compensate us for our labor.

Sunday August 10th. Another hot day and quiet; all our sick and wounded left the hospital and went on board the old steamer *Canonicus*. A number of the boys were down to see them off. Among those who left us were Sergt. John H. Hammond, Privates Thomas Jollie, Richard Percival, George W. Chaffee, Hezekiah W. and Levi Luther, Albourne W. Marcy, Stephen Walker, and my old friend James Cooper, who was wounded at Malvern Hill, and Simeon M. Sedlinger who was wounded at Glendale.

On the 11th there was considerable activity in the morning for it was reported that we were to evacuate, and all baggage was put on board of transports to be sent away. We were also ordered to have six days' rations prepared and to be ready to march at a moment's notice. It looked like another retreat. Whether the army could fight its way through that trip or not was a question.

On the 12th we were overrun with reports and rumors of contemplated movements, and so conflicting were they that it was impossible to believe any of them.

On the 13th, I had another detail to the Landing, to take extra baggage for the officers returning, rations for the men, and hay and grain for the horses. I had a good chance to see the place that day. A great many of the tents had been taken away, the contraband camp had gone, also the corral for the horses and mules, and considerable of the shipping. There seemed to be more gunboats, or else I could see them better than I did on previous days. The old Harrison mansion with all its buildings, large granary, etc., was still standing and occupied by some of the officers of different departments. It was said to have been built by and to have received its name from Benjamin Harrison, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and was also the birthplace of William Henry Harrison, one of the presidents of the United States.

August 14th I went again to the Landing with Ben Shippee and came near getting into trouble through it, as I was wanted in camp and had not been detailed; Shippee told them it was his fault, as he understood that I was to go, and told me to go with him, so I was excused.

August 15th. All was excitement that morning; troops were steadily marching past. The battery was hitched up and everything packed and ready for marching orders, but no move for us.

CHAPTER VI

From Harrison's Landing to Antietam.

AUGUST 16th. At length the day arrived. At an early hour we broke camp and started out by what was called the River road. The roads were rough and hilly compared with what we had seen on the Peninsula, but it was a very fine country abounding in grain, wheat, cane, and fruit before any of our troops had passed through it. Our advance must have confiscated a liberal share of the good things to their own use for when our battery came up the region roundabout looked as if a cyclone had struck it; yet we managed to find some fruit for ourselves and some grain for our horses.

Sunday, August 17th. We started about seven o'clock that morning and had the most disagreeable day I ever experienced. The roads were dry and dusty, and so many thousands of men and horses marching over them that the earth seemed to be converted into snuff. The trail of the army could be seen for ten miles. The dust was half an inch thick on everything wherever it made a lodgment. It was suffocating to men and horses. We passed Charles City Court House and crossed the Chickahominy River on the longest pontoon bridge I ever saw. It required a thousand or more boats to build it. It was very firm. The march affected the horses more than it did the men. We passed a number of horses on the road which were completely used up. As soon as one gave out he was killed. There were three gunboats just below the bridge protecting our crossing, which was called Bartlett's Ferry. The bridge was laid by Captains Spaulding and Duane of the Fiftieth New York Regiment. It was a fine piece of engineering.

August 18th. We made quite a stay at the crossing at Bartlett's Ferry that morning, as we had to wait for the infantry to cross the bridge. We did not get away until after ten o'clock. Considerable cavalry and horse artillery crossed after them, a few rebels showed themselves and were fired at by our horse artillery, but they did not make any attack. One gunboat was close to the bridge that morning. After marching we camped early in the afternoon as the men and horses needed rest.

August 19th. We made an early start that morning and had a hot and dusty trip. We passed through Williamsburg, but could not stop to see it as we would have liked to. It plainly showed the effects of the war. Some ancient-looking guns were lying around on the earthworks, the abattis still remained in front of them. The antiquity of the old town was very apparent. We marched out past Fort Magruder where Hancock made his famous charge, and went into camp near a mill pond, which was a fine place to bathe and where I had a half hour's swim. About every man in our division took a bath that night.

August 20th. We started at 6.30 A. M. and marched nine miles, and encamped about a mile from Yorktown near the York River, where everybody enjoyed a bath in salt water, the first we had had in a long time. We also had a fine mess of oysters and quahaugs.

August 21st. We started early that morning and marched through Yorktown over the corduroy roads which were built during the siege, and arrived at Hampton about five o'clock. It was the hardest march we had had on the trip. There was plenty of life there as far as I could see. The harbor was full of vessels of every description, including of course gunboats and transports of all kinds.

August 22d. After some work in cleaning that day the members of the battery went looking around to see what could be seen. I found great pleasure fishing for crabs

from the pontoon bridge which connected Hampton to Fortress Monroe; the tide runs very fast there. It was fine sport; besides it was a great treat to me. That night about every man in our battery had boiled crabs for supper. The mode of catching them was to tie a junk of pork on a stick or pole and lower it into the water and then raise it gently; sometimes we found two or three hanging to it; when the crab was near the top was the time to act quickly; some flipped them out but did not succeed as well. We made a net out of anything suitable and put it on a stick; when near the top we slipped it under the crabs and then we had them sure. We had the most fun with one of the negroes who was very black and of large proportions. He had a load of melons which he was selling from a boat. There was a submarine diver on a war vessel near by whom they lowered and pulled under the melon boat and then raised him until he could put his arm into the boat which he did and took a large melon. When the negro saw the diver he started backwards, over the stern into the water, and it took a number of soldiers to save him from drowning. It was rough on the darky but a funny sight to look at.

August 23d. I liked this place better than any I had been in since the war. There was lots of excitement day and night. Troops were being shipped continually. Our corps went to Newport News, to ship from there. It was reported that we were to join Pope's army. With the crab fishing and other excitement I would have liked to stay there a long time.

Sunday, August 24th. We had another of those Virginia rains, but there was so much fun there that I did not care for the rain. The guns of our battery and Kirby's were taken to the landing and put on board the ferryboat *Jefferson;* the battery with horses and drivers were not loaded until two days later.

August 25th there was great excitement. The officers

did all in their power to get the troops on board of transports. The contrabands here afforded us considerable amusement. I saw one that seemed to be seven feet tall; his shoes looked like boxes made of leather; he was well dressed in a suit of Vermont gray cloth and neat in appearance. He was very black, and, with a broad grin on his face, an open mouth showing his white teeth, and his general appearance altogether made him a noticeable object.

August 26th was a busy day. We began early loading our horses on the schooners *Buena Vista* and *Clara Belle.* They were taken in tow by a tug and anchored off Fortress Monroe and we awaited orders. We remained there until after six o'clock, when the steamer *Forest City* took us in tow and we started up the Chesapeake Bay.

The situation at this time looked exceedingly gloomy for the Union cause. Our army had met with reverses on the Peninsula which was the cause of great anxiety to the authorities at Washington and gave the rebel sympathizers great encouragement. President Lincoln was the most oppressed man in the Union; his enemies were numerous, and his so-called friends were besieging him in every direction. During the months of July and August, 1862, it is doubtful if any man ever went through a more trying ordeal than he did. It was during these months that Walt Whitman's sayings of Abraham Lincoln came true. His cabinet, especially his secretary of war, were fighting him in front and rear, and it was through the blunders of the latter as much as anything that caused the disaster of the Second Bull Run, by his holding the Second Corps in front of Washington instead of its going to the front, which they had ample time to do, although it had only two of its batteries up —A, First Rhode Island, Tompkins's, and Battery I, First United States, Kirby's. Had that corps gone to the front the disaster at Chantilly never would have happened, or the battle of Antietam ever been fought. It was about this

time that Horace Greely wrote President Lincoln a very severe letter, so much so the President did not take time to answer by mail but telegraphed the following reply:

"If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I believe doing more will help the cause."

Meantime, on March 6, 1862, the President had recommended to Congress that a resolution be adopted "that the United States ought to co-operate with any State which may adopt gradual abolition of slavery, giving to such state pecuniary aid, to be used by such State, in its discretion, to compensate it for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system." The resolution was adopted, but produced no effect. Immediately after the battle of Antietam the president issued a proclamation (Sept. 22, 1862,) in which, after declaring his determination to prosecute the war for the effect of practically restoring the constitutional relation between the Union and the several states, and that it was his purpose at the next meeting of Congress to recommend some practical measure of assistance in emancipation to those states which would voluntarily accept it he proceeded to announce that on the first day of January, 1863, all persons

held as slaves within any state or designated part of a state the people whereof should then be in rebellion, should be then, thenceforward, and forever, free, and the executive government, including the military and naval authority thereof, would maintain such freedom.

Wednesday, the 27th, we arrived at Acquia Creek, and expected to land, but soon received orders to go to Alexandria. It was reported that Pope had been driven back and that our corps had arrived too late. We were now compelled to put forth superhuman efforts to reach Washington in time to head off Lee's army.

August 28th our schooner started up the river by daylight and had a pleasant sail up passing by Fort Washington and Mount Vernon, and arriving at Alexandria about ten o'clock, and by five o'clock had our horses disembarked, hitched onto the guns, and encamped that night just outside the city. It was an ancient-looking place, and about seven miles below Washington on the Potomac. It was settled in 1748, and then called Bell Haven. It was then a thriving seaport, having a large foreign trade. At the time of the war there was very little shipping there. It was at this place Colonel Ellsworth met his untimely fate in May, 1861. He very rashly entered the Marshall House to take possession of a rebel flag that was flying from the top of the roof, instead of sending his men to do it, and was shot by Jackson, the proprietor, who was walking up and down the corridor with a shotgun swearing he would shoot anyone who should take the flag down. Jackson should have been put under arrest and men sent to take the flag; but Ellsworth, a very young colonel with the Zouaves at his back, did not heed the warning and threw his life away. Jackson was immediately shot by Brownell, one of Ellsworth's men. The house was a large plain-looking building, with flat roof, and has been torn to pieces by relic hunters. At the time of our occupation of the place the public build-

ings and a number of the private dwellings were used as hospitals and quarters for officers.

The greatest object of interest was the old Christ Episcopal Church; it was erected in 1765, of imported brick. It was in a rather retired place surrounded by a very high fence. It was here General Washington once worshiped; his pew, prayer-book, and cushions still remain as they were at the time he last attended service. While here we heard reports that Pope had been flanked and was being pushed back on Washington.

August 29th was a day of great excitement as it was reported that our army had been defeated and was falling back on Washington, fighting their way step by step. Our battery was under the escort of the Seventh Michigan and Fifty-ninth New York, and left for Chain Bridge, and passed out through Fort Runyon on the road to Manassas. It was the same road that we passed over on our way to the first Bull Run. We turned off at Fort Ethan Allen so as to cover Chain Bridge. We took position one mile from the fort, which was occupied by the Eleventh New Jersey, Seventy-first New York, and One Hundred and Twenty-third Pennsylvania, and camped for the night.

On the 30th excitement ran high, rumors of every description were rife, and an attack on Washington was momentarily expected. There was heavy artillery firing through the day in the direction of Manassas. Two cavalry regiments passed out on a reconnoisance towards Leesburg. About five o'clock we hitched up in quick time and marched back through Fort Ethan Allen, across the river by Chain Bridge, and proceeded up the river road until about eight o'clock, when we came to where Dana's brigade was encamped and where the battery halted for the night.

On August 31st the battery was turned out about three A. M. and found that our corps was together again for the first time since we left Yorktown. We marched through

Georgetown over the Aqueduct Bridge and took the road to Fairfax Court House. About daylight it commenced to rain, and we began to meet prisoners from Stonewall Jackson's corps who informed us we were not far from the enemy. It made us think of our first trip through Fairfax a little over a year before. We came to a halt about 1.30 P. M. and lay there until about seven P. M., when we started again, and, after considerable marching and countermarching, we reached Fairfax Court House about midnight, and remained there the rest of the night.

September 1st we were turned out early again and tried to get something to eat before going into a battle which we were about sure was impending from reports of stragglers who had been coming in through the night. Our army had been defeated at every point and there had been great slaughter. At about 6.30 we marched out as far as Germantown and went into position facing Chantilly; troops marched past us all day. It was reported that General McDowell had lost about all his artillery. About 4.30 a very sharp engagement took place, General Kearny's command being attacked by Stonewall Jackson's corps. It rained very hard. The engagement lasted until about dark. It was here that General Kearny, one of the bravest of the brave, met his untimely death. He went out to reconnoiter the enemy's position, and suddenly rode into their lines, and, in attempting to escape, was killed. General (Stonewall) Jackson, coming to the spot, and, glancing at the features of the dead general, said: "My God, boys, do you know who you have killed? You have shot the most gallant officer in the United States army. This is Phil Kearny who lost his arm in the Mexican War." His remains were sent into our lines under a flag of truce in an ambulance, his horse following behind with an empty saddle. It was, indeed, a sad sight. Gen. Isaac I. Stevens was also killed at this battle. Why our corps had not been sent out before

instead of keeping it around Georgetown, was a mystery inexplainable to us. About seven o'clock we marched back to Fairfax Court House and camped on about the same spot we did on our trip to the first Bull Run. According to reports that night from soldiers coming in from the front, our troops had been ruthlessly slaughtered. It seemed incredible to believe, yet by all accounts our army appeared to have been badly defeated.

On the 2d, while lying at Fairfax, troops marched past us all night. Both McClellan and Pope's armies were in full retreat, and, to all appearances, the Second Corps with the veteran Sumner at its head was to take the rear. Our battery left Fairfax about eight A. M. and went into line of battle with the Second Corps at what was called Flint Hill, where we remained all day. By great clouds of dust that could be seen in the distance, the Confederate army seemed to be marching towards the upper Potomac. After all of our troops had passed us we marched on the Vienna or Langley road. It was getting quite dark and we had not gone far when a battery opened on us, seemingly from Fairfax Court House. General Sumner ordered our right section into position on the road with the First Minnesota under Colonel Sully. The two wings of this regiment supporting us were placed on each side of our guns. After getting into position General Sumner was desirous of getting word to some pickets which had been left in close proximity to the enemy, and he said to his orderlies: "If any of you will volunteer to go and get those men they can be saved; but none of his orderlies made an attempt to move. John F. Leach, our guidon bearer, acting as orderly for Captain Tompkins, overhearing General Sumner, rode up and said to the orderlies: "You are a lot of cowards!" then, saluting the general, said: "I will go, general, if my captain will let me." Captain Tompkins said: "John, if you go it will be on your own account; I will not order you to go."

As he was about to start General Sumner rode up to him, saying: "You are a brave boy," and, patting him on the shoulder, said: "God bless you, my son, God bless you;" and further said to him: "If you succeed and get those men away take a careful look down the road and see how far off the enemy are." Leach started and was successful in finding the men; then as the general had asked him to do, he rode down for quite a distance to a bend in the road, and, before he knew what he was about, he was face to face with a troop of cavalry. He turned as soon as possible, and, at the same time, shouted at the top of his voice: "Here they be; here they be;" and, putting his horse, which was wind-broken, at his top speed, started to return to our lines. It was a race for life for quite a distance with the bullets flying thickly around him. Although our battery and the Minnesota regiment were in a trying position the men could not help laughing when they saw Leach and his horse coming towards them, with the horse snorting at every jump as he could be distinctly heard as he rode towards our position where everything was hushed in stillness in momentary expectation of an attack from the Confederates. He was successful, however, in reaching our lines unharmed. Colonel Sully walked up and down the line giving his orders, and saying: "If any man shoots before he gets the order I will have him shot." He also gave our men at the guns the same order. We had not long to wait before rebel cavalry made their appearance, and the orders of the officer in command were plainly heard as they came up in good order little thinking what was in store for them, until it seemed as if they were within reaching distance, when at last Colonel Sully gave the order: "Fire!" Every man in that regiment and battery seemed to fire as one; the slaughter was fearful. The rebel colonel who could be heard so plainly giving his orders was killed. The firing was so sudden that the horses attached to the limbers became frightened and ran away,



LIEUT.-COL. THOMAS FREDERICK BROWN.

Enrolled Corporal Battery A; Second Lieutenant Battery C; First Lieutenant Battery B; Captain same battery; Brevet Major; Lieutenant-Colonel.

tipping over the limbers and breaking the pole of one of them. Here Leach appeared again on the scene, and, being mounted, he soon overtook the lead horses and brought them to a stand. But our troops in advance were greatly startled at the uproar made, and quite a panic ensued and a number of men were badly injured in consequence of it. John Griffin, driver of the gun that had the pole broken was hurt, and the horses also. It took some time to fix it, and Colonel Sully wanted to leave it, but Captain Tompkins would not consent to it, and it was finally patched up and saved and there was no more trouble that night.

General Sumner gave the section great credit for the part it accomplished in saving the gun which Colonel Sully wanted to leave in the road. We arrived at Fort Ethan Allen about three o'clock A. M., went into position and then waited for the infantry to come up. Our corps marched across Chain Bridge and went into camp at Tenallytown. Some of our wagons had not arrived and the officers had to draw a mule wagon from the train. During the excitement and stampede the night before the driver ran between two trees and left the team there. It was reported all right by some cavalry that had been out there and some one was wanted to go and bring it in. There was no one in the battery who knew anything about mules, so I volunteered to go and take my chances, although I had never driven any mules; so a man was put on my horses and I went with a troop of cavalry, found the mules all right except that they were suffering for want of feed and water. The place where our section had been located was half a mile beyond, so, after feeding the mules, I kept on with our cavalry to see what the condition of affairs was in the valley. I found a sight there that I shall never forget. The rebel cavalry was a North Carolina regiment under Colonel Evans, and a number of them lay there dead and wounded, including the colonel. On the Union side Lieut. Charles Zierenberg, of the

First Minnesota, was mortally wounded. I started back with the mules, and, on arriving at our camp, found the battery had gone with the corps to Tenallytown, just outside of the District of Columbia. I got on with the mules all right. They were all worn out and hungry. I gave the little fellows a good supper, and lay down in one of our wagons and had a good sleep myself.

September 4th was a day of rest for men and horses, and was a welcome relief after marching and countermarching, as we had done for several days. I had a lot of fun with the mules. They were slick little fellows and could kick as handy with their front feet as with their hind ones. No one came to take them, so I had to hitch up to go for rations, and then the fun began. I got along well with three of them but the fourth one would not let me put his collar on, and I determined to find out who was the master. I succeeded in getting the upper hand of him, but waited for some of the teamsters of the wagon train to come and take charge of them.

During our stay at Harrison's Landing, in August, Col. James Evans, of the Seventh Virginia, resigned, and Col. Joseph Snyder assumed command. Lieut.-Col. James J. Mooney and Maj. Peter Bowie, Forty-second NewYork, Maj. Edward Z. Lawrence, Sixty-first New York, and Capt. Walter O. Bartlett, of Battery B, First Rhode Island Light Artillery, were honorably discharged, and Lieut. Nelson A. Miles, of the Twenty-second Massachusetts, on account of his eminent services on the Peninsula, was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Sixty-first New York, to fill the vacancy caused by the death at Fair Oaks of Lieutenant-Colonel Massett. According to Mr. Ropes's *History of the Army under Pope,* General Lee's army at Chantilly should have been destroyed, as Jackson had undertaken one of his hazardous movements on Pope's rear, Longstreet was far behind, and could not come up until long after nightfall;

Hooker's division, Sumner's and Franklin's corps, and the two brigades of Couch were all available to be thrown upon Jackson's right and left. "Such an attack," says Mr. Ropes "would have been fatal to Jackson, as he had absolutely no way to retreat."

On September 5th Lee's army crossed the Potomac and was marching on Baltimore. General Williams's Twelfth and the Second Corps, both under General Sumner, marched to Rockville, Md., about twelve miles, and camped for the night. It was a fine country compared to that we had been campaigning in in Virginia. No one came to claim the mules so I was compelled to go with them myself, with the hope that I might be able soon to relinquish them to the care of their rightful owners.

September 6th our battery started out on a reconnoisance with a squadron of cavalry. We proceeded about four miles at a good pace and then went into battery on a hill, the cavalry taking about thirty prisoners. Scouts coming in reported the enemy in strong force about five miles off. When we returned to where our two corps were located we found both corps in line of battle expecting an attack. We immediately went into position with our Second Division covering the road. A man came and took away the mules during the day and I was pleased to return to my place on the gun.

September 7th all kinds of rumors were rife as to the location of the enemy. We marched about five miles that day and then went into position. We afterwards found out that the enemy were in possession of Frederick City and that our cavalry had driven Stuart's troopers out of Poolesville.

September 8th was a fine resting day for our men and horses. It was such a change from our experience of wading through Virginia mud.

On September 9th we started about ten o'clock and

marched nearly eight miles to what was called Middleburgh. A cavalry fight was reported at Barnesville, and rumors of every kind were in circulation.

On September 10th we made another short march of about eight miles on the same route that we took on our way to the Peninsula, and encamped that night at a place called Clarksburg.

On the 11th we made a short march to Hyattstown, and formed in line of battle. Our cavalry skirmishers advanced but found no enemy.

On the 12th we marched about nine o'clock to what was called Urbana. Cavalry and horse artillery were passing by us all the afternoon. It was said that there were ten thousand of them and it seemed to me there were more. From this place a very extended view could be had, and signals displayed at a long distance could be seen, some of them even from Sugar Loaf Mountain.

On the 13th we made an early start, marching through Urbana to Frederick City. We crossed the Monocacy River about ten o'clock. We found it a fine country. The roads were excellent, and everything appeared to be in a flourishing condition. We arrived at Monocacy, where we halted for over an hour, feeding our horses and looking out also for our own rations. General McClellan passed us on the road and there was the usual cheering. After becoming refreshed we continued our march to Frederick City, and probably no soldier in that army will ever forget the reception we received on that occasion. My eyes could hardly believe what they beheld there. The "Stars and Stripes" were flying from every house and the people could not do enough for us, they were so overjoyed to be delivered from the rebel hordes that had occupied the place. The women and children were especially delighted and welcomed and hailed us as their deliverers, and congratulated us on our timely arrival.

Our cavalry after driving the Confederates out of Frederick fought them near South Mountain Pass. We marched through the city and encamped on the outskirts. We could see the smoke of artillery and hear the report of the guns quite plainly, and saw some of the prisoners that were brought in. General Sumner and staff received a grand reception from the women and children of Frederick City. They appeared around our camp that evening and continued to thank us for their "quick deliverance" (as they called it) from the enemy.

Sunday, September 14th, we broke camp about eight o'clock and marched towards South Mountain, and, after considerable delay along the road, which was one of the worst I ever saw, and after hard traveling up hill and down, we arrived at South Mountain Pass about eight o'clock that evening. General Burnside, after a forced march that night, overtook and attacked the enemy at Turner's Gap with Hooker's First and Reno's Ninth Corps, forcing Longstreet to abandon his position after a very severe engagement. General Reno, one of the most promising officers of the Army of the Potomac, was killed in that battle. General Franklin commanded the left column of our army, which was directed against Crampton's Pass, the nearest pass of South Mountain which could be crossed to the relief of Miles at Harper's Ferry. Franklin carried the pass in a brilliant manner on the afternoon of the 14th, and passed through into Pleasant Valley, yet on the morning of the 15th Miles at eight o'clock surrendered; not only yielding twelve thousand men and all their equipments to the enemy, but opening the way for the Confederate generals, McLaws and Anderson, to pass out through Harper's Ferry, or for Walker to pass through that point to their support with Franklin not two leagues away. This was the man who commanded the reserves at the first Bull Run. But we must take General McClellan into account for his dilatory

tactics even up to the night of the 13th, when the greater portion of his army were at Frederick, with his left under Franklin at Buckeyestown, Couch at Licksville, and Reno far in advance upon the right at Middletown, feeling the enemy. McClellan, knowing that Miles with twelve thousand men was in peril, should, on the 13th or 14th, have forced his way through those passes into Pleasant Valley and taken McLaws and Anderson in the rear. It was reported throughout the army at that time that General Miles was shot by one of his own men when he made his disgraceful surrender.

The remains of General Reno were brought past our battery shortly after our arrival there. The loss to the country of this gallant officer cast a gloom over our troops. General Alfred Pleasonton, commanding the cavalry division, in his report of the operations of his division at South Mountain, pays this deserved tribute to General Reno: "During the cannonading that was then going on, the enemy's batteries were several times driven from the gap, but the contest assuming on each side large proportions, and Major-General Reno having arrived on the field, I pointed out to him the positions of the troops as I had placed them, giving him at the same time those of the enemy. He immediately assumed the direction of the operations, passed to the front on the mountain height, and was eminently successful in driving the enemy, until he fell at the moment he was gallantly leading his command to a crowning victory. The clear judgment and determined courage of Reno rendered the triumphant results obtained by the operations of his corps second to none of the brilliant deeds accomplished on that field. At his death a master-mind had passed away." The distances in this region seemed to be interminable. From the tops of these steep and lofty hills it seemed as if we would be in an engagement in a very short time, as we could both see and hear the combatants of both armies in

deadly conflict; but when we arrived at the base of those hills the sounds of battle would not reach us. We did not arrive at this place until after dark, and, in the meantime, we had made a hard and exhaustive march. "Daddy Sumner," as the boys delighted to call him, never lagged when there was a fight going on. The Second Corps was not engaged at the Gap, but General Hooker's corps came up to the assistance of the Ninth Corps which had suffered severely in its victorious engagement through the afternoon.

On the morning of the 15th we made an early march up through the pass and witnessed some dreadful sights as we passed along; dead horses strewed the ground and other evidences of a desperate struggle were not wanting. Our advance pursued the enemy towards Boonesborough. Our battery passed through this hamlet; the church and buildings were filled with the rebel wounded. The inhabitants there appeared as delighted at our arrival as they had been at Frederick City. Four corps passed through the Gap that day, also Sykes's division of the Fifth Corps and marched onward towards Antietam Creek, where Lee was reported as being at a place called Sharpsburg, near the creek, and where it was said he was making a stand with the creek for a protection. There was continual skirmishing going on along our front. About dark our corps marched through Keedysville and bivouacked for the night.

On Thursday, the 16th, we were astir early in momentary expectation of a fight. About eight o'clock heavy artillery firing began and there was considerable skirmishing and a very sharp engagement or two during the day. Our division changed position to the right, passing through Keedysville, crossed Antietam Creek and bivouacked for the night near the creek. Here was another day lost or thrown away which allowed Jackson time to come up the river and cross at Shepherdstown and re-enforce Lee at Sharpsburg behind Antietam Creek. Franklin with the Sixth Corps and

Couch's division was kept out of supporting distance to watch McLaws and Anderson, who had slipped away from our generals and gone to Lee's assistance. Had McClellan drawn Franklin and Couch in and made his attack on the morning of the 16th there is no question but that he could have defeated Lee's army. Besides, when we take into consideration that McClellan knew by a dispatch of Lee's picked up in Frederick on the 13th the position of every division of Lee's army, and that his movements of a detached portion of his forces upon Harper's Ferry had compelled Lee to withdraw six of his divisions, not one of which could, by the most strenuous exertions, have been brought up through the long, circuitous route which alone was open to them, to support Lee on the Antietam before midday of the 16th, while a good part of them could not get there before the 17th. Had he (McClellan), instead of lying idle on the 15th and 16th, forced his four corps and the division of Sykes's, constituting his right and centre, across from Turner's Gap at the base of South Mountain to Antietam Creek, he would have had at the rate of ten to six to that of Lee's. By this movement, as I have already mentioned, he would have defeated and captured Lee's army. Instead of this he represented Lee to have much the larger force.

CHAPTER VII

The Battle of Antietam.

ON Sept. 17, 1862, occurred the memorable battle of Antietam, a day never to be forgotten by any who participated therein, and more particularly those who took an active part in it. We thought we had previously been engaged in some very hard fights, but this was unequaled by any that we had hitherto experienced. The Second Corps was badly beaten and two of its divisions well-nigh annihilated. We marched through Keedysville in the presence of our old commander, General Sumner. It was not to be expected that a man of his years after undergoing the fatigues and hardships incident to the Peninsula campaign and the subsequent movements from Harrison's Landing to Alexandria and the part his corps took in covering the retreat of our army at Chantilly, and continuing in the saddle as he did for many months, could perform the duties of a man of half his age. Besides, he had become strongly imbued with the idea that the Second Corps was invincible and could whip General Lee's whole army. And this, in the writer's mind, is where he overestimated his own abilities, and also those of his corps. Besides, General Sedgwick should have kept a sharp lookout to his left flank and have seen to it that it was better protected, which surely was not the case, as there was an opening between Sedgwick's left and French's right, a new division which had been formed while on the march to Antietam. On the ground where this opening was left between Sedgwick's and French's divisions was an eminence of which the enemy had taken possession and from which they

poured terrific fire upon those divisions, which was the cause of great slaughter to them. The new division which had been attached to our corps was composed of General Kimball's independent brigade which joined us at Harrison's Landing, and had been re-enforced by a nine months' regiment, the One Hundred and Thirty-second Pennsylvania, Col. R. A. Oakford.

On the 16th the brigade of Gen. Max Weber, comprising the First Delaware, Col. John W. Andrews; Fourth New York, Col. J. D. McGregor; and the Fifth Maryland, Maj. Leopold Blumenberg, was assigned to our corps. These troops together with three new regiments, the Fourteenth Connecticut, Col. Dwight Morris; One Hundred and Eighth New York, Col. Oliver H. Palmer; and the One Hundred and Thirtieth Pennsylvania, Col. Henry I. Zinn, forming a brigade under Colonel Morris, were constituted a division, to be known as the Third under the command of Gen. William H. French, former commander of the Third Brigade, First Division of the Second Corps.

Whoever participated in that engagement must forever be grateful to his Maker that he was permitted to live through it. Hooker's corps, which had crossed by the upper bridge and fords during the night, had been followed by General Mansfield's. Hooker's First Corps attacked Lee's left with his usual headlong impetuosity. The action was furious and the losses frightful. So heedlessly did Hooker press his attack that the Twelfth Corps was not called up until his own troops had been broken and slaughtered. Mansfield's two divisions, under Generals Williams and Greene, made a gallant attack but were soon checked as the Confederates had been re-enforced from the right of their line. The battle began at daylight, and, by half past nine, so far as the First and Twelfth Corps were concerned, was practically over. General Mansfield had been killed, and Hooker carried disabled from the field; Hartsuff and

Crawford had been wounded. If anything both the First and Twelfth Corps had lost some ground since their attack at daylight, but at half past nine stood their ground and began reforming their broken lines as far as possible, waiting in an exhausted condition the arrival of fresh troops to begin the attack anew. This was the great error displayed throughout this battle, to put in a corps, division, or brigade until it was defeated before it could get any assistance whatever. There is no doubt in the minds of many who witnessed the battle, that had the Second Corps been brought up during the night with the First and Twelfth, and all had been sent in together, the Confederate left would have been crushed, as the Second Corps with its new division was as strong as both the First and Twelfth combined. But the general commanding the army did not see fit to do such a thing, and continued throughout the battle to fight it in detail rather than in conjunction.

About 9.30 A. M. our battery was ordered by Major Kip, of General Sumner's staff to report to General French. We moved from nearly the extreme right down to the left of the centre just as General Mansfield with the Pennsylvania Reserves, or Bucktails as they were called, were going into the battle, and only a very few minutes before he (General Mansfield) was killed. We passed by our Second Division to which we belonged and moved to the left of the Third Division and joined the Irish brigade on the right of our First Division under General Richardson, who was killed not over fifty yards from our left gun. The battery was under a hot fire the whole length of the line and lost four or five men wounded before we went into position. We proceeded as far as the Mumma house and turned sharp passing close to the house on our right and took position about one hundred yards back of it on a knoll in the edge of a large cornfield about half a mile to the left of the Dunker Church, where our Second Division under General Sedg-

wick was hotly engaged. The position was a commanding one, and we could see from the right to the left of our lines, and when General Burnside made the attack on the Stone Bridge we could see the smoke of it quite plainly from our position. The so-called sunken or bloody road was directly in our front, and at times the colors of our First Division could be seen to go down, then up again very often. When our Second Division broke (which was something new to them) and General Sedgwick, who had been wounded, was being taken past us from the field, he inquired what battery it was; when informed he disputed it, as we belonged with his troops, but had been wrongfully placed where we were. After he had been convinced it was Battery A, First Rhode Island, he said: "They are lost, and it is the first one I ever lost, and the best one in our corps."

When the enemy forced their way into the opening between the Second and Third Divisions, the Third Division was also broken, and the enemy came in column of divisions out of the corn directly in our front before we were aware of it. This was the time and place that tried men's nerves, but Battery A never flinched; if it had it would have been lost, and, in my opinion, our army would have been defeated. We had supporting our guns a new nine months' regiment the One Hundred and Thirty-second Pennsylvania Infantry. It was their first battle and some of them broke with the brigade on our right. But those that stayed were good men and fought like tigers. They had no regular line of battle but clustered around each gun to protect it. The Fifth Maryland, after losing its commander, Major Blumenberg, broke and carried along with it a portion of the Fourteenth Connecticut, which let the enemy come past our right flank, and they went for our guns like a pack of wolves. We were firing as fast as guns could be served double-shotted with canister, the guns in echelon and we cut them down in solid column ten paces from our guns.

At this time Sergeant Greenleaf urged Henry F. Hicks, our No. 1, to hurry up, he being one of our most rapid No. 1 men. Hicks, in a cool and collected manner, replied, "I'll sponge this gun if the rebs come and take the sponge staff out of my hands!" Had he not sponged the gun he was liable to have been blown to pieces from its premature discharge.

One of the enemy's flags was captured and it was really our trophy, but one of the infantrymen ran down and seized and kept it. Colonel Oakford commanding the One Hundred and Thirty-second Pennsylvania (I am not sure, but think it was), told us we had better limber our guns and save them. If we had attempted it we would have lost them before they could have been limbered. Instead of that we stopped the charge and drove the rebels back in disorder. The Mumma house and barn in our rear was on fire and at one time looked as if it would ignite our caissons, and some of them on the left of the battery had to be moved. We were engaged about four hours and twenty minutes and expended over twelve hundred rounds of ammunition including every round of canister we had in our ammunition chests. The vent fields of our guns were so completely worn out they had to be condemned and we drew new guns by turning them over and taking a battery of guns from one of the batteries in the reserve artillery, and were all ready to go in again in a short time. I never could understand why those batteries were placed in the reserve all the year round and others always kept to the front. If those batteries could not have been trusted in battle they should have been disbanded or disposed of.

Capt. John A. Tompkins and First Lieut. Henry Newton rendered conspicuous service in this engagement.

Capt. Tompkins in his official report of the battle says: "The men of my command behaved nobly, and, by their bravery and coolness, prevented the loss of the guns. I

would especially call your attention to Lieuts. Jeffrey Hazard and Charles F. Mason, who displayed great coolness during the engagement and handled their guns with excellent effect."

Just after we had succeeded in driving the enemy back our ammunition gave out and our guidon bearer, John F. Leach, was called on and again showed evidence of his indomitable courage. He was directed to go to the chief of artillery and request him to send us more ammunition or a battery to relieve us. He did as he was ordered and was instructed by the chief to take Battery G, First Rhode Island Light Artillery, and relieve us, which he did, and not only showed them where to put their guns but stayed with them, which, I am sorry to say was not long as they only fired four or five rounds before they limbered up and retired. By their leaving that position the enemy came up and took possession of the ground we had occupied as well as our hospital in the rear. They captured all of our surgeons and our wounded men. The position was soon retaken by a part of the First Division and our new Third Division. But the fighting for this part of the line was about over, and in fact there was not much fighting going on anywhere after that. Lee seemed contented to remain quiet if not disturbed and General McClellan did not seem inclined to molest him. Thus ended the bloodiest battle of the war.

After the battle General Sumner sent our battery a personal note thanking us for the efficient work performed by the battery during the action, and gave us credit for holding the enemy in check at a critical time, when if the battery had flinched the consequences would have been very disastrous to our army.

Our battery lost in this engagement in killed: Sergt. Charles M. Reed, Privates John H. Lawrence, Joseph T. Bosworth, and Edwin Stone. The wounded were: Edward F. Budlong, John Church, Robert Raynor, H. A. Pres-

ton, Sheffield L. Sherman, Patrick Larkin, Theodore Reichardt, Corp. Benjamin F. Child, Frederick A. Phillips, Francis E. Phillips, Charles Cargill, Abel Wilder, John Zimala. Six horses were killed, and four wounded. The army's losses at this battle were: Killed, 2,108; wounded, 9,549; missing, 753; aggregate, 12,410. The Second Corps' losses were: Killed, 883; wounded, 3,859; missing, 396; aggregate, 5,138. The corps lost two major-generals wounded, Richardson mortally, and Sedgwick.

The conduct of the men of our battery at this battle was highly commendable, the engagement severely testing their courage and endurance, resisting successfully as they did two distinct charges of the enemy, thereby preventing the loss of our guns.

While the charge was at its height, one of the rebels, a man over six feet tall, came up to our No. 4 gun with his bayonet fixed. Our No. 1 man was in the act of sponging his piece. When he saw this tall and rough-looking rebel approaching he swung himself under the muzzle, as he had no other way of protecting himself; but one of our infantrymen who was in the act of loading his piece and not having time to finish, clubbed his musket and struck him just over the left ear, which put an end to the poor fellow. His brains were spattered over our gun where they were baked as quickly as if they had been dropped on a hot stove. One of our sergeants cut it off with his knife and kept it as a trophy. He fell across our sergeant, Charles M. Reed, who was lying dead, and I went and pulled him off. When our battery cut down the flag within ten paces of our guns, we were short-handed and I could not go for it. I made a start but was afraid of being punished for leaving the gun, and one of the infantrymen went out and brought it in. We considered that it rightfully belonged to our battery. One of the few infantrymen who stayed and supported our guns was standing in the rear of our No. 1 gun,

and, in his haste, fired directly onto the breech of the gun a Minie bullet, which made a star on the gun of three inches across it.

During this charge Sergeant Greenleaf, one of the best of soldiers, becoming somewhat excited, said to Henry Hicks, one of the quickest No. 1's I ever saw: "Hurry up, Henry!" when Hicks replied: "I'll sponge this gun if they come and take the staff away from me."

After being relieved the battery returned to the Hoffman house where our battery wagon, forge and battery teams were, and began refilling our ammunition chests and partook of our frugal rations. For myself I could truthfully say that I was thankful that I had escaped unharmed the dread ordeal of battle. At our gun two men were killed and four wounded. Both of my horses were killed either by a shell or shot. Just after dragging the gun in battery and turning in rear of it, one of the swing horses was badly wounded as we were going out of action. How the bullets flew by me and I so fortunate as to escape being hit will forever remain a mystery to me.

The day closed with some sharp skirmishing along the line, and Burnside's forces kept on fighting until long after dark; A. P. Hill's (Confederate) corps, after a forced march of seventeen miles, came in upon Burnside's flank and forced him back to the bridge.

On September 18th there was some very sharp skirmishing at daylight, although after that there was not much firing during the day. A detachment of men under Lieut. Jeffrey Hazard went to the field to bury our dead, but they had been taken care of by the Second Rhode Island Regiment who had come upon the field after a forced march from Maryland Heights, where our general had sent them in place of cavalry and had relieved our Third Division. We hitched up and left our camp near the Hoffman house and marched nearer the battlefield. Flags of truce were



MAJOR HARRY C. CUSHING.

Enrolled Corporal Battery A; Second Lieutenant Fourth U. S. Artillery; Captain same regiment; Major Seventeenth U. S. Infantry.

seen on different parts of the field where both sides were seen burying their dead. I took a stroll down by our position where we had been fighting and looked the ground over. Saw a number of the Second Regiment and beheld a sickening sight on that field of carnage. Directly in front of our position was a fearful scene which can never be effaced from my memory. The sunken road or "Bloody Lane," so-called, was thickly strewn with the dead. It seemed to me as if there were more of the rebels than our own men. I had to use caution as our pickets had received strict orders not to allow any one to approach too near the sunken road. So after I had seen all I cared to, I started back to our battery. On the way I assisted our veterinary in extracting the bullet from the swing horse who had been wounded in the fight. It had entered just to the left of his tail and came out so as to press the skin on his flank. The remainder of the day and night was quiet with the exception of an occasional picket shot.

On the 19th we turned out by daylight and all preparations for battle were made, but we were happily disappointed when our skirmishers advanced to find that the enemy had retreated.

On the morning of the 20th we exchanged our guns with Pettit's battery of New York, they took our Parrotts and gave us three-inch field guns. They appeared much handier and lighter for the horses. We then proceeded to near McClellan's headquarters, where we went into camp, and, where by all appearances, it looked as if we were to stay for awhile, but as usual we were disappointed, as we soon received orders to move to Sharpsburg, where it was reported that an engagement was going on. We arrived at Sharpsburg about one o'clock A. M., and went into camp just outside the town. After looking out for my horses I made a bunk under the battery wagon which was near the picket rope; and, although it was damp and chilly, I man-

aged to get a good sleep. The reported engagement which took us there was only a skirmish with Lee's rear guard at the river. It did not amount to much and only resulted in the capture of a few prisoners.

On Sunday, Sept. 21st, after everything was fixed up in camp I took a good look at Sharpsburg, and I must say that it presented a scene of marked desolation, for there was scarcely a house which had not been hit by either shell or bullet, and some of them a great many times. There were quite a number of people there, but they say that before the fight there were about fifteen hundred in the place. They said, "You'uns did give us a right smart shooting." I asked some of them where they were at the time when the battle was going on, and they could hardly tell. They said some went down toward the river, and different places, while others stayed in their houses. One man who had been where he could see most of the fighting, said, "It was right smart, 'deed it was."

September 22d our corps marched away, having started early that morning, but our battery received no orders to move. I took another look around where Burnside had had his fight, but the dead had been gathered up and buried, so it did not look as bad as it did in the centre and on the right; but he must have had a hot passage at the bridge.

September 23d. After staying around Sharpsburg until about two o'clock of that day, we began our march, crossed the Antietam Creek at Old Furnace, and went into camp at the foot of Maryland Heights.

CHAPTER VIII

ANTIETAM TO THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

WE remained in camp on the morning of September 24th until eight o'clock, when we started for Harper's Ferry, where we arrived and went into camp near Bolivar Heights. It made us feel sad to think that such a position should have been surrendered as it was by Colonel Miles on the 15th of that month.

On the 25th we heard that President Lincoln had issued his proclamation of emancipation.

The 26th was quite cold night and morning but very nice in the middle of the day, and everybody seemed to be enjoying himself. The infantry boys came over and exchanged experiences in relation to the campaign.

On the 27th it was a cold morning, and thick coats were not burdensome. A singular and amusing incident occurred here. The Nineteenth Maine Regiment and the One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania joined our corps, to fill the serious inroads made in our ranks by the loss of the killed and wounded at Antietam. The Nineteenth Maine was the largest regiment and had the largest men in it that I ever saw. The regiment seemed to be as large as any brigade in our corps. They marched up on top of Bolivar Heights, and stacked their arms. There was a twenty-pound battery there at the time of the surrender, and a number of shells had been left lying around. They looked good to the Maine soldiers, so they gathered them together and made up a fireplace to set their frying pans on, never thinking they were loaded. After the fire around them had heated the shells there were some fierce explosions, and the

first thing we knew, the Nineteenth Maine was stampeding down the hill. Long roll was called, and everybody fell into place, thinking the rebels had opened fire upon us. We started out on a trot but had not gone far before we found out the cause of the excitement and uproar. The most wonderful feature of this affair was that no one was killed and only a few received slight wounds.

The 28th was a charming day. We had a mounted inspection, after which we had the day to ourselves. One of the men of the Irish brigade came into camp. In conversing with him in regard to the battle of Antietam, he said that General Richardson was killed by a shell, and that the same shell killed one or two men of his regiment. The way he told it, with his rich Irish brogue, was very interesting.

The 29th found us getting settled down to camp life again, and the regular amount of guard, and police duty, with drills was becoming an everyday occurrence. Being granted the privilege of going visiting among the soldiers of our corps, I went up to see the new regiment fresh from Maine, and had a talk with them, and it was amusing to listen to their conversation. One of them said, "By gosh! I haint seen my fry-pan since the explosion!"

On the 30th I was put on guard in the morning, therefore could not go visiting, but there was a number of soldiers of our division in our camp talking about the recent campaign. Although somewhat down-hearted, they were still ready to fight if they had been called upon. On the trip from Antietam I picked up a Vermont rifle. It was a good one, but as I had no ammunition for it, I whittled down some Minie balls to fit it, and tried it across the ravine and it made some close shots.

On October 1st the Army of the Potomac was honored by a visit from President Lincoln. Our battery was given the honor of firing a salute to him, and it was a great privilege to look at this great man whom we all revered.

On the 2d, after guard mount and police duty, I took a stroll down to the Potomac and walked up the railroad as far as the tunnel through part of the mountains. Lieuts. Jacob H. Lamb and Peter Hunt came to us, the former from Battery E, and the latter from Battery C, each having been promoted from first sergeant. Lieutenant Lamb had served in the regular army previous to the Civil War.

On the 3d in addition to our regular camp duties we had a mounted inspection. The inspecting officer did not find much to criticise, excepting that one or two harnesses failed to come up to the requirements of that officer. This, however, had a good effect, for it caused our men after that to keep the harnesses in better condition.

On the 5th we had another mounted inspection. A number of the men of the battery received leaves of absence to go out of camp.

On the 6th the Nineteenth Maine had a funeral, and marched past our camp. Those big, strong fellows did not seem to stand the climate well, as there was a great deal of illness in their camp.

On the 7th I was detailed to go with the wagons for rations and hay and grain for the horses. We went down to Sandy Hook. I had a pleasant time and saw the Seventh Rhode Island Regiment that arrived there a few days before, I talked with a number of them and asked about people at home, and told them where they could find our battery.

The 8th was my birthday, and a very dull one as there was nothing here to celebrate, and if there was I had no funds to provide for a collation. Moreover, I had not had a cent for over three months, so my twenty-first birthday was a very slow one. Quite a number of infantry friends came into camp that day.

On the 9th our hearts were cheered by the arrival of the paymaster, who paid us our five months' pay which was due us. The men had plenty of money that night. I had sixty-

five dollars, and felt as if I had a small fortune. The sutler got his share of the boys' money, as some of them had run up quite large accounts with him long before the paymaster arrived. Just think how those sutlers used to fleece our boys; for instance, charging them a dollar for a can of condensed milk.

The 10th was a sad day for the Second Corps as we were compelled to part with our brave old commander, General Sumner. It was reported at the time that he was taking a leave of absence, but we afterwards learned that he was relieved from the command of his corps at his own request. It was also said that Gen. D. N. Couch would take command. He was a very good general, but with the loss of so many gallant officers, Generals Richardson, Sedgwick, and then "Daddy Sumner," it was not to be wondered at that our spirits were somewhat depressed. Lieut. Jeffrey Hazard left our battery that day, having been promoted to the captaincy of Battery H.

October 12th was another quiet Sunday, with lots of visitors. I showed them around and gave the information I possessed about artillery practice.

On the 15th there was considerable stir in camp as we drew rations for four days. It looked like a long march. Second Lieut. Charles F. Mason left the battery, having received an appointment as first lieutenant in Battery H.

On the 16th we were turned out early in the morning and started for Charlestown over the same road we went over the previous Spring. General Hancock was in command of the troops in that expedition. There were about ten thousand in all and the First Division was all there was of our corps that was selected for that purpose. I do not know why we were ordered to go with them, as we belonged to the Second Division. There were some rebels found at that place, who made quite a stand, and opened on us with artillery. Battery A, Fourth United States Artillery, replied

to their fire, and soon drove them off. It proved to be only some cavalry, and a battery of four guns, which they used to good advantage, blowing up one of Battery A, Fourth United States Artillery's caissons, killing one man and wounding four others. The rebel captain of the battery was found in one of the houses nearby with one foot taken off, which showed that our regular battery had disabled him. We went into battery just outside of the village, and camped there for the night. A heavy rain came on, which made it very disagreeable and quite cold. It was reported that cars were being run from Charlestown to Harper's Ferry with grain, as the country was full of it.

We remained at Charlestown until about two o'clock of the 17th, then marched back to what was called Halltown. Here General Hancock formed line of battle, the artillery going into position on a hill and the troops in front of it. It looked as if an attack was expected. It was a very cold, disagreeable night, and we got but little rest.

On the 18th we started from Halltown early, and to keep warm we made a quick march to Bolivar Heights and went into our old camp. It was cold and disagreeable that night, but we built fires and made our tents comfortable, which we could not do the night before.

The 19th was another quiet day after the reconnoissance, and I think it did the horses good to go up there and back. It was a fine trip and the country presented a better appearance than it did the previous Spring. It was a fine valley, and in time of peace with its fertile fields of waving grain the scene must have been pleasing indeed.

On the 20th after our regular camp duties we went into the ravine and had a good target practice, after which I went over to the Fifteenth Massachusetts camp and saw some of the boys there. They all seemed to be feeling well and Charley May played a few tunes on his old fiddle. The camp was pleasantly situated. The weather was fine through the day but quite cold at night.

On the 24th the Fifth Maryland regiment, which had joined our corps just before the battle of Antietam, left us. As the Maryland boys marched past they sang out, "Good-bye, Rhode Island." They said that they would never forget how good our battery looked to them at that fight as we poured such a destructive fire upon the enemy. It was the first battle in which they had ever been engaged.

On the 25th I had the good luck to get detailed to go with the wagons to Harper's Ferry. As we had to wait a long time there I walked down to the Shenandoah River and across the pontoon bridge there and took a survey of the ground. I had a grand and impressive view from that position, much more so than from the Potomac side.

On the 26th we had a few visitors and a number of our boys visited the other batteries stationed in the vicinity. I went up to Battery B and had a pleasant talk with them. Captain Tompkins left that day on sick leave. First Lieut. Henry Newton assumed command.

On the 27th it was reported that some of our troops were crossing the Potomac at Berlin, and we were desirous of moving also.

On the 29th we received orders to prepare four days' rations and to be ready to move at a moment's notice.

On the morning of the 30th everything was excitement and we packed up and were ready to start. Troops marched across the river all day. We broke camp about one o'clock and crossed over the Shenandoah River passing around the foot of Loudoun Heights into the Shenandoah Valley towards Hill's Grove, about six miles distant and camped for the night.

On the next day, the 31st, we were moving through a very mountainous country, although apparently thrifty, and, by appearances, it did not look as if an army had traveled through it. We were mustered for two months' pay on that day. Troops kept passing by us, and we heard that the Second Corps was to have the advance.

November 1st found us at Snicker's Gap. It was quite chilly that morning, but everybody seemed cheerful and did not appear to mind the cold. We broke camp about ten o'clock. The road was hilly and rough. It was a great change for the horses, and some of them began to show the effects of it. We passed through Hillsborough, a village of a few houses, and the battery halted at what was called Wood's Grove. It was the best country for foraging that we had ever passed through, and, although there were strict orders against foraging, most of our soldiers managed to get a pig or chicken for supper and breakfast.

On the 2d our corps had the right of the line and in the advance. We broke camp shortly after eight o'clock that morning after a quiet night, and our march was at a snail's pace. There was a little skirmishing by Pleasanton's cavalry with that of the enemy, and our horse artillery fired occasional shots. The view from our position was very fine. We could distinctly see the cavalry and artillery in action.

On the 3d we received orders to move, but did not get under way until about nine o'clock. The roads were fine and we marched at a brisk pace until noon, when we halted for an hour or more, and then resumed the march, but not as fast as in the morning. We halted quite often. About five o'clock firing was heard in our front, and we could see the cavalry running the rebels towards the woods. It was very pleasant to look at from the distance, but that is the only place it looked attractive to me. We encamped about seven o'clock. It was a beautiful moonlight night and it made us think of peaceful scenes at home.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the 4th we broke camp and marched through Bloomfield and Upperville. About one o'clock we reached Paris (Va.), at the mouth of Ashby Gap, going into position on the heights, which commanded the gap. The scenery at that point was beautiful beyond description, the finest we had ever beheld. Win-

chester, Bunker Hill, Berryville, and nearly the whole of the Shenandoah Valley lay spread before us, and the rebel camp-fires across the Shenandoah River made an enlivening picture indeed. The fight we saw the previous evening was between a battalion of Ashby's (rebel) and Pleasanton's (Union) cavalry, and there was a number of rebel prisoners taken. General Burnside and his staff passed us that day near Upperville.

It was very cold weather early in the morning of the 5th, and we had hard work to keep warm, although we kept our camp-fires burning brightly. Some snow had fallen. There were strict orders issued from headquarters concerning the killing of sheep, etc., but it did not appear to stop some of the men of our battery from doing it, as our fourth detachment had a great time killing a young bull.

On the morning of the 6th we broke camp about eight o'clock. We marched at a slow pace until we reached a place called Kerfoot, not far from the famous Cub Run. Our horses were in poor condition, yet our battery did not seem to be as badly off as Battery B, and some of the other batteries. We went into camp near Rectortown, and the condition of our soldiers reminded us of Washington's illy-clad soldiers at Valley Forge, as many of the men had worn out their shoes through excessive marching in that rough country.

On the 7th we remained at Rectortown all day. Just enough snow fell to cover the ground. Nothing of interest occurred there, with the exception of inspection of horses, and some were condemned. Our little dog tents were not much protection against the inclement weather.

On the morning of the 8th the weather was cold and frosty, and, with firewood scarce and insufficient clothing, it made our soldier life anything but comfortable. We broke camp about eight o'clock and marched past Salem. Generals Sumner, McClellan, and Burnside rode past us

that morning. We went into camp about five o'clock not far from Vernon Mills.

On the morning of the 9th just before breaking camp we had to furnish horses to Battery B of our regiment as they had turned in over forty and were unable to get along without them. This cut us down so that some of our guns had to go with four horses. We arrived at Warrenton at about noon and went into camp outside the town.

On the 10th the weather was quite pleasant and warm. There was considerable excitement over McClellan relinquishing his command of the army, and that General Burnside was to succeed him.

On the 12th we received the first mail we had had since leaving Harper's Ferry.

On the 15th in compliance with orders received the night before, we broke camp about eight o'clock in the morning and started in a southeasterly direction. The weather was damp and chilly and cut us to the bone. After a rather tedious march of about ten miles, we camped for the night in what seemed to be rather a desolate country at a place called Elk Run. Passed a number of small villages on the Virginia Midland Railroad, above Midland Station.

On the morning of the 16th we started again, and, although it was rather cold and cloudy, we made a march of about fifteen miles. We encamped in a very level country, and the camp-fires of the troops that night presented a scene alike picturesque and beautiful.

About eight o'clock on the morning of the 17th we broke camp and started direct for Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock River. When in sight of the city we saw a rebel battery but no one seemed to pay any attention to us. Pettit's Battery went into a ravine, stole upon them and opened with their Parrott guns, which greatly surprised them. They sprang to their guns for a little while, then left them in full sight, and if our infantry could have got across, they

could have captured them. Our battery was in support in case of need, but did not have to do any firing. About five o'clock we retired a short distance into camp.

We found the troops encamped here had been organized by the orders of General Burnside, who had assumed command of the Army of the Potomac, into three grand divisions, viz.: The Second and Ninth Corps forming the right grand division under Gen. Edwin V. Sumner, the First and Sixth Corps, under Gen. William B. Franklin, the left grand division; the Third and Fifth Corps, under Gen. Joseph G. Hooker, the centre grand division.

On the 19th no forward movement seemed to be made by our army, but the troops seemed to be marching back and forth, changing pickets and talking to the rebels across the river all day long. I went down to the river myself and had quite a conversation with them. They seemed to be well aware of the change that had been made of commanders of our army.

On the 20th the weather was very disagreeable, as it rained steadily all day. We moved our camp to a place called Falmouth, up the river from Fredericksburg, where we had a fine view. We were encamped on the edge of some heavy timber and it was reported that we were to stay there for the winter. Batteries B and G of our regiment were encamped just below us in a ravine.

On the 26th First Lieut. Henry Newton resigned and left for home. He was an efficient and capable officer and well liked by the men.

Thanksgiving Day, the 27th, was a lonesome one for us. We considered ourselves fortunate to get hard-tack and pork instead of a Rhode Island turkey. However, as soon as the railroad to Acquia Creek was in full operation, it greatly facilitated the transportation of supplies and we obtained better rations. Lieut. Gamaliel L. Dwight, a former corporal of our battery, who had been promoted to second lieutenant, returned to our battery as first lieutenant.

Our new lieutenant, Peter Hunt, put up a set of bars and rings for gymnastic exercises, as he himself was an adept at such sports. We had a horse called "Old Woolly," that Fred Phillips drove. One morning on returning from watering our horses, Lieutenant Hunt ran his horse up to this bar, which was about four feet high, and the horse refused it. Fred Phillips, who was a reckless fellow, mounted on "Old Woolly," as we called him, came up at a gallop, saying, "I will show you how to do it," and, to the surprise of all, "Old Woolly" cleared it by two feet.

December 2d the battery moved on to new grounds, and, on the 3d, we began a stable for the officers' horses. On the 8th we commenced a stable for the battery horses. The stables were good and substantial and were situated in a ravine so that the horses were well protected from the weather.

On the 9th our corps was re-enforced by five new regiments. On the same day and the day following there was considerable stir among our troops, and the artillery of our Grand Division was put in position on the bank of the river opposite the city of Fredericksburg.

On the 10th we drew new clothing, of which we were greatly in need. I received a new overcoat, but it was not as good a one as the one issued to me in Rhode Island.

CHARTER IX

The Battle of Fredericksburg.

ON the 9th of December our corps was re-enforced by five new regiments, four of which were nine months'. On that day and also on the 10th, there was considerable activity manifested in our army. General Hunt, chief of artillery, placed nearly all the guns of our Grand Division along the bank of the river opposite the city of Fredericksburg, and, at daylight, Thursday, the 11th, opened fire with one hundred and fifty guns. At the same time the engineers started to lay a pontoon bridge. Our battery did not fire upon the city as it was kept in readiness to cross as soon as the bridge was laid. After about one-third of the bridge was laid, the sharpshooters from buildings along the water front made it impossible to lay the pontoon and it was abandoned. It seemed to me that when our artillery made a hole through one of the houses, a rifle would come through on the instant and fire upon those at work on the bridge. Finding it impossible to finish laying it the chief engineer came up to our Second Division and asked for volunteers to cross in boats and drive the sharpshooters out from the buildings. The Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts and Seventh Michigan all stepped out, and were soon marched down to the river, the Seventh Michigan with the Nineteenth Massachusetts was chosen to go in the boats, while the Twentieth was to lie in support while the others were crossing; but by some mistake or misunderstanding, they also took boats and crossed into the city, about twenty men in each boat.

To me it seemed a very brave act, as much so as any I had ever witnessed, and many of those brave fellows dropped dead or wounded before reaching the shore. It proved a success and the bridge was soon laid, and the remaining portion of our Second Division was soon marching over, with some of the new troops who had just joined us. The enemy made no attempt to dispute the passage of our troops with their artillery, but their sharpshooters did considerable execution against the three regiments in the boats, who lost heavily. The Seventh Michigan lost fifteen; the Nineteenth Massachusetts eight in the boats, while the Twentieth Massachusetts lost ninety officers and men in the streets.

One of the bravest men that crossed over that day was Stephen Fuller, a chaplain of the Sixteenth Massachusetts, who had resigned from the service and was about leaving for home, when, learning that his regiment might soon be called into action, he refused to leave, although he had received his discharge. On seeing the brave volunteers crossing the river he determined to be among the foremost on that perilous mission. He crossed with the Nineteenth Massachusetts, and, while they were fighting with the rebels in the streets of Fredericksburg, he fell dead, rifle in hand, in front of a grocery store on Carolina Street.

A number of troops crossed in the night, and early in the morning of the 12th, as they had another bridge on the lower side of the city where troops were crossing. About eight o'clock that morning our battery received orders to cross, it being the first battery to pass over the river. Our first gun had only started down the bank for the bridge when the enemy opened with their artillery, the first gun they had fired while our artillery had kept up a constant cannonading during the passage of our troops. When the rebels began their fire they made it rather hot for us. Iron fell all around us but did not do us much harm, although

three men were hit: Sergt. Willard B. Pierce and Charles V. Scott being the worst; yet none were disabled. Frank's New York Battery which followed ours was not so fortunate, however, as they had one man killed and several wounded, and one gun disabled. Artillery and cavalry were crossing all that morning, but why so many of those arms were sent over at that time I never could understand, as they could be of no real service until a good position could be secured by our infantry. Consequently we stood all day down near the river. There was some fun made by one of the new regiments that started across shortly after the artillery had passed over. Its band was playing, "Bully for You," when the rebels opened upon them, which caused a panic for awhile. The bass drummer ran down upon the most exposed part of the bank, and, dropping his drum, lay down behind it. It was about as much protection as a sheet of paper. The streets presented some very strange sights after our troops gained possession of the city. The soldiers began to pillage and destroy. Everything in the way of furniture was brought into the streets. Soldiers dressed in ladies' dresses, hats, and bonnets paraded through the streets. An elegant piano might be seen with a soldier drumming on its keys, while another would be dancing on the top of it. Cooking of every description was going on all night, with furniture or pianos being used for firewood. There were great quantities of tobacco and everybody who used it had his pockets full.

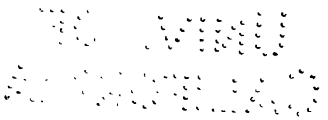
On Saturday, 13th, after a sleepless night with so much excitement going on, bright fires burning, and the soldiers cooking their rations, I took a stroll around the city as far as I was allowed to go. Frequently a bullet would come whizzing down the street. It was a very unpleasant sight to see the destruction of property; vandalism reigned supreme. Men who at home were modest and unassuming now seemed to be possessed with an insatiate desire to destroy everything in sight.



GEN. JOHN G. HAZARD.

Commissioned First Lieutenant Battery C; First Lieutenant Battery A; Captain Battery B; Major First Rhode Island Light Artillery, Chief of Second Army Corps; breveted Colonel and Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA



Captain Tompkins having been promoted to be major of our regiment was relieved that morning by Capt. William A. Arnold who had been promoted from a lieutenant in Battery E. In bidding us good-by Captain Tompkins in a little speech, introduced our new captain to us, who in turn addressed the battery saying that he understood that we were a fighting set, and that he was something of a fighter himself, and expected that we would stand by him under all circumstances.

After sharp skirmishing during the morning, the battle began about half past ten A. M., when we soon got the command "Forward!" and started directly up through the centre of the city, to the outlying houses, where we went into battery by sections in different yards, the right section being just to the left of Hanover Street in the yard of a brick mansion. Frank's New York battery was on our left, and Batteries B and G were held in reserve, Kirby's battery being on our right and near or in a cemetery. It was reported that General Couch wanted our battery put to the front to encourage the infantry in their charge, but Colonel Morgan, chief of our brigade of artillery, would not hear to putting rifle guns on the front line and Battery B was sent on its forlorn hope where it immediately met with a destructive fire from the enemy, losing sixteen men wounded and twelve horses killed in about half an hour. Battery A was more fortunate, having only two men wounded, one slightly. Henry Hicks was shot through both ankles by a musket ball, the ball entering the right ankle and lodging in the left, resulting in amputation of both feet and his final discharge from the service. We did not realize at the time that he was so badly injured, but thought that he would soon return to duty again in the battery. He was a cool, reliable, and brave soldier, and one of the best No. 1 men I ever saw. He was a great loss to the battery. On a ridge just back of our section was a fine view of the enemy's lines and works.

General Couch and other generals with their staffs occupied this position frequently during the day. On one occasion when the troops broke in the charge and came back panic-stricken and the men of our battery were trying to stop them, General Couch said: "Let them go, when they are out of the way the good men can do something." Shortly afterward, looking around he saw quite a number of his staff and others collecting around him and he said quite excitedly: "Spread out there! What are you thinking of! One shell through here would catch a half-dozen or more, spread out!" During the evening our section went into a brick mansion near by and sat down to the table in the kitchen and were having what was for us a banquet, the light shining brightly from the windows in the ell, when presently a bullet came through one window and went out of the opposite one but did not happen to hit any one. The light was quickly extinguished and every one of our soldiers started for his position in line. I confiscated a tablecloth, the finest one I had ever seen, also a good shotgun, both of which I managed to send home.

When I lay down to rest that night the fog was very thick, and the weather cold and disagreeable. All was quiet except the occasional moaning of the poor, wounded soldiers lying upon the field between the picket-lines, and, as it was impossible for me to sleep on account of it, I arose about 9.30. About this time Surgeon S. F. Haven, Jr., of the Fifteenth Massachusetts, came up the street and said in quite a loud voice, "For God's sake! is there no one who will go and help those poor fellows out of their suffering?" Whereupon, a driver, Walter Arnold, of our section, volunteered to go; I offered to go also. So we started with the surgeon down near a brick mansion, near where Battery B had been stationed, where the doctor had a rude table fixed up, and from there we went to work. I was sent out with a canteen with some whisky in it with orders what to do

when I found a wounded man. I started directly towards a wounded soldier that I could hear very plainly. Our outposts were near by, and, after passing them I had to creep on my hands and knees, and I must say it was the toughest job I ever undertook, or ever expect to again. I brought in six on my back and came near getting shot by a rebel outpost, as I had crept very close to him in the fog to get one of our men who was groaning very loud and who had had his leg shattered. When I touched him he cried out so loud that the rebel sentry pulled back the hammer of his gun and put it up to his shoulder to shoot, but, after a few minutes, he took it down and said, "If you yell out again like that, you damned Yank, I'll fix you anyway." I hugged the ground very close until he became quiet, then, after great exertion and after giving him two or three drinks of whisky, I got the man on my back and crept to where our stretcher bearers were. On taking him to the operating table I found on reaching it, to my sorrow, that Dr. Haven had been killed by a shot fired from the rebels as he was engaged in his sad duties of ministering to our wounded comrades. It was a great loss as Dr. Haven was a skillful surgeon, besides being a brave and good-hearted man. At about twelve o'clock we were relieved, and soon afterwards went back to the battery. I was numb and cold from being soaked with mud and water and a sight to behold. I kept on down the street until I came to where a group of soldiers had a good fire and stopped and got warm. After they found out who I was there was nothing good enough for me. They made me coffee and cooked cakes from flour they had foraged from the houses. I stayed until after three o'clock, when I became dry and warm and then went back to the battery to get an hour's sleep if possible.

On the 14th the rebels would not let me sleep long, as they fired on our lines with heavy guns, but after the first few shots, they were not very accurate as it was foggy and they

could not keep their range. One shell struck our centre section and killed Sergeant Thompson's horse and wounded Charles Spencer, an attached man, and shattered a limber. It was reported that General Sumner was much opposed to another advance, as he considered that it was impossible to carry Marye's Heights, so that it was abandoned and we were quiet all day. Some of the hungry ones were cooking in the houses.

It was at this battle John F. Leach, our battery guidon, again distinguished himself. He was acting orderly for Captain Arnold at the time of the battle, and, at the request of Colonel Morgan, chief of artillery of the Second Corps, he was detailed as his orderly. The chief took Leach to all the artillery captains and said to them that if at any time during the battle Leach came to them and desired them to go with him they were to obey his (Leach's) orders as much as if he (Morgan) should be present in person. He then came with John down near our battery, and, from behind a brick building, and pointing toward the rebel lines, told Leach to go out and examine the land and see if horses could work upon it; also to look at a ridge of land in the distance and find out how many guns could be put upon it. After making a close examination and being shot at from close range, he reported that it was available for artillery and was ordered by Colonel Morgan to go and bring Battery B, First Rhode Island Light Artillery, and put it in position there, which mission he successfully accomplished without receiving a scratch. The battery remained about half an hour in that perilous position, and, as has already been stated, losing sixteen men wounded and twelve horses killed.

General Couch says he ordered Hazard's battery (B) to be sent across the mill race. General Hooker in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, spoke as if *he* ordered it into position. He did order Captain Frank's First New York Artillery to be sent in support

of Hazard, but the placing of Battery B was the act of Private John F. Leach, guidon bearer of Battery A, by order of Colonel Morgan, chief of artillery of the Second Corps.

The morning of the 15th found me lying asleep under a tarpaulin, but was routed out early as the enemy began firing (both artillery and infantry), and kept it up all day. Generals Couch, Howard, and some others looked over our lines and said they would send some infantrymen to throw up a breastwork for us. Our battery was engaged in throwing up works all that day behind fences, and quite often we would get a shot from the rebels' heavy guns, but were very fortunate in having only three men wounded and a few horses killed (the captain's and Sergeant Thompson's), also one limber wrecked and a number of wheels.

Comrade Walter Arnold, who went with me to assist in carrying the wounded from the field, says in a letter written to me quite recently: "Do you remember that shell at Fredericksburg that came over to our gun after striking the ground four times before it got there, then taking Sergeant Thompson's horse's head off and the heel off my wheel driver, George Warfield, and killing two of the infantry that was lying back to support us? I saw that shell every time it struck the ground, and when it hit the horse the blood flowed all over me. Then do you recollect about seeing that grave with a wooden head board which had 'Our Little Willie' on it? I told my swing driver to get me a shovel and I would see what 'Little Willie' was, and how I dug it up and it was a box with eight nice smoked hams in it, and we were all of us cannibals eating 'Little Willie' for a week after it."

With the exception of foggy nights and mornings, which proved to be an advantage to us as it concealed our movements from the observations of the enemy, we had had fine weather all the time while in Fredericksburg.

On the night of the 15th I was enjoying myself sleeping, when we were routed out about midnight and told to pack

quickly and get away as fast as we could. I don't know how the rest felt, but I was not behind and did not feel easy until we were across the river, where we went into position, the whole army crossing through the night under cover of the guns. This movement was hard on both men and horses. After getting into position on the other side of the river it was not long before our men who had become exhausted, lay down and were soon fast asleep. I went across the river again with a large detail of soldiers to help bury the dead. It was a duty I never desire to do again, as the sights we were compelled to witness were horrible indeed.

About eight o'clock on the morning of the 16th it began to rain, and it poured down in torrents, and soon drowned us out of the place where we were temporarily encamped. It was very disagreeable, but we were compelled to endure it. After all the troops were over and bridge taken up, we started for our old camp back of Falmouth, on the hill, and had a hard pull to get there. Mud was very deep that evening.

The 17th found us back in our old camp again, and, although somewhat disheartened over the disasters of the battle, we set to work to put our camp into the condition it was in before the fight. It was quite cold and considerable snow fell through the day.

I had just recovered from the exhaustion and work of assisting in burying the dead. While engaged in that grewsome occupation, with the rebels under a flag of truce, I became somewhat acquainted with them, and they cut off every button of my jacket to carry away as souvenirs.

On the 18th the weather was cold and raw, and wood was getting scarce, and it looked as if we would be obliged to go back some distance to obtain firewood. When we first encamped there it was on the edge of an extensive belt of woods.

On the 24th it came out pleasant and warm. We had an artillery inspection. Generals Sumner, Howard, and Sully, with their staffs were present, and Col. C. H. Tompkins complimented us on our fine appearance.

On the 25th my diary says: "A merry Christmas!" That sounded well but it was what the people at home would call a very dull one. There was nothing but the regulation hard-bread and pork for breakfast, dinner, and supper. It was quite warm and a fine day, with no duty except the regular camp duty, and a general day of visiting among the other batteries. I went over to Battery B and saw some of them, and found them feeling well after their terrible losses in action.

The 26th was another fine day. I went into the woods again and chopped all day long and went on guard that night. From that time until the first of January every day was alike, nothing but drill and camp duty, with good weather prevailing until the 31st, when it came out cold with quite a snowstorm. We signed the pay rolls for the months of November and December. There were four months' pay due us. It had been an eventful month for us.

January 1st. A Happy New Year was what we were looking for, but it never came to us. Without money, in camp, and a poor supply of rations, we thought a happy new year rather a misnomer. Nothing of importance occurred in the life of our battery until the 20th of the month. About that time we had finished the stables for our horses. The stables were good ones, situated in a well protected ravine, and the horses were all in good condition. The weather continued warm until about the middle of the month.

On the 6th of January news of the battle of Murfreesboro was read.

On the 16th it came out very cold, and a very disagreeable rain set in. Orders were issued to have three days' rations

on hand. We were kept in suspense all the time, expecting to move at any moment.

On the 17th the army had a grand review by General Burnside, and it made a fine appearance.

It was quiet all day Sunday, the 18th, but bitterly cold, and the river was frozen over. We were under marching orders.

On the 20th the army began marching up the river towards Kelly's and United States fords. The weather was very disagreeable; rain and snow fell about all day. It was a pitiful sight to see the poor fellows paddling along in the mud. It looked like a general movement of the whole army.

On the 21st, to the surprise of everybody, we remained in camp.

On the 22d the storm continued with severity, and so we remained in camp. This was a disagreeable but much better day than yesterday to be on the march.

On the 23d Franklin's division marched back to their quarters. This advance movement, which finally came to naught, was known as "Burnside's Mud March." It was hard for the horses to get along, even without anything being attached to them, and the soldiers were exhausted in helping to get guns and wagons out of the mud. We could deeply sympathize with those unfortunates who were compelled to undergo such trying labor.

On the 24th it came out clear and warm again. It did seem as if the elements were against the Army of the Potomac and Burnside. Stragglers kept coming in all day, and it was reported that there were a good many soldiers who had died from exposure on the march.

The 26th was an eventful day for our battery, as we received two months' pay, which meant something better to eat than the unpalatable rations, if the sutler had any toothsome supplies on hand. On this day we were greatly surprised and grieved to learn that our revered General Sum-



CAPT. JEFFREY HAZARD.

Commissioned Second Lieutenant Battery A; Adjutant of the First Rhode Island Light Artillery; First Lieutenant Battery A; Captain Battery H.

ner had retired forever from active service in the field. His courage and magnanimity were proverbial. No one of his soldiers would ever have imagined that he would die among peaceful surroundings, but rather amid the clash and din of battle. Yet so it was that within the brief space of three months this gallant soul, the very embodiment of heroic devotion to duty, of daring enterprise and unshrinking exposure to danger, was peacefully to end his career at his home in Syracuse, N. Y., from mere exhaustion of the vital powers. In bidding farewell to his troops, General Sumner said: "I have only to recall to you the memories of the past in which you have fought so many battles with credit and honor always, in which you have captured so many colors, without losing a single gun or standard; and to urge that, keeping this recollection in your hearts, you prove yourselves worthy of it. It is only in so doing that you can retain for yourselves a reputation well won, and which, I feel, will be preserved under the gallant and able commander, Major-General Couch, to whom I confide you." The loss of this venerated and heroic general to the Second Corps was inestimable and greatly deplored.

On the 28th it was reported that Gen. Joseph Hooker was to supersede General Burnside in command of the Army of the Potomac. This report was confirmed a few days later by general orders from the war department.

On the 3d of February Captain Arnold was thrown from his horse, and appeared to be quite badly hurt, although no bones were broken. He went home on a leave of absence for a few days.

The 4th was a cold and disagreeable day, but the 5th was a welcome one to the army as we received soft bread, which was a great treat, it being the first we had had since leaving Harper's Ferry.

On the 7th there was little improvement in the weather. Our corps commander, General Couch, returned to take command again, and General Sedgwick took command of

the Sixth Corps. General Hooker made a number of changes, and said he intended to place the volunteers on the same level with the regulars. I would have liked to inquire when they were above us at any time or on any field.

From the 1st of February until the 22d there was nothing of unusual interest transpiring in our camp. The rebels on the opposite side of the river seemed to be busy throwing up breastworks and rifle-pits. The pickets on both sides of the river seemed quite civil, except on occasions when there was firing going on. They talked across the river and made fun of our generals, in regard to what Hooker would do; also inquired why we did not come over again. The men on our side had ready answers to their taunts, especially those in the Irish regiment, who always had some witty retort in return. It began to snow on the 21st, and it kept up all night; and, on Sunday, the 22d, Washington's birthday, it was the deepest snow I had ever seen in Virginia. There was to have been a general parade of troops, but the heavy fall of snow prevented it. However, a salute of thirty-five guns was fired by the different corps, our battery firing for the Second Corps. The snow was so heavy our guns, the three-inch field pieces, did not make a report loud enough to be heard a mile. The rebel batteries also fired on their side, and the bands in Fredericksburg played. In a few days the snow had about gone, but light snow and frequent rain prevailed as a rule for the month.

On the 28th Robert Raynor, who was wounded at Antietam, returned from the hospital.

On March 1st it rained in the morning, but it was quite warm, and mud seemed everywhere to abound. Wood was scarce, and the troops had to be sparing in the use of it. It was the same old story every day, regular camp duty and drill at the manual, when weather permitted.

Nothing of importance occurred until the 5th, when the battery hitched up and started for the big open plain about



FIRST LIEUT. CHARLES H. CLARK.

Enrolled as Corporal Battery A; First Lieutenant Battery C.

half a mile from camp, and passed in review before General Hooker. The army made a fine appearance. Our battery returned to camp a little past twelve o'clock, and the rest of the day was spent in visiting and in listening to yarns from the "busybody club."

On the 6th, the weather being good, we had a battery drill; the first in a long time.

On the 12th the army slept on its arms, as it was reported that the enemy were making a movement on our rear.

On the 13th the cavalry made a demonstration on the enemy's flank.

On the 17th, St. Patrick's Day, there was considerable fun over at General Sickles's and Meagher's headquarters. There was a great horse race, on flat ground, over hurdles and ditches. I ran a big buckskin that worked on a battery wagon, but she wouldn't take the big ditch so was beaten out. Our blacksmith had a very fast horse for about half or three-quarters of a mile. Our officers matched him against a horse at Sixth Corps headquarters. Meagher's men made a gala day of it, and everybody had a good time. During the afternoon long roll was sounded throughout the camp as cannonading was heard off in the direction of Stafford Court House. The excitement and firing yesterday was at Rappahannock Station.

On the 20th and 21st a snowstorm. On the 23d the death of our old beloved General Sumner was announced to us in line. The death of this beloved general cast a gloom over the heart of each comrade. He died in Syracuse, N. Y., March 21, 1863.

On March 25th our cavalry crossed the Rappahannock and made a demonstration on the enemy.

On the 30th there was an inspection of baggage. Three spare wheels were taken from the battery.

April 1st was a warm, pleasant day. About two o'clock, A. M., Colonel Morgan, the chief of staff, came to our camp and gave orders to hitch up and be ready to move, as it was

reported that rebel cavalry was crossing by United States Ford. We remained hitched up until after daylight, when we unhitched again, and quiet reigned all day. It was what I called an April Fool's joke.

On the 3d General Gibbon reviewed the Second Division of the Second Corps near Falmouth.

April 8th. President Lincoln was here to-day with his family, and reviewed the whole army. His tall figure and his pale face were very noticeable. His little son "Thad" seemed to take great interest in the soldiers and camp life. I wished that we had had a few men like him to have helped him out in his efforts to end this terrible war and bring peace to our distracted country.

On the 10th, in addition to our regular camp duties, we had another muster in the army.

The 12th was a fine, warm day, and I enjoyed it. I received a detail to go to Acquia Creek. I saw there the Second Rhode Island Regiment down on the left. They appeared to be in good spirits, but did not get into the Fredericksburg fight. They crossed the river down on the left with their brigade, but were not actively engaged.

April 13th our cavalry were marching by us steadily all day, and were loaded with extra forage. It looked like a big journey ahead for them.

On the 18th, after the regular camp duties, orders were issued to put a sack of grain on all of the ammunition boxes, and one on each of the guns, which had the appearance of a long, hard march in prospect.

On the 20th the cavalry returned from up the river, and brought with them a number of prisoners. Secretary of War Stanton visited our army that day. The sick in the hospitals were being sent away, which indicated a forward movement.

On the 22d we were cheered by the presence of the paymaster in camp. We received pay for four months, and the sutlers did a thriving business and reaped a harvest for

a few days. The allotment commissioner, H. Amsbury, took a good part of the pay of our men to Rhode Island.

On the 27th we had some distinguished foreign officers of the Swiss army in camp, so the battery was hitched up and manœuvred for their benefit. They were guests at army headquarters, and, in looking over the artillery, they appeared quite pleased. We received that night marching orders for the morrow, which looked like business.

CHAPTER X

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

ON April 28th we were routed out about two o'clock in the morning, and about six broke camp. We were attached to the Third Division, under General French, but our Second Division remained behind. We halted at noon and went into camp in the woods between Banks and United States Fords, about seven miles distant. The pontoons passed by our camp that evening.

The 29th found us on the march. We remained in camp until about two o'clock, when we marched until nearly dark.

On the 30th our cavalry was reported as having crossed the Rappahannock without opposition, which seemed strange, as it was a fortified position. Before crossing an order was read in line from General Hooker announcing that the Twelfth and Fifth corps had turned the enemy's flank by crossing the Rapidan at Germania Ford, compelling them to fight us on our own ground. We crossed over the pontoon which had been laid about five o'clock, P. M. When some two miles from the river we met about two hundred prisoners. While we were talking to them some acted surly, but others were very pleasant. A number of the boys of our battery made them some coffee, and did all they could for them. One had a bad wound on his arm, which I dressed, and he cried like a child; also gave me his name and those of his relatives, who lived in Richmond, and I promised him that I would go and see them if we ever reached that place. On our march to Chancellorsville it was a beautiful moonlight night, and General Hooker and staff passed us. We halted for the night near

the plank road at Chancellorsville. It was rumored that night that Sedgwick's division of our corps had taken Fredericksburg.

On the morning of May 1st the sun came out warm and clear, and everything seemed to be progressing rapidly, when, about ten o'clock, to our left down the plank road toward Fredericksburg, the battle opened very sharp. French's division, to which our battery had been attached, went up the road to Todd's Tavern, but returned immediately, and formed in line in support of our First Division, which was falling back. Sykes's division of the regulars was fighting fiercely, supported by Hancock's division. We opened and kept up our fire for some time, until General Couch, learning that our position was outflanked, ordered our division to fall back. As we were withdrawing to take up a new line we could hear the rebel officers in the woods giving commands to fix bayonets. We left in double-quick order, and, by skill and good generalship on the part of Hancock, he, with his skirmishers, assisted by the regulars, came out safely and went into line of battle in the rear of Chancellor house, and facing the plank road. After marching up the hill our troops met the enemy on top where we could doubtless have driven them from their position, but for some reason unknown to the soldiers in the ranks we were ordered back, fighting every inch of the way, in the same manner as we did from Fair Oaks to Malvern Hill, only with heavier losses. Our troops continued to come in all the afternoon and evening very much discouraged. I was talking with Fred Moies and Fred Pond, of Battery C, of our regiment, who were ordered from the hill to lower ground and put into position to fight. There were dismal forebodings in camp that night. The fight lasted long after dark, and even when the moon arose it found the combatants still engaged in deadly conflict.

During the night of the 1st our troops were formed as follows: The Fifth Corps on the extreme left; next

French's and Hancock's divisions of the Second Corps; then Geary's and Williams's of the Twelfth; then the Third Corps under Sickles; and, on the extreme right, the Eleventh Corps under Howard, the whole line forming a horseshoe. Our battery was stationed with other batteries to the right of our division, and in support of the Eleventh and Third corps. There was no chance for artillery, owing to the woods, but there was sharp skirmishing all day up to about four o'clock, when the battle broke out on the right, and it had hardly commenced before the Eleventh Corps broke and came through our lines, and the stampede began. Bull Run, Gaines' Mill, or Chantilly did not equal it. Every soldier in our corps tried to stop them by using swords, sponge-staffs, muskets, and anything else we could get hold of, but to no purpose. Every kind of practical joke was played upon them, but with no avail, as they were perfectly wild. The cry of the Dutch soldiers, the roar of artillery and musketry was fearful, and lasted until after sunset. It was reported that the artillery suffered heavily on both days, and that a number of guns had been lost. The rebels were quick to see the advantage of their position and were bound to maintain it, and it began to look as if we would have very hard work to get across the river again.

During the night of May 3d new lines of battle were planned, and entrenchments were thrown up. It looked as far as could be seen in the open field like a row of horseshoes lying inside of each other. The position of our battery was critical, being on a line with the infantry, with long range guns of small bore, and it looked as if, in that wooded district, nothing but canister could be used; but as luck would have it we were ordered back to the Rappahannock. When about half way to the river we met General Reynolds, with the First Corps, going to the front. Upon arriving there we found Kirby's and a number of the other batteries had already preceded us. Our lines fell back to the rifle-pits we occupied the night before, and the fight began about six the next morning across the plank road. At

ten o'clock we were ordered to the front again, with Kirby's battery. Colonel Morgan was quite angry that we went in at all, as all he wanted was short range guns, and it seemed that Kirby had ordered us back on his own responsibility. He was put in command of the Fifth Maine (Lepine's) Battery. His battery went into park and Lieutenant Kirby was mortally wounded. On our way to the front that morning we met some of the Third Corps with a regiment of rebels whom they had taken prisoners. They had captured four rebel flags. The Fifth Maine Battery sustained a very heavy loss that day. It was reported that night that General Sedgwick, commanding the Sixth Corps, formerly commander of our Second Division of the Second Corps, had carried Marye's Heights by storm, and that Battery G, which we were taking the place of, was badly cut up, also that Sedgwick was obliged to abandon the Heights, and was then fighting at Banks's Ford. He was nearly surrounded, and some of our cavalry and horse artillery went to help him. Fighting was kept up all night by moonlight. The woods were on fire and it looked as if our wounded and dead would be burned. It was reported by prisoners brought in that "Stonewall Jackson" was killed that night. During the hard fight that day a shell struck the Chancellor house, and stunned General Hooker, who was leaning against a pillar in the doorway.

On the 4th we remained near a brick mansion all night and the next day, and felt quite refreshed in the morning after a good night's sleep. Our horses were also unhitched and had a good rest. I went among the prisoners that were held not far from our battery, and gave them all the coffee and rations I had. There was little or no fighting up at the front that day, and although our army was defeated we still held our ground. It was reported that Sedgwick, at Fredericksburg and Banks's Ford, was fighting against great odds, as the rebels had gone from our front against him. The situation looked to me to be very grave, as our army, although superior in numbers, had been defeated.

On the 5th of May, after having had a good night's rest, the battery was in good condition. We had never been so fortunate before as to be taken from the front and put in reserve. Orders came for our battery, with Thomas's and Pettit's, to recross the river, which we did, taking up a commanding position on the heights. Firing had been heard since daylight on our left, which we surmised must have come from the direction of Sedgwick's forces. We thought if he could hold out and get across the river, he would be very fortunate indeed, as the whole rebel army had concentrated its forces against him, and he was fighting his corps without any assistance from the other corps of the army.

Our troops crossed the river on the night of May 6th, the rear guard crossing about eight o'clock the next morning. We had forty-eight guns in position covering the retreat. About nine o'clock the engineers took up the pontoons. Soon afterwards a number of stragglers came down to the bank to cross over the river, and some of them did cross over in boats, but there was a number of them who deliberately went back and gave themselves up to the enemy. Colonel Morgan, who stood near our battery, gave us orders to fire upon the stragglers, which orders were well pleasing to our men and were obeyed with alacrity. There was a rebel battery that opened on Thomas's battery which killed two and wounded four men, but Thomas succeeded in blowing up one of their caissons, which caused them to retire, and the fighting from that direction ceased. The pontoon train got underway about three o'clock and the artillery about an hour later. The road was nearly impassable, as it had rained at intervals through the day, and in the early evening it set in hard. The darkness caused us a great deal of trouble, and we were not able to see the road, and some of the guns would get stuck in the mud quite often during the first part of the evening. We were finally compelled to stay in the woods until daylight, for it was almost an impossibility to travel under such unfavorable conditions.

CHAPTER XI

Back at Falmouth.

ABOUT eight o'clock on the morning of May 7th our battery resumed the march, and, after a hard pull for our horses, we arrived in our old camp not far from eleven o'clock. We were very busy the rest of that day cleaning up the camp and stables. The loss of the Second Corps in that expedition was 1,923. Of this number the First Division, under Hancock, lost 1,122.

On the 8th the weather was excellent, and our camp began to take on its accustomed aspect. The Sixth Corps, under General Sedgwick, came in through the day from Banks's Ford. They had suffered heavy loss. I went down to see the Second Rhode Island as they passed, and they were also heavy losers. About five o'clock our battery was ordered to the Lacey house, opposite Fredericksburg, arriving there a little after dark, and going into park close to the Thirty-fourth New York regiment. Batteries B and G, First Rhode Island Light Artillery, were in the engagement across the river, Battery G losing one officer and four privates, besides having a number wounded. Battery B met with no loss.

On the 9th we moved our guns into a breastwork which had been occupied by a German battery of New York. The Eighty-fourth New York regiment left us, and our division took their place. We were near the railroad bridge, the pickets were again chafing each other across the river, and they reported that night that General Stonewall Jackson had died from wounds received on the 3d.

Sunday, the 10th, was another fine day, and trees and shrubs were in full bloom. The boys began to brighten

up after their trip up the river, and it looked like a holiday. Over in Fredericksburg the church bells were ringing, and the streets were well filled with people, and singing could be heard in the churches. The residents of that place seemed to endure with wonderful fortitude the excitement and hardships of war. I went down and talked to the pickets a little while, and made arrangements with them to swim out and trade with them as soon as it became dark. A balloon was sent up near Hooker's headquarters to reconnoiter the enemy's position.

On the 11th the weather was so fine and warm that some of the soldiers went in bathing. We could see the rebels fishing on the other side of the river, and some of them appeared to have made a good catch. Bands played in the streets that day as if they were on parade, and the rebels seemed very jubilant over their victory, and asked our pickets all manner of questions and generally received some very sharp replies from our soldiers.

The 12th was another fine day and very warm, so Mowry and I went in bathing. We swam out to some sunken barges and traded with the rebels for tobacco, which was all they had except a Richmond paper. They offered any amount of money to us if we would get them some shoes, which we promised to do and to go over and visit them in their camp. The rebels we traded with were Mississippians.

The 13th was another fine day. There was a special order read that day to the effect that the artillery of the army had been reorganized. The artillery of the Second Corps formed a brigade consisting of Batteries A and B, First Rhode Island Light Artillery; Battery A, Fourth United States, under Capt. John G. Hazard; Battery I, First United States Artillery; and Battery G, of the First Rhode Island Light Artillery, with Captain Adams; Battery G, First New York Artillery; Battery B, First New York Artillery, Captain Pettit, and Battery C, Fourth United

States Artillery, went into the reserve. General Hooker was making a change in the personnel of the army.

On the 14th the men of the battery began to receive furloughs again, and Corporal Greene and Private Rider left for home on a ten days' leave. It looked as if we were to stay here some time, as a one-hundred pound Parrott gun arrived and was put in position on our left, near the thirty-pounder of the Fourteenth Connecticut Heavy Artillery.

On the 15th, after I was relieved from guard, I went to the river, but the pickets would not let me pass the lines, as new orders had been issued forbidding any trading with the "Johnnies." However, Mowry went over to the rebel camp and into the city. When he came back there was a new officer of the day, and he (Mowry) was arrested, but the men got him clear. A number of men came to us from Battery D, being attached to our battery for a time, as that battery then formed a part of the reserve. We also had several attached men from infantry regiments assigned to us.

The 16th was a fine day, and the men of the battery seemed to be enjoying themselves. The sun was so hot that the men built shade houses of boughs, but the officers had tent flies to protect themselves from the fierce rays. The chief of artillery (Hazard) being absent, our captain, in the interim, commanded the artillery brigade in compliance with an order issued from army headquarters.

The 17th was another fine day, and the streets of Fredericksburg appeared to be thronged with people. The balloon was sent up again from headquarters that day. Colonel Morgan, who had been in command of the artillery brigade of our corps since its formation, turned it over to Captain William A. Arnold of our battery.

On the 20th Captain Arnold inspected the several batteries of the brigade.

On the 24th the news was read of Grant's victory on the Big Black River, Mississippi.

The 25th was another bright day, with plenty of greens and pork for dinner. Capt. John G. Hazard returned to assume command of the artillery brigade of the Second Corps, and Captain Arnold came back to the battery. Corporal Greene and Private Rider returned from their furloughs that day.

On the 30th the paymaster came and paid us twenty-six good solid dollars for two months' work.

About three o'clock on the morning of the 31st we were ordered to hitch up in double-quick time, Battery A, Fourth United States Artillery, going into position, the Fourth New York Regiment forming in line to our support. Battery B, First Rhode Island, sent one section to the ford at Falmouth. It looked as if there might be a brush with the enemy, but it turned out to be simply a movement to enforce an order issued by General Hancock prohibiting the rebels from fishing in the river. This order the enemy did not seem at first to be inclined to pay much attention to; but observing that Hancock was a man of his word and that he would order his guns to be opened upon them if they did not desist, they concluded that "discretion was the better part of valor" and retired.

In the forenoon of June 2d we hitched up and went on division drill under General Gibbon. General Hancock was present. He was a fine looking man and had a commanding way about him, and was very gentlemanly withal.

On the 5th we started and went into camp near General Hooker's headquarters. The Sixth Corps crossed the river on pontoon bridges below the city at Franklin's old crossing, and took the rifle-pits, and captured three hundred prisoners. They worked towards the city, and, when they came to what was called the Lacey Gas Works. they had quite a sharp fight with the enemy. Our battery opened on Fredericksburg about five that evening, and continued fighting until after dark, when we could see very plainly the flash of the rebel guns. It looked as if we were to attack the city again.

On the 6th wagons were sent to Acquia Creek for the day's extra rations. There was considerable artillery firing throughout the day between Sedgwick's corps and the enemy. This was the second anniversary of our battery, as two years before we were sworn in for three years if not sooner discharged.

The 9th found us conjecturing what we were to do next. We changed our camp again that day, but only for a short distance. We heard that no more furloughs were to be granted, and that all men on leave of absence must report immediately to their commands. It was rumored that a big battle between Pleasanton's cavalry and Stewart's took place at Beaver Ford; also that Fitzhugh Lee and a number of troops were taken prisoners.

On the 10th General Couch resigned and left the Second Corps, owing, it was said, to the fact that he would not serve under General Hooker. General Couch's retirement was greatly regretted by the Second Corps, as he was an able and efficient commander, but General Hancock, who succeeded him, was well fitted for the position.

On the 11th it was reported that the First, Third and Eleventh corps were on the move, and that Lee had left our front and gone north by the mountain passes.

On the 12th orders were received from headquarters that all citizens who did not have official business in the army, and all ladies who were at that time in the different camps, must depart at once. The rebel batteries opened on our balloon up at Banks's Ford that day. Our battery lost five detached men, who belonged to the Twenty-fourth New Jersey regiment, whose term of service had expired, they being nine months' men.

On the 13th we were confident that our army was to move, as all extra baggage and supplies were ordered to Acquia Creek. The army commenced moving towards Warrenton. The Second and Sixth corps were the only troops that remained behind. We left camp in a heavy rain, and got into position about midnight near the Lacey house.

On the morning of the 14th we were routed out early. The rebels on the other side of the river were endeavoring to establish a good position for themselves, and marched and countermarched down near the river. They kept up quite a steady fire on our pickets, and at intervals on our redoubts. About sunset we could see them running their guns out from their redoubts by hand, and marching away in the direction of Chancellorsville. We received orders to get away as soon as it was possible after dark, but we did not move until about nine o'clock. The guns were limbered up very quietly, and we started on the telegraph road, crossing the railroad at Stoneman's Switch, and, after marching all night, arrived at Stafford Court House about seven the next morning and found it burning, perhaps carelessly set on fire, but more likely by intention.

CHAPTER XII

From Falmouth to Gettysburg.

IT was terribly hot on the morning of the 15th of June, and, after feeding my horses and myself, I lay down and tried to go to sleep, but I was soon disturbed and ordered to hitch up. About eleven o'clock we started on the march again. The Sixth Corps were in line of battle when we reached Stafford Court House, and as they were in the advance, and our corps in the rear, it was hard to tell on which side of us the rebels were supposed to be. They sent the balloon up from the courthouse, while we were there, probably to discover where the rebels were located. We reached Acquia Creek at nearly three o'clock, and put our guns into position. It looked as if we were going to remain there all night. The heat was intense, and our men had fallen out by the hundreds, and it was even reported that a number of deaths had been caused by sunstroke. Artillery firing had been heard all day in the direction of the Blue Ridge, and it seemed strange that the Second Corps should be going away from the direction whence the firing came.

On the 16th we were hustled out about 2.30 A. M., and, after feeding our horses and getting something to eat ourselves, we hitched up, and by 3.30 we started. Heavy cannonading was heard in the direction of the Blue Ridge. We marched to the town of Dumfries. We arrived there about nine o'clock, and halted near the town until about noon. We fed and watered our horses; also, had a good dinner, and drew three days' rations. While it did not seem as warm as the day before, yet a great many of our men fell out of

the ranks overcome by the heat. A few more such days would have stayed the progress of the whole army. It was an up and down-hill road, and the dust was suffocating.

Our right section, under Lieutenant Hunt, had been on the rear guard all day. We crossed Wolf Run Shoals about seven o'clock and bivouacked for the night.

On the 17th we did not start very early, and the men took advantage of the delay and had a good swim in the creek. We started at about nine o'clock and marched as far as Sangster's Station on the Alexandria Railroad, and on the east of the old Bull Run battlefield, and there formed in line of battle. The roads from Manassas to Warrenton were filled with army trains.

On the 18th we remained in line of battle all day long and both men and horses were tired enough to take advantage of the rest afforded us. A refreshing shower made us all feel comfortable.

On the 19th we hitched up, marched to Centreville, arriving there about six, and went into position in one of the redoubts. We found a brigade of New York troops under command of Gen. Alexander Hays, who distinguished himself on the Peninsula with the Sixty-third Pennsylvania regiment. The brigade consisted of the Thirty-ninth, One Hundred and Eleventh, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth, and One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York regiments.

On the 20th we remained in Centreville until about one o'clock, when we marched on to the Warrenton pike, over Cub Run, over Bull Run at Stone Bridge, and over our old battlefield of 1861 where we saw one of the saddest sights of our lives. Skeletons of soldiers were lying around everywhere, just where they had fallen or crept. It seemed to me as if they might have been buried. The New York brigade, under General Hays, had joined our corps there and was attached to the Third Division. We marched as far as Gainesville, where we encamped with the First and Third Divisions. That night it was reported that the Second Division had gone to Thoroughfare Gap.

On the 21st artillery firing was heard in the direction of Ashby's Gap, and a fight was reported between Pleasanton's and Stuart's cavalry. The cavalry, on picket at Gainesville, came flying in that afternoon, and the infantry with our right section made preparations to support it. However, it proved to be only a slight raid of the enemy. Along in the evening a division of cavalry came in under General Stahl with four pieces of artillery and a small howitzer which had been taken from Mosby near Fairfax Court House two weeks before. They were on their way to Warrenton. Some infantrymen of our corps picked up a shell or case shot and brought it to our battery to learn about it. John Tyng was the man who never tired in showing to anyone everything appertaining to a battery and its equipments. He took the shell in his hand to explain its peculiarities, and told them it was perfectly safe as there was no percussion about it, and that it was simply a Roman fuzee which was cut to any distance it was to be thrown. To illustrate it he took it over to the forge, and, taking the sledge hammer, began to break it. Being near the railroad there happened to be an old frog used on a switch which was handy to lay the shell in. It did not break as easily as expected, and a number of men took a turn in trying to break it. At length it was beginning to open, and, after looking it over, John said that about two more drills would do the work. A big fellow from the First Minnesota took the sledge and gave it a tremendous swing, and then followed one of the biggest surprises ever recorded. They were directly under a large oak tree; the shell exploded and threw the hammer one hundred feet, more or less, up through the tree, and fragments of the shell cut good sized limbs from it, while there were about fifty men standing in that vicinity who saw it break into pieces. No one was injured, however, although John Tyng had considerable powder blown into his face. Lieutenant Hunt had the horses in line going to water, and, while quite a number of

pieces of the shell fell all around, yet no damage resulted. This incident caused a great deal of excitement, and some of our troops fell into line thinking the enemy, with a battery, were about to open upon us. There was no way to account for its not killing or wounding a number of our men only that the railroad frog must have been just deep enough to act as a mortar and thus throw the pieces straight up in the air. Tyng had always been a notorious fellow in regard to joking, and ever after that occurrence the boys were fond of saying: "John, we would like you to explain how this shell is made."

On the 22d the weather was fine, and the men and horses had a good rest. An order was read in line that day to the effect that Pleasanton's cavalry, supported by a division of the Fifth Corps, had defeated General Stuart's cavalry, capturing two guns, a number of prisoners, and a quantity of small arms at Ashby's Gap.

On the 23d the weather continued fine and quite hot. Stahl's cavalry came back that day from Warrenton, and reported no enemy in force there.

On the 24th I was sent with the wagons for forage and rations. Every teamster in that part of the army appeared to be very much excited. The rebel cavalry had made a dash into our lines below and cut the wires and robbed a wagon or two. These men on the wagon trains were the worst lot I ever saw. Even the mules seemed to know that there was trouble on foot, and appeared to be as excited as their drivers. After waiting a long while we at last succeeded in getting our load. The clerks were apparently as thoroughly frightened as the drivers, and, by their actions, expected every moment to be captured. The trouble proved to be down near Fairfax Station. The enemy made a dash in and cut a few telegraph wires.

On the 25th we received orders to pack, and about noon we started, crossed Bull Run, taking the Gum Spring road near Sudley's Church, over nearly the same route we went

to the first Bull Run battlefield; and, after a hot and dusty march of about eighteen miles went into park for the night near Gum Spring.

On the 26th we had a fine shower which greatly assisted in keeping down the dust. After a rest at Gum Spring we left at about ten o'clock, and, with an easy march, reached the Potomac River, near Edwards Ferry about eight o'clock in the evening, and went into park on the Virginia side, but were soon ordered to cross the river as the bridges were to be taken away. There were two pontoons, over which the troops were continually crossing. As we had lost our position in line by going into park we had to wait until there came a break in it, and we did not start again until two o'clock A. M.; then, after crossing, we marched about a mile from the river and went into park. We were then assigned to the Third Division under Gen. Alexander Hays, who joined us at Centreville with the New York brigade, and took command of our Third Division. He had the reputation of being a great fighter.

On the 27th, after remaining near the ferry until two P. M., we marched by way of Poolesville; and, about nine o'clock, passed through Barnesville. At ten P. M. we went into park at the foot of Sugar Loaf Mountain. The trip was a very interesting one to about all the men of the battery, as we passed through so many familiar places, the scenes of our first campaign as soldiers.

On the 28th the weather was fine. The change in the country after crossing the river was so much improved that we could hardly realize that it was the same we had known in the past, the people appeared so different. Everything was apparently in a flourishing condition, and the people seemingly could not do enough for us. We found the cherries ripe and plentiful, but General Hays gave strict orders against foraging, as we were in the midst of a loyal people. We passed through Urbana about six o'clock, and then continued on to Monocacy Junction, some five miles from

Frederick City, and went into position on a hill for the night. It was reported that night that the enemy were at Carlisle, Penn., and marching either on Harrisburg or Baltimore.

The 29th was a fine morning. We had plenty of time to get breakfast, and, about eight o'clock, marched across Monocacy River to Frederick City, crossing the Stone Bridge, and took the Baltimore road until we came to the Taneytown road, which ran through Mount Pleasant, Liberty, Johnsville, Union Bridge, and Uniontown, and camped for the night in the latter place. No one was sorry for the rest, as the march had been the longest we had ever made, and it was reported that we had covered a distance of from thirty-five to forty-one miles after leaving Monocacy Junction. The weather was exceedingly warm, but plenty of good water and an abundance of fruit were very refreshing to us. The roads were hilly, but were much better than those in Virginia. General Hays was kept very busy looking after the stragglers and foragers. We learned that our army had again changed commanders and that General Meade had superseded General Hooker.

On that day, after scouring the passes of South Mountain and halting for the night at Fountaindale, Buford perceived the camp-fires of a large body of troops stretching across his front, lighting up the road leading to Gettysburg. Evidently they had just crossed South Mountain from the valley. This sight was to Buford a ray of light in a dark place. No friendly force could be there. He determined to know who they were without much loss of time. Before daybreak he was at the head of his troops on the road, and soon fell in with a strong force of rebel infantry moving toward Gettysburg on the Fairfield (Hagerstown) road. After exchanging a few shots with them and learning what he wanted to know, he hastened back to Reynolds, at Emmitsburg, with the news. Reynolds immediately sent him back to Gettysburg, in order, if possible, to head off the

enemy before they should reach that place, toward which they were evidently marching, and a courier was dispatched to headquarters. This was the first trustworthy intelligence of Lee's movement to the east that Meade had received. The question now was could Lee be massing on his left? The First Corps, which was also on the march for Gettysburg, rested for the night within about five miles of the town. The Eleventh Corps lay at Emmitsburg, the Third at Taneytown. The object which General Meade had hoped to attain was the turning back of Lee. This was the first great object, and this had now been done; and, to avoid being struck from behind, Lee had been forced to halt, face about, and look for a place to fight in. Meade's plan was to take his position along Pipe Creek, when the enemy was in motion southward, and await an attack there, and he went so far as to throw up some earthworks. But he no longer had the disposing of events; in order to gain this position now, Reynolds would have to fall back one or two marches, and Meade had no knowledge of Lee's coming half way to meet him, or of that strange confusion of ideas, —Lee had promised his generals not to fight a pitched battle except on ground of his own choosing, certainly not on ground his adversary had chosen for him, and least of all where defeat would carry down with it the cause of the Southern Confederacy. Reynolds, therefore, held the destinies of both armies in his keeping on that memorable last night of June. He now knew that any further advance on his part would probably bring on a combat. There was still time to fall back on the main army to avoid an engagement, but Reynolds was not that kind of a general. He was the man of all others to whom the whole army had looked in the event of Hooker's incapacity from any cause, as well as the first whom the president had designed to replace him. He knew that Meade would support him to the last man and the last cartridge. He fall back! There was no such word in Reynolds's vocabulary. His order was

"Forward!" So history has indissolubly linked together the names of Reynolds and Gettysburg, for, had he decided differently, there would have been no battle of Gettysburg. This shows how little foundation exists for the statement of the Comte de Paris and others that Hooker's strategy compelled Lee to cross the mountains, when it is clear that he knew nothing whatever of Hooker's intentions. This is concurred in by both Lee and Longstreet. Moreover, Hooker had scarcely put his startagem into effect when he was relieved. Upon taking command Meade is said to have expressed himself as "shocked" at the scattered condition of the army.

About one o'clock of June 30th, squadron after squadron of dust-begrimed men and horses of Buford's cavalry came pouring into Gettysburg, and took position on the heights that surround it, spreading themselves out over all the roads leading into it from the west and north. These men formed the vanguard of the Union army, which was pursuing Lee by forced marches for the purpose of bringing him to battle. These were Buford's troopers that Reynolds had sent forward to meet Lee. Forewarned that he must look for the enemy to make his appearance on the Chambersburg and Carlisle roads, Buford was keeping a good lookout in both directions. To that end he had taken position on a commanding ridge over which the roads passed, first to Seminary Ridge, and so back into Gettysburg. Dismounting his troopers he formed them across the two roads in skirmish line, threw out his vedettes, and planted his artillery with the valley of Willoughby Run before him, the Seminary Ridge and Gettysburg behind him, and the First Corps five miles away toward Emmitsburg. Buford's cavalry awaited the morrow, conscious that if Gettysburg was to be defended it must be from these heights. There could have been no prettier spot chosen than the valley of Willoughby Run, with its tall woods and shrubbery, its clear, flowing water and green banks, so soon to be the scene of



LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM A. ARNOLD.

Commissioned First Lieutenant Battery E; promoted Captain Battery A; Brevet Major and Lieutenant-Colonel.



that bloody strife, torn and defaced by shot and shell and the loud cries of the combatants. The night passed quietly, yet some thirty thousand Confederates of all arms were lying within a radius of eight miles of Gettysburg. They had discovered the presence of Buford's men, and were waiting for morning when they would brush them away. Very early in the morning of July 1st, Hill's corps advanced on the Chambersburg pike toward Gettysburg. Heth's division, with Davis's, Archer's and Brockenbrough's brigades, joined Pettigrew's at Marsh Creek. Here the first gun of the battle was fired. Buford's vedettes, a detachment of the Eighth Illinois, opened fire on the Confederates moving forward to cross the stream. Heth's division advanced quickly, and the Union pickets were forced to retire. General Buford at once dismounted his cavalry and posted them in the most advantageous manner along the bank of Willoughby Run. Gamble's brigade, south of the railroad, extended their left to the Hagerstown road. Devens's brigade, north, extended their right to Mummasburg road. Calif's Second United States Battery was placed across the pike on McPherson's Ridge in support. When the Confederates reached Herr's Ridge, General Heth deployed Davis's and Archer's brigades north and south of the Chambersburg pike. These two brigades were supported by Marye's Virginia battery, which opened upon Calif's horse artillery. Pegram's battalion was soon in position along Herr's Ridge, their left resting at the Minnigh farm buildings. It was under the cover of Marye's guns that Davis's and Archer's brigades advanced to attack Buford's cavalrymen. Calif's guns were ably handled, case shot and shell being fired at first, and when the enemy was within two hundred and fifty yards canister was used. The Confederates were soon desperately engaged with Buford's cavalry, who made so determined a resistance that Heth believed that his men were fighting a strong force of infantry. Calif's gunners being assailed on every side stood

bravely by their pieces, and worked them with terrible effect. Buford's men fought with carbines, which were very effective, and, when their ammunition was exhausted and the enemy were pressing forward at all points, they used their Colt's revolvers to best possible advantage. The cavalry made a glorious fight, and only fell back from the front when relieved by the infantry about nine o'clock. This is one of the strange things about the battle of Gettysburg, that Reynolds, only five miles away, did not get up to Buford's support before nine o'clock. Yet this is the time he reached the field, according to all accounts, and then it was a neck-and-neck race between his soldiers and the enemy for the position, with the advantage on the side of the Confederates, as the Union troops had to get into position under a hot fire.

After an hour of stubborn fighting Buford was being pushed back at every point. Considering the fact that it was cavalry against infantry, and that he had much the smaller number, he had made a wonderful fight. At this time a column of Union troops, which proved to be the division of Wadsworth, was seen coming up the Emmitsburg road at double-quick, and they arrived in the nick of time, as the enemy's skirmishers, supported by Archer's brigade, were even then in the act of fording the run unopposed, and, unless promptly stopped, would soon be in possession of the first range of heights. It was very certain that Reynolds had determined to contest the enemy's possession of Gettysburg on this ridge, and was impatiently awaiting the arrival of his troops. Cutler's brigade was the first to arrive. Hurrying this off to the right of the pike, where it formed along the crest of the ridge under a shower of bullets, Reynolds ordered the next as it came up to charge over the ridge in its front, and drive Archer's men out of a wood that rose before him crowning the crest and running down the opposite slope. It was done in a brilliant manner, each regiment breaking off in turn from the line of march to join

in the charge under the eye of Reynolds, who, heedless of everything except the supreme importance of securing the position, rode on after the leading regiment into the fire where bullets were flying thickest. There is no use in saying the enemy were surprised, as they thought they were fighting cavalry, and they were driven out of the wood and back across the run with the loss of one-half their brigade, including General Archer himself. At the very moment when his first effort was crowned with success, Reynolds fell dead with a bullet in his brain. His horse carried him a short distance before he fell. His body was taken to the rear just as General Archer was brought in a prisoner. This was the most unfortunate thing that could have happened at this time. With him fell the whole inspiration of the battle of Gettysburg, and, worst of all, with him fell both the directing mind and that unquestioned authority so essential to bring the battle to a successful issue. He had been struck down too suddenly even to transmit his views to a subordinate. It was deplorable. The dearly bought success on the left was quickly lost on the right, where Davis's Confederate brigade had outflanked Cutler's and driven him from the field, compelling him to fall back on Seminary Ridge in disorder. After clearing this part of the line, Davis threw his men against the ridge where Hall's Second Maine Battery was without support, and was, at that time, firing down the Chambersburg Pike. Before the gunners were aware of it, the enemy were among them, with that familiar rebel yell. When attacked in this way a battery is at the mercy of its assailants. After the loss of a number of men and horses they managed to get away with the loss of one gun. General Doubleday now sent the Sixth Wisconsin, of Meredith's brigade, to Cutler's relief. They charged across the field from the seminary against Davis's exposed flank, re-enforced by the Fourteenth and Ninety-fifth New York regiments, checking Davis's advance, liberating the One Hundred and Forty-

seventh New York, who had been cut off, and driving the enemy back up the ridge to a point where it was crossed by a railroad cut. To escape this attack most of them jumped down into the cut. As the banks were high and steep, and the outlet narrow, they placed themselves at the mercy of our troops. While one body of pursuers was firing down into them, another had taken possession of the outlet and was raking the cut from end to end. This was too much even for Davis's Mississippians to stand, and, though they fought obstinately, they were nearly all killed or taken prisoners. Heth's two brigades had been practically used up, not with cavalry alone, as they had expected to find, but with infantry, in whom they recognized their old antagonists of many a hard-fought field, who had fought them that day with an unusual determination even for them.

Heth hesitated about advancing to attack again in the face of such a check as he had received, without a strong backing. Sending word to Lee of his encounter, he set about forming the fragments of his two brigades on two fresh ones, where they could be sheltered from Union fire. Yet Hill, his chief, had told him the night before that there was no objection in the world to his going into Gettysburg the next day. Lee's orders to his subordinates were not to force the fighting until the whole army was up. Pender formed behind Heth, the artillery set to work, and all were then looking for Rodes, who was expected on the Carlisle (or Mummasburg) road, before entering the fight. This was a most fortunate respite to the small Union force on Oak Ridge, as some hours elapsed before there was any fighting by the infantry, but the artillery kept up its annoying fire. The two remaining divisions of the First Corps now came upon the ground. Robinson's was left in reserve at the seminary, where they threw up some breastworks; Rowley's (formerly Doubleday's) division went into line on the right and left of the troops already there, which extended both flanks considerably; and, on the extreme

left, now held by Biddle's brigade, two companies of the Twentieth New York were thrown across the run, to the Harman house and outbuildings, where they did good service in keeping down the enemy's skirmish fire. This gave the First Corps about one mile and a half of line from the Hagerstown to Mummasburg road. Pender's division now came into line, outflanking the Union left, and Rodes was seen coming down the Mummasburg road well out beyond the right of the First Corps.

The combat just closed was merely child's play with that about to come. A sharp cannonade was begun, giving notice that they would shortly begin the attack. This artillery fire from Oak Ridge enfiladed the Union position so completely that the Union right was obliged to fall back on Seminary Ridge, which formed a new front to this attack. The left and centre kept its former position, with some rearrangement of its line, which had now become very crooked. Over twenty thousand men now awaited the word to rush upon a little over ten thousand. Before the battle could be renewed, the Eleventh Corps came up through Gettysburg. Its commander, Howard, was now in command of the field, being next in command to Reynold's. He sent Schurz's and Barlow's divisions to confront Rodes, leaving Steinwehr's in reserve on Cemetery Hill. Howard, preceding his corps to the field with too much haste, by half, notified Meade that Reynolds was killed and the First Corps routed, which was only half true and calculated to do much mischief, as it soon spread throughout the army. He also sent an urgent request to Slocum, who had halted at Two Taverns, less than five miles away, to come to his assistance with the Twelfth Corps. Supposing the day lost, from the tenor of Howard's dispatch, and lacking full confidence in that general's ability, and thinking only of how he should save the rest of his First Corps, Meade posted Hancock off to Gettysburg, with full authority to take command of all troops there, decide

whether Gettysburg should be held or given up, and report his decision, to the end that proper steps might be taken to counteract this disaster if yet possible. Slocum would not stir from Two Taverns without orders, although the firing was distinctly heard there, and he could have reached Gettysburg in an hour and a half. A second and still more urgent appeal decided that commander, late in the afternoon, to set his troops in motion. It was then too late. Sickles, who might have been at Gettysburg inside of three hours, with the greater part of his corps, appears to have lingered in a deplorable state of indecision until between two and three o'clock, before he could or would make up his mind what to do. By contrast we find Ewell promptly going to Hill's assistance upon a simple request for such cooperation, though Ewell was Hill's senior; and it is a well-known fact that his doing so proved the turning-point of this battle. Certainly one corps, probably two, might easily have reached the field in season to take decisive part in the battle, but remained inactive, while the Confederates were hurrying every available man forward to the point of danger. This was where Reynolds's fall proved supremely disastrous, and where an opportunity to acquire a decisive superiority on the field of battle was most unfortunately thrown away for want of a head. General Schurz was compelled to establish his line of battle through an open field north of the town, and in this formation caused a wide gap between his left and Doubleday's right.

The artillery of the Eleventh Corps was composed of Dilger's Ohio, Wheeler's New York, and Wilkinson's United States batteries. Hill, finding that Ewell was advancing against the Union right on Seminary Ridge, advanced his brigade against their left. Rodes joining his right on the left of Hill's corps, ordered Carter's artillery to open upon Cooper's, Stewart's, and Reynolds's batteries along the lines of Doubleday. At the same time he sent against Cutler's right O'Neal's and Iverson's brigades. Doubleday

sent first Baxter's and then Paul's brigades of Robinson's division, to fill the gap between the right of Cutler and the Eleventh Corps. As Baxter moved to extend the right of Cutler's, Rodes sent O'Neal's brigade by the McLean buildings to stop him. O'Neal was repulsed and driven back with great loss. Iverson's brigade advancing by the Forney buildings attacked Cutler's brigade, which was re-enforced by Paul's. After defeating O'Neal, Baxter took position behind a stonewall and opened upon Iverson's front. Cutler's and Paul's brigades sent showers of leaden death into their right flank, and, assisted by Cooper's and Stewart's guns, the Confederates were driven back, leaving over seven hundred prisoners in the hands of Robinson's soldiers. After another effective fire from Ewell's and Hill's batteries, the Confederates moved against the Union forces in great numbers. Daniels's, Ramseur's, and O'Neal's brigades advanced from Oak Hill, and moved against the right of Doubleday, and Pettigrew and Brockenbrough threw their forces against Meredith's and Biddle's brigades. The struggle was desperate and deadly; each of the brigades of Rodes and Heth were defeated by heroic efforts of the First Corps. In the meantime Early's division of Ewell's corps had arrived by the Harrisburg road, and were ordered to attack Schurz's Eleventh Corps on its right. General Early, under the fire of Jones's artillery, advanced Gordon's brigade against Barlow's division, who made a desperate resistance. General Barlow was wounded, and his two brigades were compelled to fall back. On the left, Schimmelpfennig's division was attacked by Doles's brigade. At a time like this the bravest go down, and soon the fields were strewn with dead and wounded. Doles charged rapidly against Schurz's left; Gordon and Hays forced back the right. Hokes's and Smith's brigades were penetrating into Gettysburg from the east. There was but one alternative for the Eleventh Corps, namely, to retreat to Cemetery Hill. Coster's brigade was sent to

their assistance, but it was of no avail. The Union troops were forced in great disorder into the town, where thousands were captured in the streets. Ewell and Hill now ordered a general advance against the First Corps. Rodes's and Pender's divisions attacked Doubleday right and left.

The retreat of the Eleventh Corps forced Robinson to withdraw his brigades from North Seminary Ridge. At this time the position of the Union forces was a most critical one. The Confederates advanced in massive columns. The fighting was terrible along the whole line. The regiments on the left (Biddle's) being attacked in front by McGowan's, and on the flank by Lane's brigade, one after another were forced back to Seminary Ridge. Meredith's brigade, being reduced to a handful of men, was compelled to give way. Stone's brigade, on their right, stood facing Scales. They soon received a flank fire, and were forced to fall back, fighting as they retired. Doubleday, seeing his command outflanked, and the Eleventh Corps in rapid retreat in his rear, ordered the First Corps to fall back to Cemetery Hill. The enemy, finding the Union troops withdrawing, rushed after them in great numbers, and, during the retreat that followed, the men became panic-stricken, were separated from their commands, and many were made prisoners in the streets, and on the roads leading back to Cemetery Hill.

This was the condition of affairs which the Second Corps, to which the writer belonged, found when that corps arrived on the evening of the first day's fighting at Gettysburg.

The 30th of June was a day of rest for us, and of which we were much in need. The horses stood the trip much better than we had expected. It was a fine country, and the people did all in their power to make our stay agreeable and pleasant.



FIRST LIEUT. GEORGE W. FIELD.

Enrolled as Corporal Battery A; First Sergeant; First Lieutenant Battery F; resigned; Second Lieutenant Fourth Rhode Island Infantry; killed at battle of the Crater, near Petersburg, Va.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.[1]

JULY 1st will go down in history as a most eventful day. It was a very fine morning. We received orders to march about six, and started north up the Taneytown road, passing through Taneytown about noon, and, after making a brief halt, received orders to march and continued until nearly dark, then rested for the night on the roadside in a very rough country, having marched that day about twenty miles. All through the evening and night there was a constant passing of troops. The First and Eleventh corps and Buford's cavalry had a fearful fight against Lee's army with overwhelming odds in favor of the latter, and were driven back with great slaughter and the loss of General Reynolds, of the First Corps, and commanding the First and Eleventh corps and Buford's cavalry. It made us feel rather timorous when we thought of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and, with a new man in command of the army, we did not know but that it might be a repetition of those former battles. As it was we waited the coming of the morrow with intense anxiety.

[1] The Battle of Gettysburg consisted of eight distinct engagements, as follows: FIRST DAY—(1) The fight of Buford and the First and Eleventh Corps against Hill and Ewell, west and north of the town, in which Reynolds was killed; Heth, Scales, Paul Meredith, and others wounded, and Archer and most of his brigade captured. SECOND DAY—(2) The attack of Longstreet and Hill on Sickles and Hancock, on left and left centre, in which Zook, Vincent, Weed, Barksdale, Semmes, and Pender were killed; Sickles and Hood wounded. (3) The attack of Johnson on Culp's Hill. (4) The attack of the Louisiana Tigers on East Cemetery Hill. THIRD DAY—(5) Geary's fight for the recovery of Culp's Hill. (6) The attack on the left centre, usually called "Pickett's charge," in which Garnett and Armistead were killed; Hancock and Pettigrew wounded; Kemper and Trimble wounded and captured. (7) Stuart's cavalry fight on the Union right, in which Hampton was wounded. (8) The cavalry and infantry advance on the Union left, in which Farnsworth was killed.

On July 2d the morning was clear and warm. We were put into line of battle just before six o'clock. The town of Gettysburg lay glistening in the rays of the morning sunlight and presented a picture never to be forgotten. The region round about us was diversified by hills and valleys, with tracts of rolling land, forming a beautiful and varied landscape which would have been more fully appreciated if it could have been viewed under more peaceful circumstances. Gettysburg is the county seat of Adams County, and is one hundred and fourteen miles west of Philadelphia. Pennsylvania College is located here. This place is the market town or borough of an exclusively farming population, and is in one of the most productive sections of the state. It is the seat of justice of the county, and has a seminary and college of the German Lutheran Church. This thriving borough lay about one mile directly north of our position. On our left were Big and Little Round Top, both small mountains. On our right and rear—near what was called Culp's Hill, Cemetery Hill, and Wolf's Hill, and directly in our front, was a long, gradual slope extending for a mile or more, with a fine looking road running through the centre, called the Emmitsburg road.

The Second Corps was placed in position along Cemetery Ridge, running nearly north and south. On our right were the First, Eleventh, and Twelfth Corps, and the extreme right extended around nearly in rear of our battery on the right of our line and formed a perfect fishhook. Directly in our rear over the ridge was the Taneytown road, while at this point only a very short distance was the Baltimore pike, both of which followed into the town close together, forming a junction with the Emmitsburg road just before Gettysburg is reached. The right wing was commanded by General Slocum; the Second Corps by Hancock, forming the left centre. On our left was the Third Corps under Sickles. Directly in our front running north and south is

Seminary Ridge, and upon which the Confederate army stretched from Gettysburg south to below Round Top, and from Gettysburg east and south around Culp's Hill, turning around the Union army's flank on both ends of the line. It was a fine looking ridge with a broad bald top and plenty of open space for troops to manœuvre, and was well protected by a thin fringe of trees skirting its entire crest, behind which troops could be effectually masked unseen from the Union lines; there also could be seen the cupola of the Lutheran Seminary. A very brief survey would suggest that an army could be perfectly hid behind the trees of Seminary Ridge, also better sheltered from artillery fire, while Cemetery Ridge was nearly treeless, with exceptions of a clump or two, until we get down to what is called Devil's Den. In fact, the whole scene around Gettysburg is of such quiet pastoral beauty, with its well cultivated fields and farms, apparently so far from strife and carnage, that one could hardly believe that the greatest of all modern conflicts had been enacted upon its soil, and which caused Gettysburg to be a decisive factor in the history of our country. Great deeds have lifted it to monumental proportions. As Abraham Lincoln so eloquently said, when dedicating the National Cemetery here: "The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here." These noble words, uttered by this illustrious patriot, will also live and be remembered throughout the coming ages.

Directly along the front of our guns ran a wall north and south composed of brownish ironstone, just to the left of our left gun, where it turned sharp to the west for about a hundred yards, perhaps more, as I have to guess at it, and then turned again south. A little beyond this turn, to the right, and directly on our right, was our Third Division to which we then belonged, and which was com-

manded by Gen. Alexander Hays. Joining on the left, and at an angle of the wall, was our Second Division, commanded by General Gibbon, with our First Division in support. Our artillery was placed from right to left, as follows: Battery I, First United States, Lieutenant Woodruff; Battery A, First Rhode Island, Captain Arnold; Battery A, Fourth United States, Lieutenant Cushing; Battery B, First Rhode Island, Lieutenant Brown, and Rorty's New York Battery making five six-gun batteries of the Second Corps. A little to the left of Rorty's was Battery E, First Rhode Island Artillery, Captain Randolph. With the exception of some sharp skirmishing there was very little firing during the day until after four o'clock. General Hays was occupied in trying to drive some sharpshooters out of a large barn in our front, and, by the courage he displayed, confirmed the statements we had heard concerning his bravery, as he appeared incapable of fear. After giving orders for the barn to be taken and burned he started out with the skirmish line. Going a hundred yards or more he missed his headquarters flag and came back himself to see about it. The color-bearer was an Irishman whom all the boys called "Wild Jack." The general came up to him exclaiming: "Why don't you come on with that flag?" Jack very politely saluted him and said: "All right, general, if yez get's into hell, look out of the window, and ye'll see Jack coming." They were watched by thousands of eyes, all expecting to see one or both drop from their horses, but it was not so to be, and they returned in safety. The delay of that day, on the part of Longstreet, is what may well be called the salvation of our army, as it had given time for the whole of the Union forces to assemble, though the belated Fifth and Sixth corps could not be considered as in fighting trim after marching thirty-six miles with scarcely a halt.

The Sixth Corps had already reached the field, when, about 4.30 P. M., the booming of a single gun gave notice

that the long-expected battle had begun. At this signal all the enemy's batteries opened in succession, and for a time a storm of shot and shell tore through Sickles's lines with crushing effect. General Sickles, contrary to orders, placed his corps in a most perilous position by leaving a great gap between our Second Division and his corps, causing the most strenuous work afterwards for our generals to fill by throwing in troops to defend our weakened lines and the lives of hundreds of brave men. For a time it looked as though we were lost, and, as far as I could see, all in sight was in the same plight. The Fifth Corps, worn and haggard after their long march, reached the field just in time to save the day, as the Third Corps (Sickles's) was outnumbered and outflanked. Just at this critical moment that war-horse, Hancock, sent our First Division (General Richardson's old command), now commanded by Caldwell, into the gap left by Sickles, and the day was saved. About this time Hancock, when "patching" up a second line, perceived a column of troops which he took to be his own men, emerging from a clump of trees, and, riding towards them, intending to put them in good order, received a volley which brought down his aid, Captain Miller. The troops proved to be Wilcox's (Confederate) brigade, breaking into the open from the clump of trees. There were no troops, right or left, to be seen; but, as Hancock turned, he discovered close at hand the First Minnesota alone and unsupported. Desirous of gaining time until re-enforcements could be brought forward he rode up to Colonel Colville and ordered him to take the enemy's colors. A desperate fight ensued, in which the Confederates were forced back, leaving their colors in the hands of the First Minnesota. This regiment took 262 officers and men into the fight. It lost forty-seven killed and one hundred and sixty-eight wounded, a total of two hundred and fifteen killed and wounded, with none missing. Seventeen officers were killed or wounded, including the colonel, lieutenant-colonel,

major, and adjutant; the percentage of killed was twenty-eight, while the percentage of killed and wounded was eighty-six, the largest ever lost by one regiment in modern warfare. It is unequaled in military statistics. In speaking of this affair afterward, General Hancock is reported to have said: "There is no more gallant deed recorded in history. I ordered those men in there because I saw I must gain five minutes' time. I would have ordered them in there if I had known every one would have been killed. It had to be done, and I was glad to find such a gallant body at hand willing to make the terrible sacrifice that the occasion demanded." Battery B, First Rhode Island, was brought into this engagement by Gibbon, and held a position in the Cordori field in advance of the main line, towards the Emmitsburg road; the Fifteenth Massachusetts and Eighty-second New York were advanced to the road. In this position they were attacked on the left flank by Wright's brigade of Anderson's division, who were trying to fill the gap between the Second and Third corps, caused by the unfortunate movement of Sickles. The enemy advanced in solid front in two lines, and was cut down by a steady fire from Battery B, and those of Evan Thomas, Battery C, Fourth United States; Battery A, First Rhode Island; with Cushing's A, First United States Artillery; besides every gun of the Second Corps was opened upon them. From my position it looked to me as if our guns were never served better. All the troops in the Cordori field and Peach Orchard were forced back. Battery B, in going through a gap in the wall, had several horses killed, and was forced to abandon one gun. Lieut. T. Fred Brown, commanding that battery, was wounded, and three men were killed and seventeen wounded, besides the loss of a number of horses. Our Second Division's loss was very heavy in officers and men. Our First Division and Willard's brigade of our Third Division had done splendid work. Though the brigade had been greatly decimated in

action they gallantly charged the enemy, in which charge General Barksdale (Confederate) was mortally wounded. Our division distinguished itself, the Fifteenth Massachusetts losing very heavily, including its colonel (Ward), who was commanding the brigade at the time he was killed. The commander of the Third Corps (General Sickles) was dangerously wounded. The ground between the Peach Orchard and the Devil's Den was fought over again and again; at one time the fighting was hand-to-hand. From the opposite side of rocks men were striking and thrusting at each other. At length a division from the First and Twelfth corps and the two Independent Maryland brigades, under Lockwood, and the brigades of Wheaton and Nevin of the Sixth Corps, came into view, and Crawford's Pennsylvanians from the extreme left of our line, making it look rather precarious for Longstreet, whose men had been fighting for over four hours a hot, continuous battle, and who retired from this strong array of Union infantry and the powerful batteries now posted along Plum Run. During the first two hours of the fighting the Third Corps had been handicapped by the great odds with which they had to contend of nearly three to one; as Longstreet had, according to his own account, thirteen thousand men in line, while Sickles had less than five thousand. At no time in the fight was the Union side equal in forces until at the finish, when the enemy retired. The firing on the left had hardly ceased when a fierce struggle began on our right and rear, between Culp's and Cemetery Hills, which lasted until nearly nine o'clock, and it looked to me at one time as if we were surrounded, as part of our guns pointed to the rear and opened fire in that direction. Cushing's Battery A, Fourth United States, was on our left; the line of battle being like a fishhook brought it around to our rear. Ewell's corps advanced towards the Baltimore road, Johnson's division being thrown against our extreme right forced their way into Slocum's works in which had been

left very few troops owing to the urgent call for re-enforcements on the left. This was the condition threatening Meade's communications with Baltimore, and holding the gate by which any number of troops might during the night be thrown into the rear of Meade's army.

In the meantime the brigades of Hays and Avery, of Early's division, were thrown against Cemetery Hill, held by the Eleventh Corps, and, in spite of a withering fire from our three guns and Whittier's Fifth Maine Battery, stationed on the edge of Culp's Hill, they advanced in splendid order and pushed themselves up the slope with shouts of triumph, beating back the brigade of Von Gilsa and demoralizing them, driving the Fifth Maine from their guns, and for a short time holding the position and putting the Union army in a perilous plight. For my part I thought our chances were very slim. But Hancock, ever on the alert, without orders from General Meade, or even a request from Howard, had put Carroll's brigade of our Third Division in motion. It is doubtful if that work could have fallen to a better body of troops or a man more fitted for the occasion to do the work and do it quickly. With the Fourth Ohio, Fourteenth Indiana, and Seventh Virginia, his Eighth Ohio being on the skirmish line in front of our Third Division, Carroll moved by his right flank, rapidly covering the rear of the captured position, and, at the word, threw his brigade, or three regiments, against the troops of Hays and Avery. It was a critical moment, for large bodies of troops from Pender's division were moving up from the enemy's line to attack Cemetery Hill from the west. It was a sharp, short and decisive engagement, Hays's and Avery's brigades being put to flight by the impetuous attack of Carroll's (Union) brigade, as Gordon's (Confederate) brigade met their comrades in full retreat, as they advanced to their support. The position of the Eleventh Corps was thus restored and its guns retaken. As Early's attempt had failed, that of Rodes and Pender

on the west was abandoned. Carroll's brigade, which had rendered such signal service, at the request of General Howard, held its position through the night.

Thus ended the second day's fighting around Gettysburg, and we breathed freely again. The chests were refilled with ammunition, and, after providing for our horses, and getting something to eat for ourselves, we fixed up the best kind of beds possible and tried to get a little rest, of which we stood greatly in need. For myself I placed my blanket against a stonewall running east and west, near our limber, and lay down to try to sleep, awaiting the fate of the morrow. At one time during the fighting in the Devil's Den and at the Wheatfield and Peach Orchard it seemed nearly as severe as that around Dunker Church and the sunken road at Antietam.

The morning of the 3d of July dawned bright and beautiful. The rebel batteries commenced at daylight shelling from the right of their line of battle, and for over an hour made things quite lively for us. At the same time on our extreme right and partly in our rear, where the fighting was so sharp the night before, there began a very fierce engagement between the Twelfth (Union) Corps and Ewell's (Confederate) Corps, and, as both sides had orders to attack, there was no delay on either side. From every commanding spot our batteries were sending shell into the woods along Rock Creek. Ewell's men poured forth from the valley of Rock Creek and up the hillside to renew the attack on our lines which had proved so disastrous to them the day before. It was at this time and place that the Second Massachusetts and Twenty-seventh Indiana were ordered to charge across a meadow between Culp's and McAllister's hills, on the other sides of which the enemy lay in their old entrenchments. To try to pass that meadow was rushing to certain destruction. "Are you sure that is the order?" was demanded of the officer who brought it. "Positive," was the answer. "Up men! fix bayonets!

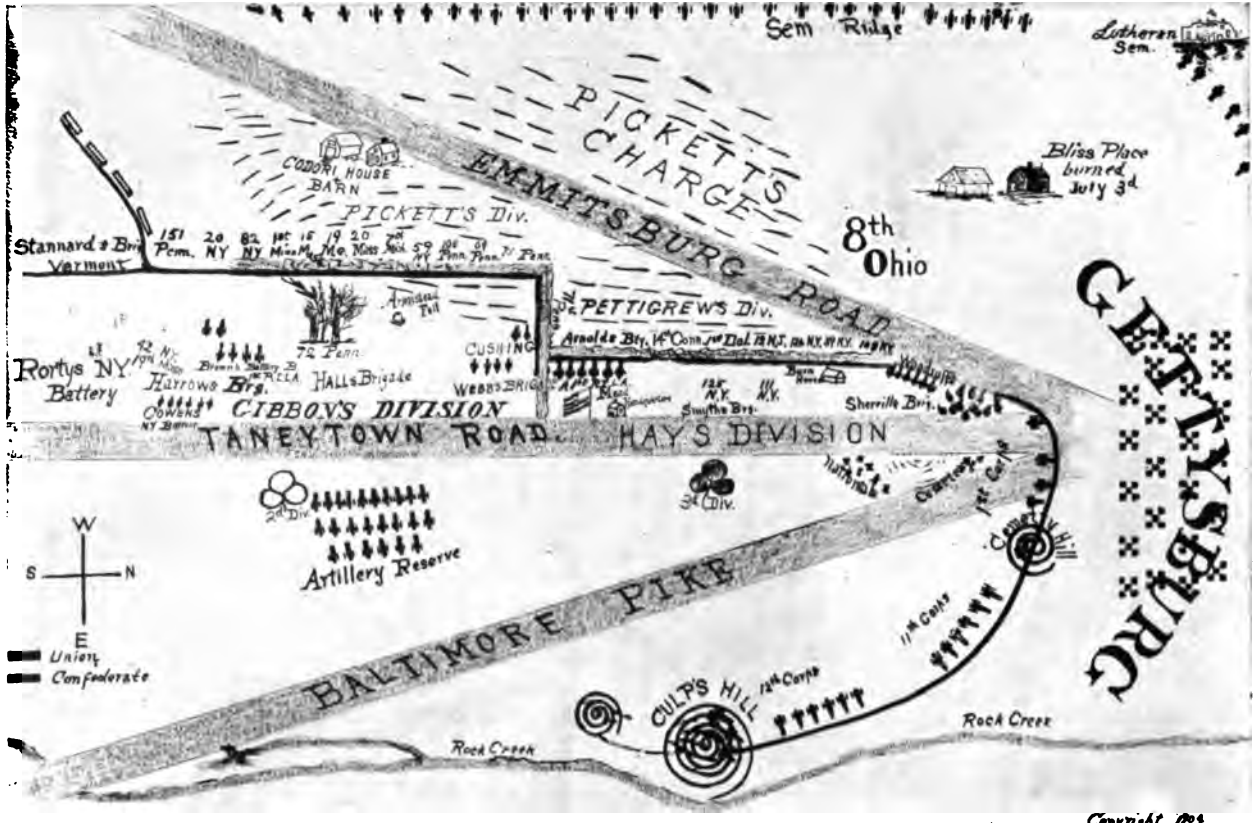
forward!" was the ringing command. One regiment reached the works, the other faltered midway under the terrible fire. As many were lost in going back as there were in going forward. Only half of the men got back to the lines unharmed. During the height of this assault a shell struck the No. 2 limber of Cushing's Battery A, Fourth United States Artillery, and exploded it, which connected with their Nos. 1 and 3 and exploded both of them also. The concussion from these three limbers was so powerful that I was thrown down and my horses got twisted up as the lead and swing ones turned short around. Lannegan and Healy soon had theirs by the head and we got them back into place. It was a great wonder that it did not blow ours up, as we were nearer to their first limber than their second one was. The horses of the first limber started, and, as far as I could see, went straight into the enemy's lines. While the fighting was going on on our right, General Hays began again to charge the large barn in our front (the Bliss barn). He chose a detachment from the Twelfth New Jersey who captured the barn with the Confederate skirmish reserve. Not long after, the enemy again occupying the barn, General Hays ordered a detachment of the Fourteenth Connecticut, under Major Ellis, to take and burn it. The Fourteenth acquitted itself handsomely in this affair, losing ten men killed and fifty-two wounded. General Hays was to be seen the same as the day before with his flag following him up and down the skirmish line, encouraging his men to activity, in full view of both armies. It was thought by many that he was a hot-headed fighter, yet he proved to be one of the best and most level-headed men I ever saw on the battlefield. The explosion of the limber, already alluded to, had startled the horses so that they were very uneasy the rest of the day. Lannegan had to hold on to his whenever there was any firing, and he was in that position when struck in the groin with a Minie bullet and mortally wounded. He was a genial fellow and a good soldier.

Shortly after eleven o'clock the firing ceased, and, for over an hour, there was hardly a picket shot heard. It was a queer sight to see men look at each other without speaking; the change was so great men seemed to go on tip-toe, not knowing how to act, and all was speculation as to what was coming next. Everyone was soon busy in making preparations for breakfast, as in the working of guns in action men become very hungry. I know it was my own condition, and I began looking around for something to eat. After eating we examined the ammunition chests and sponge-buckets and found them well filled and everything in the battery ready for action. All was quiet until one o'clock, when two guns on the right of Lee's line opened, and, in an instant, the whole line of artillery was blazing like a volcano. There appeared to be but one flash, and those simultaneous reports pealed out deafening salvos, and were grand and impressive beyond description. It seemed as if, without a moment's warning, the heavens had opened, and the Union soldiers found themselves in a pitiless storm of shot and shell which burst and tore up the ground in all directions, dealing out death and destruction on every side. So terrific was the cannonade from one hundred and forty guns on Seminary Ridge that the earth shook and trembled, and the air was darkened by the heavy clouds of smoke which overhung the sky. In an instant every man was at his post, and eighty Union guns, which were all that could be worked on Cemetery Ridge, were doing all in their power to discomfit the rebels. It is doubtful if any part of the globe ever heard such a roar of artillery as was heard for nearly two hours on Cemetery Ridge. Our chests were soon running low for want of ammunition, and it was found advisable to cease from firing to a certain extent in order to husband our supply, as it was evident that something was to follow such an outburst from the enemy's lines. The supreme moment of all, however, came about three o'clock. All the officers on our lines, from the

generals down, set themselves to work repairing the damage caused by the cannonade, reforming ranks, replacing dismantled guns, rectifying positions, exhorting the men to stand firm, and, in short, themselves offering the best examples of coolness and soldierly conduct. Our corps was stationed along the left centre as follows, from right to left: On our extreme right and a little over three hundred yards distant was Ziegler's Grove, in which was Woodruff's battery supported by the One Hundred and Eighth New York; next in line, along the stonewall, running north and south, were the Thirty-ninth and One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York, Twelfth New Jersey, First Delaware and Fourteenth Connecticut, supported by the One Hundred and Eleventh and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York, with the Eighth Ohio, under Lieutenant-Colonel Sawyer, posted directly in front across the Emmitsburg road, about which I will speak later; next came our battery. Here the stonewall turned a sharp corner at the extreme left of Hays's Third Division, the turn running one hundred yards west, and then turning south again. Here our Second Division, under General Gibbon, was placed, beginning with the Seventy-first Pennsylvania; Cushing's Battery A, Fourth United States Artillery, supported by the Seventy-second Pennsylvania; then the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania; and Brown's Battery B, First Rhode Island, supported by the Forty-second New York and Nineteenth Massachusetts, and alongside the rail fence. Here also were the Fifty-ninth New York, Seventh Michigan, Twentieth Massachusetts, and Rorty's New York battery; then still farther along the fence were the Nineteenth Maine, Fifteenth Massachusetts, First Minnesota, Eighty-second New York, Twentieth New York, and the One Hundred and Fifty-first Pennsylvania. On their left was the Vermont brigade of the First Corps. The brigades, from right to left, were Sherrill's, Smyth's, Webb's, Hall's, and Harrow's, with the First Division of the Second Corps on the left of the Vermont brigade. The

main fury of the cannonade fell upon the batteries of the Second Corps, occupying the ground which Longstreet's columns were at that moment forming to assault; and well did the officers and men of the Second Corps stand their ground against a force of fifteen thousand or more picked men from among the flower of the Southern army. During the cannonade our infantry hung close to the wall and fence, keeping down as much as possible. At this crisis, Pickett (Confederate) was watching the effect of our artillery fire, when a courier brought him word from the Confederate batteries that if he was to make the contemplated charge the time had come, as the Union guns had slackened their fire. After reading the dispatch himself, he handed it to Longstreet, who was at his side. Longstreet being very much opposed to the charge, had tried in every way that lay in his power to induce Lee to abandon his project, but to no purpose. Then said Pickett, "General, shall I advance?" Mastered by his emotions, Longstreet turned short away without replying. "I shall lead my division forward, sir," was Pickett's exclamation. As the charging column passed through the artillery to the front three batteries of eighteen guns followed close behind in support. Whoever witnessed that charge, friend and foe alike, must bear testimony to the steadiness with which this gallant band met the ordeal by much the hardest that falls to the soldier's lot, of having to endure a terrible fire without the power of returning it. No sooner had the long gray lines come within range than our batteries opened upon them, right and left, for a quarter of an hour. The march was kept up in the face of a storm of missiles, and Cemetery Ridge was lighted up by the flashes of the guns. Little Round Top struck in sharply, while smoke and flame belched from our batteries along Cemetery Ridge. Solid shot tore through the rebel ranks; shells were bursting under their feet, over their heads and in their faces. Men, or fragments of men, were being thrown in the air every moment, but, closing up the gaps

and leaving swaths of dead and dying in their tracks, these brave men still kept up their march to the front, as if conscious that the eyes of both armies were upon them. They had been told that our artillery was silenced. As soon as the enemy's guns could open without injury to their own men they began again, and the shells came screeching through the air and bounding over the ground without intermission, a dense smoke shutting out the assailants from view. By the protection of this redoubtable fire from their batteries, they continued their deliberate march, and when just a little across the Emmitsburg road, their attacking column suddenly made a left flank movement, seemingly to close up the break in their lines. By this movement Pickett's column received its first fire from Stannard's Vermont brigade on our left, who had, upon seeing the enemy's move, made a right wheel from the line to receive them, and, as soon as Pickett's column faced to the front for the purpose of resuming their advance on the centre, Stannard's brigade kept up its deadly fire upon their flank; and, to the writer's mind, this brigade was what put Wilcox's (Confederate) brigade out of order, and caused it to go astray. During all this time the men of the Second Division of the Second Corps, were holding their fire, being cautioned by their commander, Gibbon, and also by brigade commanders who passed up and down the line telling them to hold their fire. It was the trying moment of their lives. Our batteries were exerting themselves to their utmost, but still the rebel column came on. At length, when within two hundred yards, Webb's brigade holding the so-called bloody angle at the stonewall, and Hall's brigade joining them on the left, opened a deadly fire upon the advancing column. The Fourteenth Connecticut, First Delaware, and Twelfth New Jersey, One Hundred and Twenty-sixth and Thirty-ninth New York were the regiments that comprised Smyth's brigade. General Hays, as usual, went up and down the line, giving orders as if on parade. Of the Con-



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SCENE OF PICKETT'S CHARGE.

Position of the Second and Third Divisions of the Second Corps at Gettysburg, Penn., July 3, 1863.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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federate's line of charge Garnett and Kemper, of Pickett's division, were in the front line with Armistead in support. These troops came direct for Webb's brigade at the angle of the wall, while on their left Pettigrew's division of North Carolinians were directly in front of our battery, on which the writer was working on the left gun at the corner of the wall, called the bloody angle. Every gun of the Second Corps then belched forth its deadly missiles. McGilvray's and Hazlitt's batteries on our left got in a flank fire on Pickett's column as they advanced on Hancock's position. The point of attack was the clump of trees where the wall was lowest and fifty yards in advance of the wall where Hays's troops were posted. It was in the angle of this wall that one section of Cushing's battery had been advanced, also one section of Brown's (B) Rhode Island battery on the left of Cushing's. These were the guns captured by the enemy after carrying the wall. The first shock of the charge was felt by the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-first Pennsylvania regiments at the low wall. These regiments broke and were forced back, and a hand-to-hand fight began. The Seventy-second Pennsylvania, which had been lying back of the clump of trees, between Cushing's and Brown's batteries, came to the front by a right oblique charge, and was soon in close proximity with its sister regiments, and at the same time all of Gibbon's regiments, lying along the wall to the left, started to the relief of Webb's brigade, and the fighting there was of the most desperate character ever witnessed. Garnett was killed, and Armistead, with his brigade in support, came to the front and forced his men up to Cushing's guns where he fell mortally wounded. Every field officer in Pickett's division except himself and one lieutenant-colonel fell, and our line was broken at Webb's Pennsylvania brigade. This was the only place where they succeeded in breaking the line. These troops were Pickett's Virginia brigade, who, it is claimed, came farthest into our lines. This is not so;

for Pettigrew's North Carolina troops came more than twenty yards farther on the outside of the angle and up to the wall running north and south in front of our battery, where they were killed and captured in great numbers, but did not cross the wall.

One of the guns of Battery A was double-shotted with canister. Private William C. Barker was No. 4, and he stood holding the lanyard which was attached to the primer to fire the piece, and, as a regiment of Pettigrew's brigade (the Twenty-sixth North Carolina) was charging the position held by the battery and the Fourteenth Connecticut and First Delaware regiments of infantry, and had almost reached the wall just in front of us, Sergt. Amos M. C. Olney cried out: "Barker, why the d——l don't you fire that gun! pull! pull!" The No. 4 obeyed orders and the gap made in that North Carolina regiment was simply terrible. Armistead had just fallen, and Pickett's charge had failed. This was the last shot fired from our battery when the rebels broke in retreat, and Gettysburg was won.

Smyth's brigade was then commanded by Colonel Pierce of the One Hundred and Eighth New York, Smyth having been wounded by the artillery duel before the charge took place. The Fourteenth Connecticut, First Delaware and Twelfth New Jersey, One Hundred and Twenty-sixth and Thirty-ninth New York, with Battery A, First Rhode Island, poured in such a deadly fire that the troops of Pettigrew, seeing no way of escape, dropped their guns and fell on their faces near the wall, and were there captured. The Twenty-sixth North Carolina regiment lost 82.6 per cent. of their men. Lane and Scales's brigades of Randall's division now forced themselves to the front from Pickett's rear and began the attack anew, but soon saw that their last hope was gone, and turned and tried to escape, some throwing themselves upon the ground for safety. Wright, Thomas, and McGowan of Pickett's column now advanced to cover the retreat or crown the victory in case they were

successful, and, for about ten minutes, these brigades at nearly two hundred yards from our line poured upon us an unremitting fire. Some of our batteries ran out of ammunition, and others went in to take their places. One section of Weir's battery went in between Cushing and our battery just in time to fire a few shots, while the enemy were falling back, and Cowan's battery going in a little sooner took the place of Brown's battery B (First Rhode Island). Wheeler's and Kenzie's batteries also went in in time to give a few shots before the enemy were out of range. When the charge was at its height, the surging masses of the enemy came rolling up like the waves on a rocky shore, firing, screeching, brandishing swords and battle-flags; at one time covered by smoke, the next moment emerging still nearer. Officers became separated from their men, and, with uplifted swords, rushed madly up and down, calling to their men to follow. One after another they fell. Here was what might be called individual examples of heroism. This was the only element which would count at this time, and it was not lacking. One thought, one purpose, seemed to animate them, that was that they must either conquer or die. In this manner one portion of the enemy overwhelmed the first Union line and drove its defenders back upon the second line. Then the struggle was renewed. The rebels made a rush for Cushing's gun, which had just fired its last shot into their faces; and, as if victory was assured, already had raised their cry of triumph on the disputed summit. At this crisis our battery opened with canister, which caused havoc in their ranks, but only for a moment, for all was over and the enemy was defeated. They threw themselves on the ground and were captured in great numbers with their colors.

At this point in the battle the Second Corps went forward and gathered up prisoners and battle-flags. Four thousand prisoners and thirty-three standards were the fruits of its victory. Among the most remarkable fea-

tures of this famous assault was the conduct of the Eighth Ohio. This regiment, under Lieut.-Col. Franklin Sawyer, had been for nearly twenty-four hours on the skirmish line, in front of Hays's division, across the Emmitsburg road. When the great charge took place, instead of retiring to the division line, Colonel Sawyer collected his regiment at a point just far enough outside the path of Pettigrew's advance to escape the Confederate column. After Pettigrew's repulse, Colonel Sawyer again threw forward his men as skirmishers, and gathered in a large number of prisoners, with three colors. So audacious was the action of this regiment as to give rise to an absurd report among those who witnessed it, but did not know the Eighth Ohio, that its commander was intoxicated. Those who did know the Eighth Ohio, however, were well aware that this was the very sort of thing which it was most likely to do in such a case.

At a critical stage in the battle the battery was nearly out of ammunition, when Captain Arnold sent that fearless soldier, John F. Leach, our guidon bearer to General Hunt, chief of artillery with the request for more ammunition or else for another battery. Leach had great difficulty in finding him; but at last found him below the Taneytown road. He inquired of Leach what he wanted, and Leach replied: "I am instructed by Captain Arnold to request you to send him more ammunition or else another battery." He was told by the general to find Capt. John G. Hazard or Lieut. Gamaliel L. Dwight, and they would attend to his needs. After searching in vain for those officers, he rode back to General Hunt and reported that he could not find either of those officers, whereupon he was ordered to make another attempt to find them, but was unsuccessful. Again returning he reported to the general the result of his efforts. General Hunt then gave him a written order to have a battery from the reserves go to the relief of the sorely pressed batteries on the firing line.

As far as artillery was concerned I think it was handled the poorest I ever saw in any battle. It may be on account of there being such an extensive view on this field I could see the battle to better advantage than any other I had ever witnessed. It is true that Cemetery Ridge would not admit as many guns upon it as Lee's position on Seminary Ridge, yet between our battery and Woodruff's on our right in Ziegler's Grove there was space enough for three batteries, and there was not one there until it was too late to be of much service as the enemy was retreating.

Our battery lost in this battle four killed and twenty-eight wounded. Killed: John Zimla, acting No. 1 on No. 6 gun, head shot off; Patrick Lannegan, lead driver of No. 6 gun, mortally wounded; and John Higgins, driver also mortally wounded, having his arm and shoulder torn off; Simeon Creamer, driver, attached man from the Twelfth New Jersey, had his skull fractured while working on No. 6 gun. The others wounded were Lieut. Jacob Lamb, in the hand; Sergt. Benjamin H. Child, severely in arm; Corp. Wesley B. Calder, in side and back; Corp. Edward Shaw, slightly in shoulder; Privates Michael Grady, leg off; Gilbert F. Harrison, in foot; Michael Markey, in shoulder; Horace M. Curtis, in foot; Eugene Googin, in arm; Charles Cargill, in leg; George A. Wellman, in elbow; Edward Morrissey, in leg; George Hathaway, in shoulder; John S. Chapman, attached man from the Fifty-second New York, in hip; Charles Stopple, attached man from the Fifty-second New York; Emerson Middleton, in leg; William Dawson, attached man from Tenth New York Independent Battery, in arm; Morris Torndorf, attached man from Twelfth New Jersey, in leg; Corp. Oliver S. Oaks, attached man from Fifteenth Massachusetts, in arm. There were two attached men who were never accounted for; whether they were wounded or not is a question the writer has never been able to answer.

It is a singular coincidence that every man in the battery

who was killed was a driver. Two of them were working the guns when killed. Lannegan, my lead driver, was holding his horses when shot. As our battery was being relieved at that time, and just as the enemy were retreating down the hill, Lannegan begged me to take him from the field. Lieutenant Lamb put a man in charge of my horses, and I took Lannegan on my back and carried him to the hospital, remaining with him until I had placed him on the operating table. When it was found that his stomach refused whisky the surgeons would not operate upon him, and he was laid out to die. I entreated the surgeons to give him proper treatment, but it was of no avail. The Sisters of Mercy, who were at the hospital, took charge of him. I gave Sergt. Benjamin H. Child, and other comrades who had been wounded, all the assistance in my power, and then returned to the battery.

The Second Corps took less than ten thousand men into the fight, and lost 4,350; of whom 349 were commissioned officers, with 368 missing. The corps captured in the two days' fighting 4,500 prisoners. Gibbon's division lost 1,634; Caldwell's, 1,269; Hays's, 1,291; artillery brigade, 149; headquarters cavalry, 4. The brigades which suffered most were the First (Harrow's) Brigade, Second Division, 764; Third Brigade (Willard's), Third Division, 714; Second Brigade, Second Division (Webb's), 482; the First, Third and Fourth Brigades of the First Division, and the Third Brigade of the Second Division, and the Second Brigade of the Third Division lost about 330 to 383.

The losses of both armies in this great battle were very large. The returns show for the Union army: Killed, 3,072; wounded, 14,497; missing, 5,434; total, 23,003. For the Confederate army: Killed, 2,592; wounded, 12,709; missing, 5,150; total, 20,451. The Confederate returns of losses were very defective, as many of Lee's divisions made no returns. From what has been learned from prominent officers of Lee's army they estimate their entire loss at 35,000 men.

The morning of July 4th was fair and cool. We were encamped nearly two miles from the battlefield, among great rocks and boulders, that section of the country being very rough. As soon as I could get away from the battery, I went up to the hospital and saw the boys, and then went over to view the battlefield, and must say that on some portions of the field the sights were sickening, although they were gathering and burying the dead as quickly as possible. There was no firing of any kind, and our soldiers were well out on the field, some beyond the Emmitsburg road. I went over the wall in front of our position and found the ground covered with muskets. Upon picking one up I found it was loaded and cocked, which made it a dangerous weapon to be lying around. I called out to some soldiers near by and told them to be careful with the guns, then stuck the one I had in the ground. I did the same to a number of other muskets, and when I left that locality it very much resembled a large field of bean poles, as every one who picked up a musket, after looking at it, stuck it in the ground. The enemy seemed to be in about the same position as on the 2d and 3d. I was not allowed to go much below the artillery line. Guns from the reserve artillery were in position near us, and the artillery of the Sixth Corps also. I saw one of Battery B's guns in a field not far from their last position with a shell in the muzzle where it had been wedged in by a shell from the enemy just as No. 2 had put it into the gun and No. 1 was about to ram it home. When it struck, both men were killed. William Jones was acting No. 1, and Alfred G. Gardner No. 2. The shell exploded the instant it struck the gun. Besides the shell in its muzzle, the gun was ploughed across one side from the right and rear and a number of marks were made on the spokes and trail, and one of the spokes was entirely shot away. The most of the marks were from the right and rear where our artillery kept up a constant fire of canister while the rebels held it. One of Cushing's guns that was

advanced to the front was also badly cut from the rear, as our left section kept a steady fire of canister on it as long as the rebels were near it. Lieutenant Cushing was buried that morning not far from our camp, also my lead driver, Lannegan, near the hospital. A detachment from our battery went over to bury our dead, but found that they had already been buried by Battery C of our regiment. Our army was engaged in this gruesome occupation all day long, and it was reported that the rebel prisoners had been made to bury their dead within the Union lines. We had a shower that night, which seemed to be trying to represent yesterday's terrible battle. The thunder was as heavy as I had ever heard, and the flashes of lightning were most vivid, the rain pouring down as copiously as I had ever witnessed. It was reported that our Eleventh Corps was in Gettysburg and that the rebel army was retreating.

The Gettysburg campaign commenced June 3d and ended Aug. 1, 1863. In that time there were 115 battles, engagements, actions, and skirmishes. In all these the loss was: Killed, wounded, and missing: Union army, 31,997; Confederate army, 38,200. Forces engaged: Army of the Potomac: Effective force, 98,475; actual combatants, 92,725. Army of Northern Virginia: Effective force, 91,109; actual combatants, 88,100.

During the battle of Gettysburg Capt. William A. Arnold, commanding Battery A, First Rhode Island Light Artillery, displayed good judgment and coolness in handling his battery, while Lieutenants Peter Hunt, Jacob H. Lamb (the latter being wounded in the hand) and James P. Rhodes, ably assisted Captain Arnold and rendered important service on that occasion.

CHAPTER XIV

Gettysburg to the Rappahannock.

On the morning of the 5th of July we found that the shower of the night before had cooled the atmosphere, which had a bracing effect upon us all. It had been a fearful night for our poor wounded men who had been lying out in the storm all night long. It was reported that some of the wounded were found lying in the water from two to four inches deep. The rebel army was in full retreat, with the Sixth Corps and our cavalry in hot pursuit. The Fifth Corps pursued them on another road. About noon what remained of Battery B came to our camp, bag and baggage, as there were only about men enough left of both batteries to make one good one. Our ammunition chests were all refilled, and everything was in readiness to meet the enemy again. About seven o'clock that evening we hitched up, broke camp and proceeded to what was called by some Littleton or Two Taverns, having marched about six miles. We went into camp not far from nine o'clock.

The morning of the 6th was very wet, and we had some difficulty in getting fires started. The country was rough and rocky, but pleasant withal, and I would have preferred to remain there rather than to go back to Virginia.

On the 7th, after breakfast, about eight o'clock, we hitched up and marched for Taneytown, a distance of seven miles or thereabouts. It was showery all that day. Our corps was assigned the rear on account, it was said, of the heavy losses it had sustained in the battle, it being the purpose to give us an opportunity to recuperate from the terrible ordeal to which we had been subjected. We passed

by a grove just before reaching the town, in which a thousand rebel prisoners were being guarded, who had been taken by our troops that morning. The Twelfth Corps passed by us that day. Gen. William Hays had been temporarily assigned to the command of our corps during the absence of General Hancock who had been severely wounded at Gettysburg.

On the 8th the weather looked dark in the morning, and before we had marched far it began to rain hard and continued to do so all day. We broke camp about 7.30 and made a quick, hard march of it, crossing Big and Little Pipe Creek, where Meade had planned to fight Lee and had begun to throw up earthworks there. We passed through Woodsborough and Walkersville, halting in a very large field of oats some three miles from Frederick City. Our horses feasted on oats during our stay there. We marched about twenty-five miles that day. The surrender of Vicksburg was read to us while on the road.

On the 9th the weather was fine and quite warm. After a quick breakfast we broke camp about seven o'clock, passing through Frederick City where we saw the famous Seventh New York getting breakfast with their broadcloth uniforms on, which were looking rather worse for wear. Leaving Frederick we crossed the western slope of Catoctin Mountain to Jefferson. On passing through the town we turned north and crossed the Catoctin Creek to Burkeville, where we halted for an hour or more to let the troops get ahead. As we left Frederick City we saw the body of a celebrated spy hanging to a tree. The deed had been committed by our cavalry. It was said to have been Richardson, one of the most noted spies of the Confederacy. He went in and out of Washington, and dined with all classes. If it was Richardson, our cavalry had rendered important service in ridding the country of such a dangerous foe. On resuming the march we went over South Mountain and through Crampton's Gap. We passed over the battlefield



CAPT. ELMER L. CORTHELL.

Enrolled as Private Battery A; Sergeant Battery F; Second Lieutenant Battery H; First Lieutenant Battery G; Captain Battery D.

NOTE.—Left Brown University to serve in the Civil War, returned after the war and graduated at that University in 1867 as B. A. The following year the degree of M. A. was conferred upon him, and in 1894 the degree of D. Sc. He is a distinguished civil engineer. Many and varied are the works that have been constructed under his supervision; among them may be mentioned the construction of the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi River; in 1887–'88 was engaged in constructing the Cairo Bridge over the Ohio River, for the Illinois Central Railroad, the longest steel bridge in the world. He is without doubt one of the leading civil engineers in the world.



of Sept. 14, 1862, where Franklin, with his Sixth Corps, engaged the Confederate General Anderson's forces. After passing the gap our battery kept on to within a short distance from Sharpsburg and halted for the night at what is called Rohrersville, after a hard march of eighteen miles over a rough road.

On the 10th we were routed out at four o'clock, and, although the weather was fine again, for some reason we did not leave the camp until after seven. We passed through Rohrersville, Buena Vista, then on to Keedysville. Moving north we crossed the creek and battlefield of Antietam, and went into camp about three miles beyond at a place called Tilghmanton. General French, who was ordered to hold Frederick City, had reoccupied Harper's Ferry, destroyed Lee's pontoon train at Williamsport and Falling Waters, and captured the Confederate guards stationed there. He then occupied the lower passes for which our army was marching to take possession.

The 11th was a beautiful day, clear and warm. We broke camp about nine o'clock, and marched towards Williamsport, where we found Lee's army at bay, with the river out of its banks. He had no bridge and was not overstocked with rations or ammunition, and it looked as if we had him sure that time. We expected a battle at any moment. This was the occasion when Meade should have grasped the opportunity, crushed Lee with our overpowering forces and ended the war. Our corps went into line of battle on the left of the Fifth Corps, our battery taking position with the First Division. There was some sharp skirmishing, and at times our artillery opened, while the cavalry was making demonstrations all along the line. This place, where the roads crossed, was called Lapham's Corners, and was said to be about six miles from Sharpsburg, Boonsborough, and Hagerstown, and about five from Williamsport. Here we bivouacked for the night, and, as we were not allowed to build large fires, small squads of men could be seen hover-

ing around small fires of twigs, striving to make a cup of coffee, toasting pork, or making lobscouse. For myself, a cup of coffee and a piece of raw pork between two hard-tack was a good supper.

On the 12th there was no reveille sounded, we being too near the enemy. The weather was fine. We hitched up, and, about eight o'clock, took a new position near our First Division. The Fifth Corps moved to the left, which brought our corps in the centre. The artillery of the Fifth Corps passed us that afternoon. We had a heavy shower about five o'clock that evening, and about eight o'clock again changed our position by advancing half a mile, and where, by appearances that morning, it looked as if there might be a fight near at hand. The Second Corps, although in the rear while on the march, held as prominent position as any, and were ready for the fray.

The 13th was a wet, disagreeable morning. It had rained through the night, which made it hard traveling for both men and horses. Such, however, is a soldier's life, and to such a life our soldiers had become hardened. About five o'clock that morning our guns were in position behind breastworks which had been thrown up during the night by our infantry. There were three fortified lines, and, as soon as we were in position, we prepared for action. We could see the enemy's works, which looked very formidable, and they appeared to be strengthening them, while squads of men seemed to be moving about preparing for an attack or getting ready to retreat. We thought it strange that the rebels had made no attack upon us. Darkness coming on we bivouacked on the field under arms, ready for action when the order should come.

The 14th was wet and disagreeable. At daybreak our army made an advance along the whole length of the line on a reconnoissance in force with the cavalry, and, to the surprise of every one, found that the rebels had fled. About six o'clock we received marching orders, and, after stripping

everything from the gun limbers, took the Williamsburg pike. The roads were in bad condition from the rain, causing slow progress. We came upon some abandoned caissons filled with ammunition, which, with some played-out horses left behind, indicated a hasty retreat. We made a rapid march for Falling Waters, where Lee's army was crossing. As we approached that place a fight was going on between Kilpatrick's cavalry and Pettigrew's brigade of Lee's rear guard. Kilpatrick had found them in a redoubt with their arms stacked, and displaying a white flag for surrender. A squadron of cavalry was sent to receive the surrender, and, when drawn up in line within twenty feet of the breastwork, the rebels seized their guns and poured a volley into the Union ranks. Some of the horses plunged furiously and fell dead near the top of the works. What was left of the squadron fell back to the main body and dismounted, then started out for the rebels, who were fleeing towards the river. The path they took could be easily traced, as our cavalry killed them as they retreated. The Michigan men, excited with revenge for the cowardly trick that had been played upon them by the rebels, vowed deeds of vengeance. As the Michiganders were excellent shots they made fearful havoc in the ranks of the enemy. I walked over the ground and saw men lying dead in all positions. One man, lying behind a wall, was killed in the act of biting off a cartridge; one was under a scrubby tree near the wall aiming his gun, when he was instantly killed, and apparently died without a struggle.

The Second Corps coming up took a portion of the rebels prisoners. Our cavalry was unwilling to stop after these prisoners had been captured, and they could not be blamed after being so deceived by the rebels. It was the most dastardly act that had ever come under my observation, although I had heard of such tricks being played. The proper thing would have been to hung every one of them, as a soldier's death was too good for such dastards. There were

about forty men and horses killed and wounded by the rebels, by what may be termed a cowardly massacre. Our battery remained near Falling Waters that night, and bivouacked in line of battle during a heavy rainstorm.

On the 15th we were turned out at daylight, and, after breakfast, we started back to where our caissons were, arriving there a little after nine, when we were told to rest, as we had some hard marching before us. About three P. M., we left Lapham's Corners, passing through Tilghmanton and over part of the battlefield of Antietam to Sharpsburg. The latter town still showed visible signs of the struggle enacted there on the 17th of September, 1862. Passing through the town we crossed Antietam Creek, at the old iron works, and moved on towards the mountains, and, about dark, halted near the foot of Maryland Heights, where the Second and Twelfth corps were encamped for the night.

On the 16th the weather was cloudy. About 6.30 we broke camp, marching along the canal, passed Harper's Ferry and Sandy Hook, and went into camp near Weaverton, a pretty village in Pleasant Valley. Every available place for camping was taken. Pontoon bridges were being laid at Harper's Ferry and Berlin. News of the surrender of Port Hudson, and the occupation of Morris Island by our troops, were read to us in line that evening. Ironclad cars, with howitzers mounted on them, were running between Harper's Ferry and Washington. Our battery began pitching tents, which looked as if we would stay there for awhile.

On the 17th reveille was sounded at 5.30 A. M., and only regular camp duty was performed. It began to rain at about nine o'clock and continued steadily until about two o'clock, when the sun came out and gave indications of clear weather, which appeared to cheer up the boys a little, and they began to act like themselves again.

On July 18th reveille was sounded at sunrise. The

weather was fine but rather hot. After a hasty breakfast we broke camp. About six o'clock we found the army in motion and marching back towards Sandy Hook. We crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry for the third time during the war, passing through the lower part of the town and crossing the Shenandoah River at the foot of Loudoun Heights into Loudoun Valley as far as a place called Hillsboro, a short distance from Vestal Gap, where we camped for the night. While the scenery around us was picturesque and grand beyond description, the thought that we were soon to leave Pennsylvania and Maryland and return to the land of secession and rebellion seemed to cast a gloom over all of us. There did not appear to be any alarm about the presence of the rebel army any more than as if there never had been any, yet, by reports, some of Mosby's men or bushwhackers were hanging around our flank.

On July 19th the weather was fine but extremely hot. We drew new clothing, and stayed in camp until near noon, when we hitched up and marched about five miles to what was called Woodgrove, and camped for the night in a field where we found some very fine blackberries. It was quite a sight to see the line of men, as far as the eye could reach, filling their caps, hats, buckets or anything that was available for that purpose. In marching from the road to our camp, near a quarter of a mile, the wheels of the battery were colored by the juice of the blackberries which were crushed by passing over them.

On the 20th the weather was fine. Blackberries appeared as plentiful as ever. We broke camp at about eight, marched along the Leesburg pike to Bloomfield and there went into camp. Here was plenty of good grass and we were allowed to let the horses graze for an hour to their apparent enjoyment. After all the hard traveling they had done over rough, smooth and muddy roads, it was surprising to see them frolic like colts when liberated in the field. It was rather hard on most of them, as they ate young

clover or lobelia which caused the water to run from their mouths. Both of my horses were in very bad condition, and streams of water ran from the mouth of each, and I noticed they would not eat their grain. The march that day was about ten miles, just a comfortable one for men and horses.

July 21st was the second anniversary of the battle of Bull Run. The weather continued fine, and the troops were enjoying a rest.

The 22d was another fine day. The troops rested until after one o'clock P. M. About two we broke camp and marched along the same road we passed over in November of the preceding year. Our march was through Upperville, turning west and passing through Paris, up into Ashby's Gap and close to our camp of the Fall before. It was reported that night that our cavalry came up with the rebels at Manassas Gap and had quite a lively skirmish with them.

The 23d was a hot day. We were routed out about three A. M., and left camp not far from daylight, in the cool of the day, on the road leading to Front Royal, through a number of small mountain hamlets, one by the name of Kerfoot (foot of mountain), and parked in front of a large white house occupied by a family by the name of Ashby (cousins of the rebel General Ashby), at what was called Markham's Station. Here we halted about two hours for the Third and Fifth corps to pass us. Resuming our march we entered Manassas Gap, and, about five o'clock, bivouacked for the night near Linden.

The Fifth and part of the Third corps had a skirmish with the enemy that day. There were quite a number of wounded in the church at Linden who were in the engagement the day before. We were not far from Petersburg. That evening one of our new men (an Englishman) came up to a group standing by one of the guns and said in broad English: "Ay; its naut but gaps and burgs; gaps and burgs; I never seed such a country."

The 24th was another hot day, and it was getting quite dusty. We remained in camp until about one o'clock, when we were ordered to hitch up lively. Breaking camp we marched back to Markham's Station just outside of the Gap, and went into camp near the Ashby mansion. It was reported that General Spinola had a hard fight at Wapping Heights the day before, and had made three distinct charges upon the rebels. The Confederates were marching towards Culpepper in plain view of us across the Shenandoah River. Our rations were getting short, also forage for the horses.

The 25th was another hot day, and it was a hard one on our men and horses. We broke camp about six o'clock A. M. The roads were very dusty and the country mountainous. Some of the horses gave out completely. Our march was nearly east through Rectortown. We arrived at White Plains about three o'clock, and went into camp near a wood. It was reported that Mosby's guerillas had attacked our rear guard and captured a number of stragglers.

On the 26th we broke camp a little after five o'clock. The roads were dusty in spite of the shower and the heat was oppressive. We marched along Manassas Gap Railroad to Broad Run Station, then turned south to Warrenton where we halted for an hour at noon near Bethel Academy. About half past one we began our march, passing through Germantown to near Warrenton Junction. The roads were extremely dusty, and a number of our horses gave out, some dropping dead along the roadside. It was a severe march of a little over twenty-four miles.

On the 27th the weather was variable. We had quite a number of showers during the day. The quartermaster of Battery B took a squad of men and went to Warrenton Junction for horses, but found none there. Troops were halting in all directions, and, without any regular orders to camp, they seemed to drop in anywhere. It rained hard that night. Charles Mowry, who left the battery at Sandy

Hook, was reported as a deserter. I think it was Mowry and his gang that did a lot of raiding on our stragglers and robbed our wagon trains.

The morning of the 28th was wet and cool. We had quite a rain in the evening. Some of Battery B's men again went to the station, and, like the preceding visit, found no horses there. This was one of the days that was so trying to the soldiers,—the uncertainty of whether they were to march or not.

The 29th was a wet, disagreeable morning and a settled rain pervaded our camp. No one appeared to know what our next move would be.

On the 30th, about five P. M., we received orders to march and, not far from six, started towards Morrisville, about six miles distant, reaching which we joined our Third Division and went into park about nine o'clock near division headquarters.

On the 31st it came out quite pleasant, and we found that we were in a delightful locality. The battery on that day drew clothing, which was greatly needed. For myself I had lost all my spare clothing at Gettysburg, where a shell took my saddle trunk, clothes, and all. We were now back to the Rappahannock River, which we left in front of Fredericksburg on the 14th of June, just forty-eight days before. Since that time our battery had marched and countermarched in the neighborhood of three hundred and fifty miles, campaigning and passing through portions of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, and fought in one of the severest battles of the war, as, indeed, it was one of the severest ever recorded. We held ourselves in constant readiness to fight the enemy at any moment. Thus ended the Gettysburg campaign, one of the memorable events in history.

August 1st was another fine day, but rather warm. We had made preparations to stay at Morrisville for awhile, when we received orders to return with our Third Division

to Elkton, a village of four or five houses and barns, and many roads running through it. We inquired of some of the negroes what kind of a town it was. They said it was "a right smart town," and, by the looks of the place, I judged that it was what it was represented to be.

On the 2d it was clear and hot. We had a busy day fitting up our camp, and appearances indicated that we were to tarry there for a time.

The 3d was another very hot day, and it was fortunate that the troops were not on the road in such trying weather. The paymaster came into camp and we received two months' pay, which gladdened the hearts of the men.

The 4th was another hot day. Major Munroe, the allotment commissioner of Rhode Island, came and took the soldiers' money home for them. Towards evening there was considerable cannonading heard in the direction of the Rappahannock River.

On the 6th our camp began to take on quite a neat appearance, and the men seemingly liked the place, and had fitted up their quarters very comfortably. Sergeants Straight and Williams, of Battery B, took twenty men up to Catlett's Station, and returned about dark with seventy-two horses and one mule to replace those that had died on the march. It began to look as if they would get their new battery and leave us soon.

The 8th was a fine day with considerable life in camp. Battery B having received their horses left us that day and took with them our guns. We received new ones from Morrisville.

The 9th was a quiet day in camp. The weather was fine. Sergt. Willard B. Pierce was promoted to Second Lieutenant and transferred to Battery B.

On the 16th general orders were read in line announcing that Gen. Gouverneur K. Warren had been assigned to the command of the Second Corps, relieving Gen. William Hays, who had been in command of the corps since the bat-

tle of Gettysburg, where General Hancock, our beloved commander, had fallen desperately wounded.

On the 17th the weather remained fair and warm. Some of the men of Battery B came to our camp. They expressed themselves as greatly pleased with their new guns. They were Napoleons, and were like those they had used at Gettysburg.

The 20th was a mixture of sunshine and cloud. It was quite cool and comfortable, with considerable life in camp. The men were in better spirits and indulged in different sports including a good game of ball. Considerable artillery firing was heard down the river.

The 21st was another fine day. The men continued to engage in different sports, and there were ball games, jumping, putting the shot, and other amusements.

Again on the 22d another one of those fine Virginia days was enjoyed. We were busily engaged in cleaning and polishing for inspection. About noon General Warren and staff, with Captain Hazard, brigade chief of artillery, came into camp and inspected the battery. General Warren congratulated us on our good appearance after such a hard campaign.

The 24th was hot, but the boys enjoyed it, as there were a number of games of ball, and other sports, with a new one introduced by a German who was attached to the battery. It was called "Scratch a little." A stake was driven into the ground; then two men were tied, each by the left wrist, with a cord ten feet long. One had a stick cut with notches and a plain one, and he rubbed the two together making a noise; the other had an old stocking stuffed to pound with. Both were blindfolded and placed at the rope's length. When the game began one tried to find the other so as to pound him, while the other was trying to keep clear. Sometimes they were together listening to hear each other's movements. The German kept saying, "Scratch a little; I see where you are." Sometimes they would be back to back

nearly touching. I thought there was more fun in it to look at than any game I ever saw. General Hays was in camp and saw us play ball; also saw the scratch game and was evidently much pleased with both.

The 25th was another hot day. Our men were improving every day, and there were plenty of games going on after the heat of the day. I was high man throwing the shot by five feet, and I belonged to the best ball team. We had a refreshing shower that night with very sharp lightning.

The 26th was clear and cool after the shower of the night before. It cooled the air considerably, and it appeared like Fall weather. The ball games and other sports, with "scratch" games included, were going on all the time. A big fellow came from the Forty-second New York who threw the shot close up to my mark, which caused some excitement. General Hays was in camp again and enjoyed the games exceedingly. When he was told that I had thrown the shot farther than the infantryman he wanted to see me. I went up and he said to me: "Can you throw that up to his mark?" I told him I had already done so, and would try again, which I did, and threw it three feet farther than I had before, which caused him to shout aloud, and he grabbed me by the hand. He thought we could excel any battery in the army. I esteemed General Hays most highly. He was every inch a soldier and a man after my own heart.

The 29th was another fine day. After camp duty had been performed I got a pass and went to the run and washed my clothes and had a good bath. I came back with my clean clothes on. The lieutenant had forgotten having given me the pass. During my absence there were some officials in camp measuring the men, taking their ages, complexion and nationality. They had nearly completed their task and were about leaving camp when I returned. The captain was somewhat displeased with me until I showed him the pass. I was then ordered to strip and take off my jacket, which caused that officer to censure me. After

some talk had passed between us, and I had learned that he desired me to strip entirely, I took off my clothes and went through the process of being measured. After it was over the officer told Captain Arnold that I was the best proportioned man he had ever measured, and said that he had measured every man in the army but the men of one battery of artillery of our corps, which he was about to do after he had completed his work in our battery.

On the 31st, at daybreak, we were routed out and started for the Rappahannock River, which we reached after a hard march of fifteen miles. We went into park about one mile from United States Ford. It was reported that the enemy's cavalry had crossed the river on a raid, and, while our cavalry was after them, our duty was to keep strict watch of the enemy's movements in the vicinity of the river.

September 1st was a bright, fine day. We were in position about a mile from the United States Ford on the Rappahannock River. The Second Corps was posted along the river. It was learned that day that the purpose of our movement to the ford was for our cavalry to capture some gunboats reported to be on the river. This, I considered, was the biggest farce I ever heard of. I should have been pleased to have seen those boats after they were captured. There were some portions of this river where the water was only about deep enough for a skiff, which would be rather a light gunboat. The cavalry was moving down the river all day long.

The 2d was a hot day. We waited for those gunboats, but none appeared. I imagined that they thought we were taking too much comfort in camp, and needed exercise to keep us in good condition.

The 4th was a fine day. After looking in vain for the gunboats our cavalry returned, and, about two o'clock, we marched back as far as Morrisville. It did not look as if we were going back to Elkton.

On the 5th we were again greeted with beautiful weather.

Carroll's brigade returned from New York, where they had been engaged in putting down the riots occasioned by the draft in that city. Camp duty began again, and preparations were made for inspection on the morrow. We remained at Morrisville until the 12th, with regular camp duty. On the evening of the 11th artillery firing was actively kept up down the river. John F. Leach, our guidon bearer, was temporarily attached to Battery B.

On the 12th we received marching orders with three days' rations, and, about ten o'clock, broke camp and crossed the railroad, then followed towards the river to Rappahannock Station, where we camped for the night. The First and Fifth corps were in advance of us, and the cavalry had already crossed the river.

On the 13th we were turned out before light, and everybody was trying to get a cup of coffee before going into the fight, which was expected to take place at any moment. About daylight we started and followed after our cavalry across the river on pontoons. The cavalry, with horse artillery, were having quite a hot fight at Brandy Station, and forced the rebels back toward Culpepper. We reached the station about ten, and halted for an hour or more. Three pieces of artillery and about twenty men from a Maryland battery, were brought in. They had been captured by our cavalry. We arrived at Culpepper Court House about six o'clock, and formed in line of battle, the Second Corps holding the town. We had a beautiful and extensive view of the surrounding country. Our cavalry drove the enemy back as far as Cedar Mountain. The horse artillery kept up a steady fire and chase after them. The fight looked fine from a distance, but is not so fine when you are an active participant in it yourself.

The 14th came out clear again. We still remained in line of battle. Our position overlooked the country for miles around. Our cavalry was fighting all day long. Our wagons came up that evening with forage and rations.

The 15th still found us in line of battle. Our cavalry and horse artillery began to skirmish early in the morning, and kept at it about all day. Our mail came up that day, which greatly cheered the men, as it always did to hear from home and loved ones.

The 16th was fine weather again. About nine o'clock we received orders, and, with our Third Division, followed the cavalry, passing through the town and took the Orange pike direct to Cedar Mountain, which is a range of three peaks, the largest, in the centre, being Cedar Peak. Another, called Slaughter Peak, is named for a family by the name of Slaughter. This peak was well cultivated, and had a fine house and buildings with an excellent orchard, situated thereon. Our battery took position along the orchard near the house. The view was grand. It was the position held by Jackson when he defeated Pope's army. We could see our cavalry and horse artillery in action by the flash of their guns down towards Robinson's Creek. It was a running fight.

On the 17th the weather was fine and cool, and remained so throughout the night. We held the same position as on the preceding day until about ten o'clock, when we started down the valley to the east, passing along the foot of the mountain to Robinson's Creek, or Crooked Run, where a sharp skirmish was going on all day. It was reported that a strong force of Confederates were on the Rapidan River. Just before reaching camp we found a cornfield which had not been disturbed, as there had been no soldiers in that vicinity that summer. Everybody had a feast of green-corn. It rained that night, and the weather was cold and disagreeable.

On the 18th we were up early after corn and got a good supply for our men and horses. During the day two pigs were brought into camp. They were the first we had seen in a long time, and, after being cooked, they, with the green-corn, made a feast of good things. There was some sharp

skirmishing along the Rapidan throughout the day. We were compelled to witness a sickening spectacle that day that can never be effaced from my memory, the execution of two deserters from the Fourteenth Connecticut. They were brought out and placed upon their coffins in a three-sided square comprising the troops of our division. Battery B and our battery were ordered out to view this frightful scene. After the deserters had been blindfolded the guards were ordered to march up and fire upon the miserable culprits. There was only one gun that had a bullet in it, the guards, unknown to their officers, having drawn the bullets out from the guns; therefore only one of the deserters was wounded at this fire, and he mortally. He fell back on his coffin. The other sprang to his feet and pulled his bandage off. By that time the reserve guards were brought up and pointed their guns in his face and fired. Only one of their guns appeared to have a bullet, although all the guns snapped. The captain or officer in charge of the guards then drew his pistol, and, placing it at the head of the doomed man, fired and he fell on his coffin and was apparently dead. The surgeon examined both of the deserters and found they were still alive. The guards were then ordered to load, and, one at a time, they were brought up, and, by direction of the surgeon who pointed at the hearts of the unfortunate men, they were ordered to shoot, which they did. After three shots had been fired at each of the deserters they were pronounced dead. The guns came so close to the men that their clothing took fire and had to be put out with water.

The 19th was a fine day, but rather cool. About nine o'clock "boots and saddles" call was sounded. The battery hitched up and stood ready to start until about four o'clock, when we went a short distance, pitched camp, and, after unharnessing, went to work fixing it up. Our cavalry skirmished nearly all day, and that was the reason we were hitched up so long ready to go in and assist them if necessary.

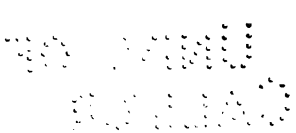
On the 20th the weather was fine. It was the quietest day we had had since our arrival there. It was reported that Charlie Mowry was in camp the night before. He was concealed by some one in our battery, which I did not consider the right thing to do, as he deserted from us at Sandy Hook on our way from Gettysburg, and was acting as a guerilla with a gang like himself around the flank and rear of our army. I could not find out who it was that was accustomed to meet him. I understood that he gave a signal when he came into our camp. If I had caught him I would have taken him to headquarters where he would doubtless have been tried and received the just punishment meted out to a deserter. It was said that he had left word that if I attempted to take him I would get shot. However, I would have been willing to have taken my chances. He would probably have found out that some one else could shoot as well as himself. There was another pig captured that day. General Hays says, "Get all you can," but when we were in Pennsylvania and Maryland he gave strict orders against foraging. After our arrival in Virginia he seemed to approve of our living upon the enemy.

The 21st was fine but cool. With the exception of some cavalry skirmishing up the creek it was very quiet. General Hays, dressed in a rough disguise, with a good-sized walking stick, passed through our camp every night. He always had the countersign and was allowed to pass. He asked for a chew of tobacco every night. No one seemed to know who he was. It was reported to our officers, and they declared they would find out. So that night when he came along he asked for tobacco, as usual, and the guard told him to buy some, saying to him, "You have been begging tobacco here every night." "Oh, well," he said, "you Rhode Islanders have the best I know of. Where do you get it?" Then the guard said, "Well, I guess I will have to find out who you are; as it is my orders to do so if you come through this camp again." This caused the general to



CAPT. GAMALIEL L. DWIGHT.

Left Brown University in his Sophomore Year and was enrolled as Corporal in Battery A; promoted Second Lieutenant Battery B; promoted First Lieutenant Battery A; Regimental Adjutant; Acting Assistant-Adjutant-General of Artillery Brigade Second Army Corps; reorganized and commanded Battery A after the return home of the original men; re-entered Brown University in 1864, and in 1867 presented to the University the Howell Premium, amounting to one thousand dollars, in honor of his grandfather, David Howell.



laugh very heartily. Then, the guard thinking he might be a person of some importance, called the sergeant of the guard, and it was soon found to be General Hays. He went along his picket line about every night, as he considered it very important that the pickets should be on the alert and constantly watchful.

On the 22d the weather was fine, though cold. There was considerable excitement on foot. We hitched up and stood in readiness for anything that might happen. Our cavalry had some skirmishing up the creek. The troops seemed to be enjoying themselves, although we were expecting a fight at any time.

Again a fine day on the 23d, yet a little cool. Everything was quiet until three o'clock, when a sharp cavalry fight took place. We hitched up again. The skirmishers were in plain sight, and we could see them manoeuvre their horse artillery, and it was sharp work for awhile. Some of our cavalry were returning from a reconniossance, and the rebels undertook to cut them off, which, for a time, made things quite lively.

On the 24th the weather was cool in the morning, but warm at midday. We had excitement of the right sort that day. The paymaster made his appearance, and we received two months' pay. His visits were always very cheering to the boys. It seemed to put new life into them. In the afternoon we had the good fortune to draw clothing, which also came at a most acceptable time. There was not much skirmishing that day.

The 25th was clear and cool. Our corps headquarters were at Mitchell's Station on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad; the Second Division on the right at Summerville Ford; the First Division in the centre; the Third Division on the left to Crooked Run, making a picket line about nine miles long on the Rapidan.

The 26th was fine and warm until night, when it became

cool. Our cavalry was very active; they had a skirmish about every day.

The morning of the 29th was clear and cold. About two o'clock the cavalry made another dash across the creek among the rebels. We got quick orders and left camp without caissons. We kept under cover of the woods to the creek, in support of the cavalry. We had nothing to do after getting there; had a good chance to see cavalry manoeuvres, and returned to camp at dusk.

October 1st was a cold, disagreeable day, with high winds. There was considerable picket firing going on, just enough to keep us expecting to hitch up. It began to rain during the night.

The 2d was another cold and unpleasant day. It was rainy throughout the day. A deserter was executed in our First Division, but the guards made no mistake in the performance of their duty. When they received the word to fire, every musket was discharged at once, and it looked as if each bullet hit its mark. The deserter's name was Small. He stood up and gave the order to fire himself, and it appeared as if he died instantly. He fell on his face across his coffin. I had the misfortune to see it, not knowing it was to take place. I went out of camp on a pass to visit a friend, and arrived just in time to witness the execution. I came very near being in range of the firing, as I was on the open side of the square, but was down the hill far enough so that the bullets went over my head.

The 3d was damp and cold, but cleared up through the night. It was quiet in camp. Paddy Owen's brigade of the Third Division came in that day and joined their command. They had been on picket at Crooked Run. General Hays came through the camp again last night, but the boys knew him then so he had no trouble to get tobacco.

Sunday, the 4th, was clear and quite cold. The monotony of camp life was relieved by a mounted inspection. I got a pass and went over to the Second Rhode Island Regi-

ment and had a pleasant visit. The corps to which they were attached (the Sixth) came to relieve our corps which had experienced hard service on the picket line. As far as I am concerned I would have rather had our battery remain on picket duty than to go into a regular camp.

The 5th was clear and cold. The Sixth Corps, of which the Second Rhode Island formed a part, kept coming in all day long. It was rumored that we were to return to our old camp. A number of the Second Rhode Islanders came into our camp to see the boys, as it had been a long time since we were privileged to meet them. We received marching orders that day.

CHAPTER XV

Bristoe Station.

THE 6th of October was clear and cold. In the morning we were routed out about five, broke camp about seven, taking the Orange Plank road to Culpepper. On our arrival there it appeared as if the whole army was in sight. It was a grand and imposing spectacle. As far as the eye could reach the camp-fires of the army lay spread out before us in every direction and presented such a panorama as cannot be adequately described.

On the 7th the weather was fine. There was plenty of life around the town of Culpepper, and a sutler, fully stocked with supplies, was well patronized by our boys who had money. There was a rumor afloat that night that Lee's army was moving into Maryland again.

The 8th was clear and cool. There were plenty of rumors about Lee's movements. Some said that our army was to advance, while others said that we were to make a retrograde movement. This was my twenty-second birthday. I treated myself to a good supper at the sutler's that night, and hoped that I might see a good many more similar anniversaries, but desired them in a more civilized country than that in which I then sojourned.

The 9th the weather was fine and warm. Considerable activity was manifested in all the camps, and, by the galloping of orderlies, it looked as if we would be moving soon. Rumors were plenty that Lee was making demonstrations on our flank.

The 10th was a beautiful day, with plenty of excitement. The whole army was formed in line of battle around Culpepper. Our battery moved about three miles and took po-

sition in some heavy woods; not a very desirable place for a rifle-gun battery. The men of the engineer corps were cutting down trees as rapidly as possible, which looked as if an attack was expected.

The 11th was a fine day, rather cool, but good marching weather. About two o'clock A. M. we proceeded along the road to Culpepper Court House, where we halted until daylight, then marched to Rappahannock Station, where the whole army was falling back. The Sixth Corps took the rear. Our troops leveled all the earthworks that covered the ford. Our battery, with the Third Division, fell back to Bealton Station, where we went into park that evening and waited for the next move to be made.

The 12th was another fine day, with great excitement and rumors of every description. The cavalry had a sharp engagement that morning, and, about noon, our Second Corps with the Sixth, recrossed the river, which we reached by a forced march. Immediately on crossing we formed in line of battle, and it was the finest military sight I ever beheld. The two strongest corps in the army were drawn up together where both could be seen to good advantage. If the panorama thus spread before us could have been looked upon in times of peace it would have been magnificent, but there in that warlike attitude, with the expectation of deadly missiles ploughing through those serried ranks, the scene was grand beyond description.

After a time a retrograde movement was commenced. Our battery received orders to fall back across the river, which we did, and arrived at Bealton Station about daylight of the 13th. The weather continued fine, and, after a short stay at Bealton we proceeded to White Sulphur Springs to support Gregg's cavalry, who had been driven in from the upper Rappahannock at a place called Waterloo Ford. When within a few miles of White Sulphur Springs we received orders to go to Warrenton Junction, which place we started for, but, about dark, were compelled

to halt, as the Third Corps trains blocked the way, and we went into park along the roadside. With continual marching and countermarching our corps had covered that night and the day following about thirty miles. It was extremely exhausting to both men and horses.

The morning of the 14th was very foggy, one of those mornings peculiar to this section. We could not see a hundred feet before us in the daylight. We were routed out before three o'clock. It seemed as if we had but just lain down and closed our eyes, completely exhausted from the fatigue of the day and the night before. We again started to cross the ford at Cedar Run, which at any time was a perilous undertaking, as the hill making down to the ford was very sharp and narrow and the road extremely rough. The darkness was intense, and the fog settling down upon us made it difficult to cross. I had driven a gun team at that time over two years, but this, to me, was the hardest experience that had ever fallen to my lot to encounter. There were a number of accidents; caissons and wagons were upset, which made it hard work for those in the rear to move or pass by. My position, as driver of the sixth gun, was very unpleasant. There had been a sawmill or gristmill in that vicinity, with five or six houses, but they had all been burned down. It was a hamlet called Auburn. As we crossed the run and were getting straightened out we began to come to bright fires burning by the roadside, which at first we took to be built for the purpose of lighting up our way. On moving around the foot of a bald eminence we could see thousands of fires burning, which proved to be our First (Caldwell's) Division making coffee.

While looking at this singular spectacle, in the midst of a dense fog, it seemed as if the sky had opened and a bolt had flashed suddenly out. It was a shell fired from a rebel battery not five hundred yards distant. This was followed in rapid succession by other shells coming from the same direction and on the very road upon which we were march-

ing, which, together with the sharp crack of musketry in our rear and on our left flank, placed our corps in imminent danger and threatened its destruction. Probably never during the Rebellion was any large body of troops placed in such a perilous situation. It was this unlooked for encounter which has given this little hamlet (Auburn) a name in the history of the Civil War. The position of the Second Corps at this crisis was as follows: Carroll's brigade of the Third Division with Gregg's cavalry was in our rear on the road to Warrenton; Brooke's brigade was north of the ford and Auburn, covering the road to Greenwich; while the First Division, as we have said, was resting on what might be called a small mountain with bald top, and around the sides and at the summit of which our troops were gathered in a dense and thickly crowded mass. While they were thus engaged in building fires and in cooking coffee it required no great stretch of the imagination to realize our condition, for, with the short range of artillery which the enemy could bring to bear upon us, they had us at a great disadvantage. As I have said, our battery was on the road near the troops of our corps when the firing began on the part of the rebels. We were immediately put into position on the hill above the First Division, and opened fire as rapidly as possible upon the enemy, who proved to be Stuart's cavalry and horse artillery. Gen. Alexander Hays, our division commander, had received orders from General Warren, then commanding our Second Corps, to take the advance on the Catlett's Station road, and, if he came up with the enemy, to fix bayonets and immediately charge upon them. This was indeed fortunate, as Hays's troops had got well under way when our battery opened, but soon ceased firing in order to allow our infantry, the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York and the Twelfth New Jersey, who were deployed as skirmishers, to advance in our front. General Hays, not knowing the strength of the enemy, pushed his skirmishers forward.

They soon came upon a compact line of rebel cavalry across the road, and, although being unused to encounter mounted troops, they did not shirk from attacking them, but rushed forward and opened a sharp fire upon both men and horses. The enemy gallantly charged and drove our skirmishers back upon the Twelfth New Jersey in line of battle, who poured in such a withering fire upon them that sent the horsemen to the right about and with no small loss. Among those who fell was their colonel, Thomas Ruffin, of the First North Carolina Cavalry.

When Stuart saw Hays's line of battle approaching he concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, gave the order to retreat, and took the road to Catlett's at a gallop. Hays's skirmishers pushed forward, and, finding there was no infantry behind the audacious Stuart, it gave the Second Corps great relief, as the opening of the enemy's batteries, in the advantageous position they had occupied, was a cause of great anxiety to us, for we knew not whether a large or a small force was in our front. If the Confederates had had a division of infantry to support their cavalry, and, if properly handled, they must have annihilated the Second Corps. With Ewell's divisions already attacking our left and rear, Stuart's cavalry and battery had hardly got out of our way, when the fog lifted, and we saw, to our surprise, directly in our rear, a rebel battery coming into position. I knew it was the enemy, and so did every man in our battery, by the appearance of an officer on a white horse, which I have always thought was a chief of artillery. Several men of our battery, as well as myself, informed Captain Arnold and he gave the order "Limbers and caissons pass your pieces!" General Caldwell, who was standing near the captain, pointed towards me and said: "Captain, make that man shut up; they are our own troops." But he had not closed his mouth when the rebel battery opened on us, and came near sweeping us off the face of the earth. It was the first time that I ever

knew our battery to be caught napping; but they would have had us sure if Rickett's battery and Battery B, under Lieut. T. Fred Brown, had not come to our rescue. We learned afterwards that the battery that opened on us was Jones's battalion of sixteen pieces; some of them twenty-pounders. While there were only three men and a few horses wounded, I never saw shell come so thick and fast and do so little damage. However, it cut our traces and spokes, and one shell cut John Tyng's haversack clean off his shoulder, but did him no harm. The delay encountered gave a dangerous opportunity for Ewell to further entrap our column with his superabundant brigades, for, let it be borne in mind, that while the Second Corps that day was less than one-sixth of Meade's infantry, Ewell had with him one-half of Lee's army, and it was well known that it was all concentrated the night before at Warrenton. In such a situation the unexpected appearance of Stuart's brigade upon our line of retreat was not only a strange but an embarrassing circumstance. The enemy had been informed the night before of Stuart's strange predicament by disguised messengers sent through our lines, and, as the signal was given, the Confederate batteries commenced a furious cannonading of our lines.

As soon as General Hays reported the way open, General Webb, with our Second Division, took the advance to Catlett's, Hays's division following. Gregg's cavalry and Carroll's brigade were ordered to abandon the ground which they had been holding so stubbornly. Caldwell's men marched off the hill after they had buried eleven of their comrades. Gregg's cavalry deployed through the woods to protect our flank. As tired as our soldiers were there was no fault found at the pace set by the head of the column. Brooke's brigade had great difficulty in getting out after Gregg had withdrawn his cavalry. As it was, he had to make a wide detour under a heavy fire in order to get away. The right section of our battery under the command of

Lieut. Peter Hunt, was kept back with the First Division, and shelled the woods to the right, left, and rear; and, when they fell back, it was done by prolonge for some distance, the gunners loading the pieces while the horses walked along, stopping long enough to fire, then walk on again. For over an hour before Catlett's was reached this was kept up; and our infantry also was out on our flank, loading and firing as they advanced. To me it was a spectacle such as I never desire to see again. According to reports from Confederate sources Ewell had mistaken our forces to be much stronger than they were. Owing to the demonstrations kept up by our corps and the cavalry, he came to the conclusion that the wisest thing for him to do was to retire; so, after feeling Caldwell's position its entire length, he suddenly, by Hill's orders, moved with all speed in the direction of Greenwich.

As soon as Ewell had abandoned his pursuit the line of battle was broken, and our troops were again put in rapid motion. I commiserated our comrades of the infantry, who were compelled to trudge along the road carrying extra rations of food and ammunition, starting before daylight on the morning of the 12th, and, with the exception of between six and seven hours' stop at Auburn, had had no chance to rest, and had eaten their rations of raw pork and hard-tack as they proceeded on their way.

Leaving Catlett's on a forced march, nothing happened in the way of fighting until we reached Kettle Run at about half-past three, nearly a mile from Bristoe Station. Our battery had just crossed the run when an officer rode up in great haste to Captain Arnold and gave him some instructions. We were soon on a trot march, and found that a rebel battery had opened in our front and in the same manner as at Auburn.

We crossed the railroad to the right, then turned to the left along some heavy pine woods for a quarter of a mile, when, breaking past those woods, a sight was presented to

my view which I shall never forget. Directly in our front was a rebel line of battle that came charging down the hill to the railroad, while on one side of us was Webb's Second Brigade and Hays's Third Division, also charging to see who would first reach the railroad. Our battery was immediately placed in position and opened upon the enemy, raking their line from right to left. Before we could get the second round in they had broken and went back in the same manner as at Gettysburg, only there was not as many of them. Our infantry and battery made sad havoc in their ranks as they fell back. We had not fired many rounds before on our left on the top of a hill across the railroad, and within less than three hundred yards, a rebel battery came up, and, before we knew it, shells were coming lengthwise of our battery, and at very short range. It was the most spiteful firing I had ever witnessed. As good luck would have it they fired a little too high, and nearly all their shots went over us. Our guns were immediately placed in echelon and opened on the enemy. It was very remarkable that every shot from our guns appeared to take effect, and men and horses went down under that terrific fire. The enemy soon retired in confusion, leaving their guns on the field. Our infantry went up and drew the guns down to our lines. They proved to be five English pieces of the Blakely pattern. We congratulated ourselves on the fact that our battery had saved the infantry on this occasion, and were now on even terms with them.

On that morning at Auburn, or, as some of our soldiers called it, "Coffee Hill," about the third round the enemy fired struck our No. 6 gun, on which I was driver. The gun was loaded, and Lieutenant Lamb ordered it to be fired. I said to him: "Don't fire it!" The lieutenant looked at me in surprise and said: "What do you mean?" I replied: "If you fire that gun it will go down, and we cannot sling it under this heavy fire from the rebels!" In an instant the lieutenant divined my meaning, and said: "You are right;

limber to the rear, and take it away!" which I did, choosing Henry B. Crandall to go with me to help sling it. After going about sixty yards it dropped. We were quite well out of range, only a few shots coming over where we were, so we slung the gun under the limber, and, taking the axe from the limber, began to cut the wheels and trail so they would be of no use to the enemy. Gregg's cavalry was passing, and the general and his staff rode up and commended us for our actions, saying: "That's right; don't leave anything for the rebels." After completing my task I started out to join the battery and fell in with some cavalry, thinking they were going on the same road with our corps; but, to my surprise, they were going by the way of Wolf Run Shoals with the wagon trains. In my whole army experience I never saw a night or day like that. The train was parked as many as ten times during that night, and ready to be destroyed and burned, if necessary, rather than it should fall into the hands of the enemy. However, we got through all right, and when within two hundred yards of Wolf Run we came to a very steep bank running down into a ditch or brook, which was in an extremely bad condition on account of so many wagons passing through it. The officer in command, seeing our gun, ordered it to be tipped over down the bank into the stream, which I would not allow him to do, claiming that I could pull it through; and, after considerable talk, and, by putting on a bold front, he gave me permission to try, and I pulled it through, but at one time the situation looked dubious. The cascabel knob caught in some brush as it went into the brook. It was a severe strain on the team, but they were good horses, and, pulling all together, went through safely. The officer who wanted to tip it over, shouted out, as the gun caught in the brush: "I told you so!" thinking we had blocked the way; but in an instant the team pulled through, and he then said to me: "That is the best artillery team I ever saw!" For twenty yards down into the run it gave my horses all they

could do to keep on their feet, as I had no way to block the wheels to help them. We landed in the run a little more than knee-deep to the horses, but at last came out all right. The drivers and horses then got a good drink, which was very refreshing, and of which we stood very much in need. Daylight coming on we were ordered to camp anywhere we could find a place, so we turned into a field and parked. Not having anything for the horses to eat, I searched the wagons until I came to one loaded with grain, and soon had a good supply. After the horses had been attended to, we lay down and soon fell asleep, for we were very tired, and it had been seventy-two hours since we had left Culpepper, with not over six hours' rest in the meantime. Our horses were about ready to give out through sheer exhaustion. We slept until after nine o'clock, and, after eating our rations and feeding the horses, we started out to find the battery, which we did, not far from Blackburn's Ford, on Bull Run stream, near Cub Run and Centreville, where we had lost the guns of our battery at the first battle of Bull Run.

After our guns were disabled and we were obliged to leave the field, the few remaining guns held their position and compelled the enemy to retire. After dark a rebel battery opened on our troops from the extreme left, but did not get the range. Our five guns changed front and opened on the rebels in return, which soon silenced them and put them to flight. This ended the engagement for the day, and the Second and Third Divisions of the Second Corps had won a brilliant victory, capturing five pieces of artillery, two flags, and over five hundred prisoners. In these two days' fighting Lee's losses at Auburn and Bristoe Station were in killed, wounded, and missing, over 1,200. Of the Confederates in our front the greatest losses were in Hill's corps. Cook's and Kirkland's brigades made the charge, supported by those of Davis and Walker. The guns captured were Poague's, which, as I have already mentioned, were of English make. Through the night our corps marched or drag-

ged itself along to Blackburn Ford, on Bull Run Creek, and went into camp along the run near Centreville, where I found them on the morning of the 15th. The losses in our battery were: Killed, Philip Creighton, head taken off by a shell; John Moran, mortally wounded. Wounded, Michael Desmond, attached man from the Fifteenth Massachusetts; James Gardner, Patrick Healey, and Theodore Reichardt. Four horses were killed and three wounded.

It was at this battle that our guidon bearer, John F. Leach, again distinguished himself and displayed rare courage and good judgment. If the brave deeds he accomplished were brought to the attention of our government, there is no doubt his gallant and meritorious services would be recognized and suitably rewarded. He had been detailed by our captain to Battery B, at that time commanded by Lieut. T. Fred Brown, a former corporal of our battery, to act as bugler and guidon bearer. During the fight he performed an important service by picking up a number of stragglers and putting them in a ravine and forcing them to stay there and keep up a brisk fire upon the enemy, thereby preventing them from getting between our corps and the Fifth Corps who had marched away and left us to our fate. I will here insert an article written to the Providence *Journal* by Lieutenant Brown, shortly after the battle:

"Battery B, under command of Lieut. T. Fred Brown, had two narrow escapes in the battle at Bristoe Station. The battery was moving quietly along the north side of the railroad, the troops being on the opposite side, when the enemy's skirmishers suddenly opened and advanced upon the battery. Nothing was to be done but go ahead, as no countermarching could be done, and a high railroad embankment was on the right. The command, 'Gallop! march! was given, and by sheer good luck the battery run the gauntlet, crossed the railroad, and joined our troops without loss. Some time later in the engagement the battery was

ordered to cross Broad Run, as our infantry were crossing. To find a crossing for the battery it was necessary to proceed some distance down the stream, and lo, and behold, after crossing, none of our troops are to be seen; they had recrossed, and the battery was alone, with no support, and the enemy just over the track. The position was too advantageous for enfilading the enemy to be neglected, support or no support, and so fire was immediately opened. The bugler, John F. Leach, seeing the strait, drew his sabre and speedily collected thirteen stragglers (from every division in the army), formed them into a skirmish line, led them across the railroad, urged them further on and posted them, and just in time, for the enemy's skirmishers were just advancing when the bugler's thirteen men opened upon them and drove them back, probably giving them the idea that a sufficient infantry force was supporting the battery. As the bugler rode up and down his line, keeping his men up at the point of his sabre, bullet after bullet was sent after him, but all to no effect. One rebel sharpshooter mounted a tree and sent his regards to the bugler, but the latter, thinking that the bullet could not have come from the sky, looked up and discovered the cause, and, in a moment, three of his men were sighting upon the greyback; three rifles cracked together, and down fell the sly rebel from his perch. For one hour the brave bugler kept his position, for it was not till the expiration of that time that infantry supports could be spared and could reach the battery.

"Later in the engagement the bugler's horse was shot, and, falling on top of him, injured him badly. While raising himself from the ground a piece of a shell hit him in the right leg, cutting it so badly that it had to be sewed up. Still the brave bugler stayed with the battery, suffering from his wound, until he was called back to his own battery, Battery A, First Rhode Island. Sergt. Amos Olney, of this battery, dressed his wounds and brought him through all right.

"The bugler's horse was so badly wounded that Lieut. T. Fred Brown, commanding officer of the battery, ordered the horse shot."

Our battery had been detained at Auburn, and were engaged fighting with Stuart's and Jones's batteries, and had taken the rear with the First Division, until Catlett's was reached; then, being on that march attached to Hays's Third Division, started for Bristoe with that command, Rickett's Pennsylvania battery taking its place, so that when the First and Third Brigades of Webb's Second Division was attacked, Arnold's battery (A), not that of Brown or Rickett, ran into battery along the railroad, as I have already described, and drove the enemy back, and so disabled Poague's battery, that our infantry went up and secured the guns, as I have already mentioned. According to all accounts from Hill, Stuart, and Colonel McClellan, of the Confederate army, Ewell's mistake of overestimating our force at Auburn was the salvation of the Second Corps.

At this battle the Second Corps numbered about eight thousand men, with one brigade guarding trains. The Second and Third divisions bore the brunt of the fighting against Heth's and Anderson's (Confederate) forces, our First Division being posted in our rear on the lookout for Ewell. The corps lost during the day at Auburn and Bristoe, 31 officers and 354 men killed and wounded. Two officers and 159 men (without doubt some of whom were killed and wounded) were missing. For such a mixed-up affair, being cut off and assailed on flanks and rear, it is a wonder that our losses were no larger. The Confederate losses were much heavier than ours, for they were caught on their flank in an exposed position at Bristoe. Their losses were reported at 782 officers and men killed and wounded. With the prisoners captured at Bristoe, their losses were said to be 1,244 killed, wounded, and missing, including three general officers, five guns, and two colors.

Of the 161 (Union) missing, 71 were from Brooke's brig-



FIRST LIEUT. PETER HUNT.

Enrolled as Sergeant Battery C; First Sergeant; Second Lieutenant Battery A; First Lieutenant same battery; mortally wounded in action at Totopotomoy or Swift Creek, Va., May, 1864.

ade at Auburn. The First Division lost 11 killed and 65 wounded at that place. The Second Division lost 17 killed and 101 wounded. The three regiments losing the most were the Forty-second and Eighty-second New York, and the First Minnesota. The losses in the Third Division were 20 killed and 145 wounded. The Twenty-sixth New York and Twelfth New Jersey were the heaviest losers. The Third Brigade lost 12 killed and 91 wounded. The artillery brigade lost 2 killed and 24 wounded.

Our battery lost 2 killed and 4 wounded at Bristoe, and 3 wounded at Auburn, besides Lieutenant Lamb, who was wounded slightly in the hand.

The 16th was cloudy and disagreeable. About nine o'clock it began to rain hard and lasted all day. The troops were enjoying a much needed rest after all the hardships and trials they had encountered, and not knowing what might befall them in the near future. The battery moved camp that day near the mouth of Cub Run.

The 17th was damp and chilly after the rain. The battery drew a new gun for the disabled one. We then hitched up and went to the support of some cavalry that were out on a reconnoissance, and to protect the engineers while they were laying a bridge across Cub Run. Artillery firing was quite sharp through the day in the direction of Warrenton. Our corps was re-enforced by two regiments. The One Hundred and Thirty-second New York joined the First Brigade, Second Division; the Twenty-sixth Michigan joined the First Brigade, First Division; Battery I, First United States Artillery, was mounted and went with the cavalry, Weir's Battery C, Fifth United States, taking their place. Independent Battery C, of Pennsylvania, joined our artillery brigade.

On the 18th the camp was very quiet. Artillery firing was heard in the direction of Manassas. It was reported that our cavalry had had a sharp engagement near Bristoe

Station. The weather that night was cold and disagreeable.

The 19th, at four o'clock in the morning, it began to rain. Shortly after daylight our corps, with the Third, crossed Bull Run, and marched by way of Manassas Junction to within two miles of Bristoe, a distance of about ten miles. The troops carried with them extra rations. The railroad had been broken by the rebels.

The 20th was damp and cold. We broke camp about seven, passed the Bristoe battlefield, and marched as far as Coffee Hill, Auburn, about eighteen miles. Second Lieut. James P. Rhodes having resigned, left for home.

The 21st was one of those foggy mornings such as we had on the 14th when the rebels were shelling us. Our troops buried some soldiers that were killed on the 14th. The Third Corps left us that day.

The 22d was another foggy morning. About two o'clock P. M., we changed camp near Auburn and went to Cedar Run. There were no signs of the enemy, yet it would not have been much of a surprise to us if they had appeared at any moment, judging from our previous experiences.

The 23d was another foggy day. We broke camp at eight in the morning and marched about two miles to near Turkey Run, not far from Warrenton. Our camp was a very pleasant one.

The 24th was clear and cool. There were no signs of moving, and everything was quiet in camp. Our battery remained at this camp two weeks, getting a fine rest and making general repairs.

On the 26th there was some artillery firing off at a considerable distance. We were ordered to pack and be ready to move at a moment's notice, but did not hitch up.

On the 28th there was report of a skirmish between the cavalry near Bealton Station.

On the 31st we were mustered for two months' pay, and about noon of the same day we had mounted inspection by Col. J. Albert Monroe, chief of artillery.

November 3d was a pleasant day. Our horses were in fine condition, all being newly shod.

On the 6th the weather was fine. Everything was polished up, and we participated in the review of the Second Corps. The artillery, under command of Colonel Monroe, made a fine appearance.

The 7th was clear and cold. We received orders about six o'clock to move, and, about 6.30, broke camp and started on a forced march to the Rappahannock. At Bealton we took the road to Kelly's Ford and marched through Morrisville, to the ford, where the Third Corps crossed and captured about three hundred prisoners, with a slight loss on our side. Our corps went into camp near the ford before crossing. The Sixth Corps was reported to have made a grand assault on the works at the railroad bridge, and captured fifteen hundred prisoners, four guns, and six stands of colors.

On the 8th, Sunday, it was clear and cool. We were turned out early, and, about 6.30 A. M., crossed the river and formed in line of battle with the Third Corps, and found the enemy had gone. Ewell's division had been holding the ford, and had begun to build winter quarters. Some of them were very cozy and substantial. The prisoners taken were well clothed, had good English shoes and blankets, which was evidence that the blockade had not kept the rebels from obtaining needed supplies. We advanced about two miles and went into camp in the vicinity of Berry Hill, near Stevensburgh, with the headquarters of the Second Corps in the Thoms house, a fine old mansion commanding a view of the country for miles in every direction. We remained at this camp until the 24th of November.

On the 10th we changed our camp nearer to Stevensburgh in a more sheltered place. The artillery of the Second Corps all camped together.

On the 12th we received two months' pay, which made a great change in our financial condition. Everybody was flush with money, and the sutler reaped a rich harvest.

On the 15th we received an order to be ready to march at a moment's notice. After packing and getting ready, other orders were received countermanding the previous one. Heavy cannonading on the Rapidan was the cause of our preparations to move.

On the 16th we had an inspection. Col. J. Albert Monroe was the inspecting officer. It was reported that we were to go into winter quarters.

The 17th was fair but cold. Every day routine of camp duty was performed. As no one knew whether our stay there was to be long or short, there was no effort made to construct quarters for the winter.

On the 18th we made preparations for a review which was to be given in honor of some foreign officials who were visiting our army. We hitched up and waited a long time before they appeared. They finally came and rode past our battery. They were a queer-looking lot. One officer, who was very tall, and slightly built, had a very small cap on top of his head with a strap under his chin. He was, indeed, a comical looking sight to behold on horseback.

Sunday, the 22d, came out clear and quite warm at midday. The men drew new clothes, and, after dressing up in their new suits, looked like a different set of men. In the afternoon I went with some of the battery to Stevensburgh and heard Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth lecture, and was much pleased with her. She was a most interesting speaker. I was somewhat surprised to see a good-sized, portly, and motherly looking woman. I had expected to see rather a slightly-built lady of middle age. The object of her lecture was to raise money for the Soldiers' Relief Corps.

On the 24th a cold rainstorm set in, which made it very uncomfortable. We received orders to march, and began to pack up and get ready for it when the order was countermanded. Part of our corps, however, did march towards the Rapidan.

CHAPTER XVI

MINE RUN.

ON November 26th we were routed out before daybreak, and, after a hurried breakfast, about 6.30 A. M., marched, with the Second Corps in the centre, toward Germania Ford, and went into position to cover the crossing of our cavalry. We waited a long time for the Third Corps to make their appearance. The Third and Sixth corps were expected to cross on our right at Jacob's Mill Ford, and the First and Fifth at Culpepper Mine Ford on our left, but, as usual, we were delayed by somebody's blunder. At length, after all was ready, the cavalry and some of the infantry crossed through the icy waters, waist deep, the enemy's vedettes falling back rapidly on the approach of our troops. Our engineers immediately began laying the bridge, and, when near the opposite bank, found out there were two or three boats short.

After a long delay the bridge was laid, and our corps crossed, marching four miles to what was called Flat Run Church instead of Robertson's Tavern, as had been planned. The right column was even more backward, as some of the troops did not cross the ford at Jacob's Mill before morning. After arriving the corps formed in line of battle about eight o'clock. The weather was bitterly cold, and there being plenty of rails and wood everybody was busy making fires and trying to keep warm.

On the 27th it was very cold. Shortly after six we started on a forced march for Robertson's Tavern over the Germania plank road as far as the turnpike, where we turned short to the right and kept up a rapid march until

within two miles of Robertson's, where our skirmishers, of Hays's Third Division, struck the enemy's vedettes, who retired in haste, followed by our cavalry in hot pursuit until a little after ten o'clock. We reached Robertson's, where our cavalry and Carroll's brigade were having a sharp engagement with Webb's Second Division on the right, and, for awhile, the fighting was sharp. As we stood on the summit of a hill in the heavy timber we could see very plainly the fighting on the right. General Hays's forces were fighting in a thicket. General Warren and staff made their headquarters near by us. We could hear the different commands very distinctly as they were given. An orderly came up and said that General Webb desired a battery. Captain Arnold, on hearing it, rode up and said to General Warren, "General, let my battery go." After giving orders to the orderly which battery to take, he said to our captain, "When I want your battery I will let you know. I have a place for it picked out." We remained standing there until dark, with sharp skirmishing going on all the time. By the talk we could hear, and, by the anxiety manifested among the officers, it was plain that something was wrong. It turned out that General French, after his unfortunate movement at the ford, had now taken the wrong road. While he was expected to join our corps on our right he had not arrived, and it was very uncertain when he would put in an appearance. This movement caused the loss of another day, which, in times like those, were apt to make a great difference to the plans of a campaign. While standing here during the afternoon, General Hays came to headquarters to make a report. There were a number of foreign officers visiting our army, who were desirous of seeing the manoeuvres of our troops upon the field. General Hays was introduced to them and asked if he would take charge of the visitors. That great bluff-hearted soldier immediately replied, "Certainly, with great pleasure, gentlemen, come on." And away he went, with the group of vis-

itors trailing after him. When near the skirmish line, which was in the woods, the bullets were flying around thickly, but still Hays kept on, when one of the visitors said: "Ah! general! isn't this the skirmish line?" The general replied: "Of course it is, and, if you wish to see the Yankees fight, you must go where they are." But they could not see it in that way, and retired to a safer locality.

We went into park in the woods near the road, and built immense fires, as the wood was very plentiful there. It turned out that French, after getting started on the right road, ran into Johnson's division of Early's Corps, and, while the Third and Sixth corps should have been able to have overwhelmed a division like that, the head of French's column got the worst of it at a place called Morris, causing a loss to French of seven hundred, while Johnson's loss was about five hundred. The Third and Sixth corps then formed a compact line of battle, which, with some little fighting, occasioned the delay of a whole day. After General Meade had placed himself in communication with them, the Sixth Corps passed French, and, taking the lead by a forced march, reached Robertson's before morning, joining the Second Corps on the right, while the First and Fifth came up and joined us on the left.

The 28th was very cold and cloudy. Our whole army was formed in line of battle stretching across the turnpike, until we reached the valley of Mine Run, where they had chosen a strong position on a rugged hill, thrown up earthworks and felled trees, while our army had been delayed by General French, commanding the Third Corps.

About ten o'clock, when the enemy's skirmishers had been driven back upon their entrenchments they had constructed during the night, our advance was suddenly checked and our battery quickly placed in position where we had a good view of the country. We were then ordered to advance and open fire upon the enemy. Our unexpected firing seemed to have a damaging effect upon their infantry. But we

were not permitted to remain long unmolested, as two of their batteries opened upon us and we were soon ordered to withdraw, as our position was a very exposed one. We withdrew to the rear, where the ground formed a ravine, and, shortly, on our left, Webb's United States and Rickett's Pennsylvania batteries opened very lively upon them. Our battery was again ordered into our first position, when all our men went to work with a will, throwing up earthworks around our guns. During the evening our corps was relieved by the Fifth Corps, and we fell back to Robertson's Tavern. It had been raining nearly all day, and the road was almost impassable. We had one man, William H. Burrill, who was wounded by a shell, which broke his arm.

The 29th was damp and cold. After a quick breakfast, about seven o'clock we started, going about due south from Robertson's, then sharp to the west until we passed Hope Church. Shortly after passing the latter place we struck the head branch of Mine Run, and, as near as I could judge, not far from our position of the day before. We were in light marching order, and our caissons were left at Robertson's. There was some skirmishing there with the cavalry, and a brigade under Col. Nelson A. Miles was sent up an unfinished railroad, running parallel with the Plank road upon which we were marching. A few cavalry vedettes were all that was encountered, when a messenger of Gregg's cavalry came dashing in and reported that the cavalry had been cut in two and their train captured. This caused more delay, and much valuable time was lost. We afterwards learned that the report of the capture of our wagon train was false.

There were only three batteries along with our corps. Battery B and the Napoleon gun battery remained on the Plank road, Weir's United States, Rickett's Pennsylvania, and Arnold's Rhode Island battery of rifle guns, were taken along. One of our sections had been out in support of the cavalry about all day. Our position seemed to be a fine

one, as we had an extended view in all directions. We were on the extreme left of our line, and could see cavalry massing in our front and left. The enemy fired upon us with their artillery at times, and skirmishing had taken place. It was a grand sight that night to look at the bright campfires of the two contending armies, who were confronting each other ready for battle the next morning. It was very cold, nearly down to zero; pickets had to be changed every half-hour to keep them from freezing.

The 30th was bitterly cold. All of our Second Corps was in position, and Terry's division of the Sixth Corps was sent to General Warren, who was in command of the left wing of the army, with two divisions of the Third Corps under Prince and Carr, which made the Second Corps six divisions strong, and it is doubtful if ever there were six divisions together that equaled them. Our position was a most favorable one, and made me think of Gettysburg with everything so still and two powerful armies watching each other and waiting for the onset. While a group of us stood near the guns, looking and talking, a shell came toward us so quick and so close that we did not hear it until it had passed over, and it made every one keep away from the guns unless ordered there. The shell came from a battery of horse artillery on our left front. Our left section was ordered to take position on a sharp knoll, and to open on a line of infantry we could see forming along a wall about half a mlie on our left front. The cannoneers were mounted on the limbers, and we started to the rear for a short distance, the knoll was distinctly pointed out, so that no mistake should be made, and when we received the order we were to go, as fast as our horses could go into position, action front, with both guns loaded with case shot. After everything was ready we received the order, and it was a fine movement, the remaining guns of our battery supporting us. My horses never acted better. We went as rapidly as the horses could be driven, and, as soon as the trails were

on the ground, our gunners were at their posts sighting their pieces. By the time we had swung our horses in rear of the gun facing it, the first shot was fired, and it was one of the best I ever saw. The shell struck on top of the wall behind which the rebel infantry were massing. They broke and ran to the rear. It was a great surprise from an unexpected quarter. After we had fired about a dozen shots, a rebel battery, which we took to be horse artillery, opened on us, but did not get our range before we drove them away. In the meantime our whole line had been strengthened. The day passed without a general engagement being brought on between the combatants. Our section had about as hard a skirmish as any of our troops had experienced through the day, and there were many conjectures concerning the cause of our not having had an engagement. One thing was evident, however, that if an attack was to be made it should be done before the enemy entrenched themselves, which they apparently had done. By the appearance of their works, as seen from our position, they seemed to be very strongly built. The order of the Union corps was as follows: Sedgwick's Sixth Corps, lacking Terry's division, on our extreme right; this corps, with Sykes's Fifth Corps, holding the ground north of the old turnpike. On the south of the pike was Newton's First Corps, and French with one division of his Third Corps, his other division being with Warren, who, with the Second Corps and the three extra divisions from the Third and Sixth, were holding the extreme left, separated from French and Newton about one mile by heavy woods and two small creeks. Warren's command numbered about twenty-six thousand men. The whole army faced about due west. Some of the men of our divisions, after being relieved from picket, came up past the battery and said that it was the gloomiest sight they had ever beheld; that the enemy's position was fully as strong as at Fredericksburg, and an open space of a quarter of a mile, with a good-sized creek

to charge through before their works could be reached; and, that the troops in our front, who were to make the charge, had, nearly to a man, written their names and pinned them on their coats so they could be recognized in event of their being killed. It appeared to our soldiers that there was no chance to escape. Orders had been received by all our troops that, at the firing of two heavy guns on the right, the artillery was to open, and, after bombarding their works for awhile, at the sound of a bugle the artillery was to cease firing, and our infantry was to storm the enemy's works. During the day the enemy's troops of all arms could be seen passing along our front, and at times we opened upon them. In this way there was considerable cannonading the whole length of the line. At one time we could see large bodies of cavalry massing on our left. During the night the cold had increased steadily for hours, and had become almost unbearable. "As soon as it became light in the morning," says General Morgan, in his narrative, "the men commenced to peep over the little bluff behind which they were formed, to see what kind of a task was before them. The sight appeared, generally, to give very little satisfaction, and I saw that the men had generally made up their minds that the affair was desperate. . . . While on the picket line, reconnoitering, my uniform concealed by a soldier's overcoat, I asked an old veteran of the noble First Minnesota, on picket, what he thought of the prospect. Not recognizing me as an officer, he expressed himself very freely, declaring it a 'd——d sight worse than Fredericksburg,' and adding, 'I am going as far as I can travel; but we can't get more than two-thirds of the way up the hill.' Expressions like these were common among our men, and it was from the same division where the men were pinning their names to their coats. The signal was given to open from the right, but General Warren had countermanded it, and, mounting his horse, set him in motion for General Meade's headquarters. All this time it was said that General

Meade was fretting and chafing to know where General Warren was, and, to their great surprise, he soon arrived at Meade's headquarters, his horse covered with white foam, having driven him hard in order to give General Meade a personal and succinct report of the condition of our troops."

After dark we were ordered to move out as quietly as possible. I had prepared myself a bed by stamping down a very scrubby bunch of brush near my horses, flat enough to lie down upon, and, after wrapping my blanket around me, I lay down upon it and was sleeping soundly when Lieutenant Lamb shook me and gave me the order to mount and get away as quietly as possible. We went back about two miles, to Hope Church, on what was called the Plank road, but all I could see was mud, and the worst kind of mud, as any one who was there can affirm.

The losses of our corps during the six days were 164 killed and wounded; and, owing to the negligence of the officer charged with withdrawing the skirmish line, a loss in prisoners was sustained of about one hundred good men, who were left to fall into the hands of the enemy.

December 1st was a bitter cold day. We remained in park, near Hope Church, on the old plank road. Our right section was sent back to guard the road until Prime and Carr's divisions of the Third Corps should march, as they had been ordered to join the other divisions under General French near Robertson's. They were marching past us all that day. Terry's division of the Sixth Corps also passed us, our corps, as usual, taking the rear. Our battery remained until the last brigade had started, to be in readiness to open upon the enemy if our rear guard had been attacked. We left Hope Church about ten P. M., and crossed the Rapidan about four o'clock A. M., the next morning. It was a very cold night, and, with the moon shining brightly, rapid progress was made by the infantry. The woods were burning fiercely along the route, and it was reported that a num-

ber of wounded were burned, and that some of our men had been frozen while on picket. We crossed the river at Culpepper Ford. We were compelled to march at a rapid gate in order to keep warm. After crossing the pontoon we rested until all the troops were across and the bridge taken away. The enemy's advance came in sight but was shelled by our horse artillery which kept them back. We arrived at our old camp on the Thom's plantation about six o'clock.

On the 2d, after getting back to camp in the morning and caring for our horses, we lay down and endeavored to obtain some rest, as it was the only opportunity we had had since leaving our old camp some seven days before. I do not believe there was a man awake at taps except the guard on duty. The campaign had been a hard one for all.

On the 4th the weather was cold in the morning, but at midday it was quite warm. All the Second Corps artillery changed camp that day to near Stevensburgh.

About eight o'clock on the morning of the 5th we hitched up and marched beyond Stevensburgh to within five miles of Culpepper. It was a barren place, with no wood to burn, and a hard looking place for winter quarters.

The 6th was fine, but quite cold until noon when it was very comfortable. Second Lieut. Jacob H. Lamb was transferred that day to Battery C, having been promoted to first lieutenant of that battery. John T. Blake, formerly first sergeant of Battery B, came to our battery as second lieutenant to fill the vacancy occasioned by the transfer of Lieutenant Lamb to Battery C.

On the 7th the Second Corps marched to the woods, where they found plenty of material to build winter quarters. Our battery followed shortly afterward.

CHAPTER XVII

Winter Quarters at Mountain Run.

ON the 8th we changed our camp again into the woods near Brandy Station and Mountain Run, where we expected to go into winter quarters.

The 9th was a fine day. Cutting wood for winter quarters was our daily occupation. The engineers were engaged in building a bridge over Mountain Run. Samuel G. Colwell came to the battery that day as second lieutenant. He had formerly been a sergeant in Battery H.

We had fine weather on the 10th. The artillery brigade crossed Mountain Run at noon.

On the 11th the weather still continued fine. It looked as if we were permanently located for awhile, as orders had been given to build winter quarters, and everyone was busy in their construction. A general order was read in line that day to the effect that veterans desiring to re-enlist would get eight hundred dollars and a furlough for thirty days.

The 12th was cloudy and rainy through the day. The construction of winter quarters progressed quite rapidly, and the men appeared quite cheerful over the prospect of a season of rest. It was reported that furloughs would be granted for ten days to men who did not re-enlist.

On the 14th the weather was quite warm. Work on winter quarters went merrily along. The horses were in poor condition on account of insufficient shelter from the cold after the hard work they had undergone in the late campaign.

On the 15th the weather was delightful. Towards even-

ing we had a game of ball. Our men were in good spirits, but the poor horses appeared to be failing every day.

On the 16th we had fine weather again. We had an inspection that day, and Col. J. Albert Monroe was the inspecting officer. It proved to be very satisfactory. Sergt. John B. Thompson went home that day on a furlough. Also on that day General Warren left the army on leave of absence, General Caldwell in the meanwhile assumed command of the corps.

We were favored again on the 17th with fine weather, and ball games and other sports were going on in camp. Captain Arnold left for home on a ten days' furlough.

The 18th was a fine day. I went with the wagons to Brandy Station, and visited the camp of the Second Rhode Island. They were about to move into winter quarters. Charles E. Boutems arrived in camp after a seven months' absence on sick leave. A raid was made on the railroad that day, which was said to be by guerrillas. They might have been the gang of which Mowry, our deserter, was a member, as they appeared to be doing a large part of the work attributed to Mosby.

The 19th was clear and cold. Our battery began cutting timber for stables, which were much needed, as our horses were suffering for want of them.

On the 20th the weather was fine, and we had a mounted inspection.

We began work on a stable for our horses on the 22d, and made considerable progress.

The 24th was clear and cold. We went into the woods and cut pine boughs to cover the stables, as there was no straw in that section. The horses were in bad condition.

Clear and cold weather continued on the 25th. The stables were well finished and covered with boughs, which was a good protection from wind, but did not keep out the rain very well.

The 26th, weather was cloudy and disagreeable. The dri-

vers had been working around the stables all day making them as comfortable as possible. Sergt. John B. Thompson returned that day from leave of absence.

January 1st, 1864. Happy New Year.

There was no change in the personnel of the army as far as we could learn. We remained in camp until February 6th, when our corps, in conjunction with the whole army, made another move on the Rapidan, to co-operate with General Butler's Army of the James, which was to move on Richmond.

On the 29th General Hancock returned and resumed command of the corps. We had plenty of ball games and other sports, besides camp duty. Many horses died from exposure before our stables were built, but after the stables were ready the horses which were left improved rapidly.

On the 8th it was clear and warm. We had drill every day, also ball games and other sports. General Hancock relinquished the command of the corps to General Warren on that day.

On the 15th we had mounted inspection. Quite a number of ladies, the wives of officers of our army, visited our camp that day. General Hays and his wife were frequent visitors.

On the 18th it rained hard, and then came out cold, which told fearfully on the horses.

On the 19th it came out fair. General Hays and wife came into camp and wanted to see us play ball and the game that we called "Scratch a little."

On the 20th we had drill and all sorts of games.

On the 21st Captain Arnold's wife came to camp.

On the 24th we had mounted inspection.

On the 25th we had a fine game of ball in honor of General Hays, who had sent to Washington for balls and bats to enable us to play to good advantage. When the general and his wife came galloping into camp, with a number of officers and ladies, our captain went out to greet them and



LIEUT. BENJAMIN H. CHILD.

Enrolled as Private in Battery A; promoted Corporal; Sergeant; promoted Second Lieutenant Battery H. Wounded at three different battles.

said: "Ah! general, I suppose you would like to see the battery on drill." The general quickly replied: "No; I want to see them play ball, which they can do better than any men I ever saw."

On the 29th the general and wife, with about the same party, came into camp to see us drill, and every man endeavored to do his best. Indeed, I never saw our men do better.

On the 2d of February we had a thunder shower, which came up suddenly to the great surprise of all.

On the 5th our old comrades and chums for nearly three years, the First Minnesota regiment, left us for home to reorganize. It was one of the noblest regiments in our army.

On the 6th, about five o'clock A. M., we were routed out amid considerable excitement, and ordered to march at six, with three days' rations and an extra blanket. Nothing but long range guns were to be taken; this left Battery B in camp, as usual; yet two detachments were sent to Battery G, First New York, as that battery was short of men. We marched through Stevensburgh, where we joined our Third Division; then marched to Morton's Ford and went into position. A rebel battery opened on us as soon as our guns appeared on the bluff. They fired a few rounds and then ceased, as they saw that we did not return their fire. Our Third Division was skirmishing all the time. A company of skirmishers of Owen's brigade, under Capt. Robert S. Seabury, charged through the ford and captured the rebel picket posted there. Hays then threw the Third Division across, when our battery opened to cover their crossing. A skirmish line was thrown out under Lieutenant-Colonel Baird of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York, and had a very sharp engagement, driving the enemy back, they being steadily re-enforced all the time. The gallant action of Lieutenant-Colonel Baird and his command was witnessed by General Meade and several other generals. Our side of the river being much the highest our officers had a

commanding view of all that was transpiring on the other side. General Hays was as reckless as ever, exposing himself as he always had been accustomed to do since joining our corps, and as he did while a colonel in the First Division. He was the most fearless man I ever saw. The Third Division continued the fight until dark. Our battery kept on firing for a while, then ceased until General Webb, with our Second Division, relieved the Third, when we opened again, firing in all about fifty rounds to each gun. Col. J. Albert Monroe, our chief of artillery, directed the firing of the artillery. It was a very disagreeable night, as it had rained nearly all day, and the change from warm quarters, for both men and horses, was a very uncomfortable one.

The 7th was wet and disagreeable. It found us in line of battle. Our Second Division having been withdrawn through the night the rebel sharpshooters returned to their rifle-pits and kept up a fire on us at times, all day. The artillery firing was also frequent on different parts along the line. After dark we withdrew and returned to camp about three o'clock. The roads were in a fearful condition in consequence of the rain, and we were glad to turn into our warm quarters again. It is said this move was made to co-operate with the Army of the James, and to hold Lee's army along the Rapidan while General Butler was to make a rapid move on Richmond, but how such a move could have helped him it was difficult to understand. It was a well-known fact that Butler's movement amounted to nothing. If General Butler had made his move and our army had been all thrown across the Rapidan, and made a demonstration as if to advance, the result would have been quite different; but, to only throw two divisions across, and at dark, or a little later withdraw them, resulting only in the killing of ten men and the wounding of sixteen officers and one hundred and ninety-three men, and one officer and forty-one men captured, while the casualties of the enemy were comparatively slight, was something incomprehensible.

The 8th was a very disagreeable day. The drivers were busy all day caring for the horses, as they were in bad condition from their trip to Morton's Ford. Mud itch was also a cause of discomfort to them. The cannoneers were busy filling the chests, to replace what was thrown away on the expedition.

The 9th was fair and quite warm at midday. The men were busily engaged in putting the camp into good condition, and the teams were hauling rations and grain for the battery. I was detailed with the wagons, and, on the road going over to the station, we met Charlie Mowry, of whom I have previously made mention, who deserted from us at Sandy Hook. He, with a gang like himself, was acting as a guerilla against our army. He frequently met our teamsters and endeavored to elicit from them information concerning our battery. He had threatened to shoot me if I meddled with him, and I had sworn to take him if I got half a chance. He came up to the wagon in which I was lying, not knowing I was there. When I arose from the bottom of the wagon he saw me and quickly turned his horse and succeeded in getting away. I had a pistol which belonged to one of our corporals, and I endeavored to bring him down, but the pistol missed fire and he escaped. I resolved after that that I would be fully prepared for him if I should meet him again.

On the 10th the weather was pleasant, and our camp looked bright and cheerful. The cannoneers drilled at the manual of the piece, and the drivers were busy cleaning harnesses and caring for the horses.

On the 11th the weather came out fine. We had mounted drill, and the games began again. General Hays and his wife, with a number of officers and ladies, came into camp and saw us play ball, and were apparently well pleased.

The 12th was a fine day. We had drills and all kinds of games. I was the champion at throwing the shot, and that day threw it nearly five feet farther than ever before. Ser-

geant Greene and Eugene Googins left camp that day for Providence to recruit for our battery.

On the 13th the weather was fine. We drilled for the benefit of a number of officers and their ladies, and played several games.

On the 14th we had mounted inspection, after that a number of our men went visiting the infantry. I went over to Brandy Station to visit the Second Rhode Island Regiment, and met a number of friends I had not seen since we separated in 1861.

On the 15th we had mounted drill, with a large audience of officers and ladies.

The 16th found everyone busily engaged cleaning up for monthly inspection, with Captain Thompson as inspecting officer, who was also acting chief of artillery while Colonel Monroe was absent.

On the 17th the paymaster came into camp and we received two months' pay, which, as usual, gladdened the hearts of our men.

On the 18th we were busy getting ready to be reviewed by General Warren.

On the 19th, despite cloudy weather, the battery turned out in good condition, and was reviewed by General Warren and his staff, and in the presence of a large assemblage of ladies and officers.

On Sunday, the 21st, we had a mounted inspection.

On the 22d we had a battalion drill of the Second Corps artillery, under Captain Thompson. It was a grand affair, and a very opportune way of celebrating Washington's birthday.

The 23d was a beautiful day, and seemed like Spring. The battery was busy getting ready to participate in the grand review of the Second Corps and Kilpatrick's cavalry division. It was held out near Stevensburgh and in the vicinity of Pony Mountain. It was a grand spectacle, and a great many ladies and officers were present as lookers-on.

Among the number were Generals Meade and Warren, and our Rhode Island senator, William Sprague. A grand ball was given at army headquarters, in a large building erected expressly for the occasion.

The 24th was another Spring-like day. Our mounted drill drew out nearly as many officers and ladies as the review of the day before.

The 27th was cloudy and disagreeable. We were ordered to have three days' rations on hand. The Sixth Corps left Brandy Station on that day and marched towards the Rapidan, probably on a similar expedition as ours when we went to Morton's Ford.

On the 29th the weather was warm and cloudy. General Hancock, to our great delight, returned and took command of the troops again, although General Warren had gained the confidence and respect of the officers and men of the corps.

March 1st a heavy rain set in, which prevented any forward movement of our army.

On the 2d a new regiment joined the corps. It was the One Hundred and Eighty-third Pennsylvania, and was assigned to the First Brigade, First Division.

On the 17th we had a monthly inspection by Captain Thompson.

On the 18th a section of each battery of our corps went out on target practice.

On the 22d we were paid off for two months. Quite a heavy snowstorm prevailed on that day.

On the 26th I was detailed to go to the station with the wagons for hay and grain. While there Lieut.-Gen. Ulysses S. Grant arrived by train, which caused considerable excitement and a great rush to see him. He appeared to be rather a plain-looking man, little above medium height, and compact build. After alighting from the train he mounted his horse and rode off with General Meade and his staff. He was the commander of all the armies of the United States,

and had signified his intention of having his headquarters in the field with the Army of the Potomac.

On the 27th we had mounted inspection.

On the 29th another rainstorm set in and lasted until the 31st.

REORGANIZATION.

About this time the whole army was completely reorganized.

I here quote from Walker's *History of the Second Army Corps:*

"A most important period in the history of the Second Corps had now arrived. During the two years that had elapsed since its organization by President Lincoln, in March, 1862, the corps, notwithstanding the rapidity with which one exhaustive campaign succeeded another, each battle finding the wounds of the last still unhealed, and, notwithstanding the enormous sum total of its losses in men, and even more in officers, it had remained essentially a unit, having a strongly marked character of its own with an unbroken continuity of life, as between one of its periods and another, and an almost perfect harmony as between its constituent parts. Its first commander, indeed, the heroic Sumner, had at last suffered the sword to fall from his nerveless grasp; Richardson had fallen mortally wounded at the head of the First Division, and the original commanders of the two remaining divisions, Sedgwick and French, had been called away to command other corps, as also had Howard, one of the original brigade commanders; Zook, Cross, Mallon, and Willard had been killed at the head of brigades; Max Weber, Dana, and Kimball had been wounded never to return. Twelve thousand six hundred men had been killed, wounded, or captured in action during 1862; and, even out of those depleted ranks, seven thousand two hundred had been lost in the battles of 1863. Yet through all this the corps had retained its unity and its characteristic quality. New regiments had, from time to

time, been sent to recruit its ranks; four entire brigades had joined it: Kimball's at Harrison's Landing, Max Weber's and Morris's on the way to Antietam, Hays's on the road to Gettysburg; yet there was still enough remaining of the old body and the old spirit to take up, assimilate, and vitalize the new material.

"Moreover, between the rapid, exhausting marches, and the desperate battles, had been intervals of rest and discipline, in winter and in summer camps, when the shattered regiments regained form and tone; when the new men learned the ways of the old, and caught the spirit of the organization they had entered. The time had now come for a fierce and over-mastering change in the constituents, and, by necessary consequence in some degree, in the character of the Second Corps. Men more than there were remaining in the original regiments were, on a single day, to be merged into the corps, and the new body thus composed was to be thrown into one of the most furious campaigns of human history, the strength of a regiment, the strength of a brigade, to be shot down in a day, with as many more the next; a month to be one continuous battle, only interrupted by long and fatiguing marches; two, or three, or four officers commanding the same regiment or brigade in a single week; and this, with no long, benign intervals for rest, for healing, for discipline, for mutual acquaintance, was to be the experience of the Second Corps in the months immediately following the period that has been reached in our story.

"On the 26th of February, both houses of Congress passed a bill to create the grade of lieutenant-general of the armies of the United States. On the 1st of March the President, by his approval, made the bill a law, and, on the same day, nominated to that high office Maj.-Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, the appointment being on the 2d of March confirmed by the Senate. On the day following, the new lieutenant-general was summoned by telegraph from the West. On the 8th of the month he arrived in Washington; on the 9th was pre-

sented to the President and received his commission; and, on the 10th passed over the Orange and Alexandria Railroad to Brandy Station, where he had a conference with General Meade. General Grant's views requiring a visit to the West, he spent the interval between the 11th and the 23d of March in making that journey and in arranging plans with General Sherman. The days between the 23d and 26th General Grant spent in Washington; and, on the latter day, he established his headquarters at Culpepper, that he might, in the coming great struggle, personally direct the movements of the Army of the Potomac.

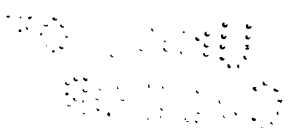
"Meanwhile certain very important changes were effected in the organization of that army. The five corps which had fought together, in victory or defeat, from the Chickahominy to Mine Run, were consolidated into three, involving the discontinuance of two honored, historic names. Whether this consolidation was, in the result, advantageous; whether, for practical or for equitable reasons, the corps to be retained were wisely or rightly selected, we need not here inquire. Suffice it to say that the two corps organizations to be sacrificed, for what was sincerely believed to be the public good, were the First and Third. The First was to be transferred entire to the Fifth, which was thereafter to be commanded by Maj.-Gen. Gouverneur K. Warren. The Third Corps was to be parted, its Third Division, under Brigadier-General Ricketts, was to form a part of the Sixth Corps, to be commanded, as heretofore, by Maj.-Gen. John Sedgwick; its First and Second divisions, rendered illustrious by Kearny and Hooker, were to be transferred to the Second Corps, at the head of which Hancock, returning from his Gettysburg wounds, had again drawn his sword.

"Of the grief and anger of the officers and men of the Third Corps at the dismemberment of that noble body of troops, with which they had been so long connected, and of which they had justly been so proud, it is not meet to speak



FIRST SERGT. WILLIAM D. CHILD.

Enrolled as Private in Battery A; promoted to First Sergeant; transferred to Battery B, and placed in temporary command of combined Batteries A and B for a time after the battle of Reams's Station.



here. The wound has never yet wholly healed in the heart of many a brave and patriotic soldier. Certain it is that since the break must come these old divisions of Kearny and Hooker could not have been sent to any body of troops where their gallantry and discipline would have been more cordially recognized, or where they would have found more hearty comradeship. Hereafter, the names of Birney and Mott, Egan and McAllister, Pierce and Madill, Brewster and De Trobriand, were to be borne on the rolls of the Second Corps, in equal honors with Barlow, Gibbon, Hays, Miles, Carroll, Brooks, Webb, and Smyth. The deeds of these newcomers were to be an indistinguishable part of the common glory; their sufferings and losses were to be felt in every nerve of the common frame; the blood of the men of Hooker and Kearny, the men of Richardson and Sedgwick was to drench the same fields from the Rapidan to the Appomattox.

"By General Orders, No. 77, Series of 1864, Headquarters Second Army Corps, the reorganization of the corps, to meet the requirements of the new situation, was effected. The former three divisions of the original corps were consolidated into two, while the new divisions arriving from the former Third Corps were retained entire, as the Third and Fourth divisions of the Second Corps.

"The following was the composition of the command on the 31st of March, 1864:

"The Corps Major-General Winfield S. Hancock, commanding.

"The Artillery Brigade, Col. J. C. Tidball, commanding: Batteries A and B, Rhode Island; Batteries C and K, Fifth and Fourth United States; Tenth Massachusetts Independent; Battery B, First New Jersey; Battery G, First New York; Twelfth New York Independent; Battery F, First Pennsylvania; First Battalion of the Fourth Regiment, New York Heavy Artillery.

"First Division, Brig.-Gen. Francis C. Barlow, command-

ing: First Brigade, Col. Nelson H. Miles, commanding: Sixty-first New York, Eighty-first, One Hundred and Fortieth, and One Hundred and Eighty-third Pennsylvania, and Twenty-sixth Michigan. Second Brigade, Col. Thomas A. Smyth, commanding: Twenty-eighth Massachusetts; Sixty-third, Sixty-ninth, and Eighty-eighth New York; One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania. Third Brigade, Col. Paul Frank, commanding: Thirty-ninth, Fifty-second, Fifty-seventh, One Hundred and Eleventh, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth, and One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York; detachment of the Seventh New York. Fourth Brigade, Col. John R. Brooke, commanding: Second Delaware; Fifty-third, One Hundred and Forty-fifth, and One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania; Sixty-fourth, and Sixty-sixth New York.

"Second Division, Brig.-Gen. John Gibbon, commanding: First Brigade, Brig.-Gen. Alexander S. Webb, commanding: Nineteenth Maine; Fifteenth, Nineteenth, and Twentieth Massachusetts; Forty-second, Fifty-ninth, and Eighty-second New York; Seventh Michigan. Second Brigade, Brig.-Gen. John T. Owen, commanding: Sixty-ninth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, One Hundred and Sixth, Pennsylvania; One Hundred and Fifty-second New York. Third Brigade, Col. S. S. Carroll, commanding: Fourth and Eighth Ohio, Fourteenth Indiana; Seventh West Virginia; One Hundred and Eighth New York; Tenth (Battalion) New York; First Delaware; Fourteenth Connecticut; Twelfth New Jersey.

"Third Division, Maj.-Gen. David B. Birney, commanding: First Brigade, Brig.-Gen. J. H. Hobart Ward, commanding: Third Maine, Fortieth, Eighty-sixth, and One Hundred and Twenty-fourth New York; Ninety-ninth, One Hundred and Tenth, and One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania; Twentieth Indiana; Second United States Sharpshooters. Second Brigade, Brig.-Gen. Alexander Hays, commanding: Fourth and Seventeenth Maine; Third

and Fifth Michigan; Fifty-seventh, Sixty-third, Sixty-eighth, and One Hundred and Fifth Pennsylvania; First United States Sharpshooters.

"Fourth Division, Brig.-Gen. Joseph B. Carr, commanding. First Brigade, Brig.-Gen. Gershom Mott, commanding: Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, and Eleventh, New Jersey; Twenty-sixth, and One Hundred and Fifteenth, Pennsylvania; First and Sixteenth Massachusetts. Second Brigade, Col. W. R. Brewster, commanding: Seventieth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and One Hundred and Twentieth, New York; Eleventh Massachusetts; Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania.

"Although General Carr was announced as commander of the Fourth Division, he did not serve in that capacity, but was relieved by orders from the headquarters of the armies of the United States, and assigned to another field of duty. General Mott succeeded to the command of the Fourth Division. The aggregate force in the enlarged command was 43,035.

"One notable change in the personnel of the corps takes place at this time; Brig.-Gen. John C. Caldwell retiring permanently therefrom upon the reorganization incident to the assignment of the troops from the Third Corps. General Caldwell had served continuously in the corps since his promotion to the grade of general officer. He had seen much hard and dangerous service; had been more than once wounded at the head of a brigade or division. He was a loyal and patriotic soldier, of more than usual intellectual ability and scholarly accomplishments. A striking feature of the foregoing roster is the number of brigades commanded by officers below the grade of general, being not less than six out of the eleven infantry brigades. When it is considered that this was at the opening of a campaign, and that it was after a most extensive consolidation, which had swollen some of the brigades to seven, eight, and even nine regiments, the inadequacy of the number of general officers allowed the army will be seen."

It rained throughout the days of April 1st and 2d, and nothing of interest occurred in camp.

On the 3d we received ammunition from Thompson's battery, and on the 4th that battery went to Washington.

The 5th and 6th it rained steadily, the roads were impassable, and there was nothing unusual transpired in camp.

On the 11th we had mounted inspection under our new chief of artillery, Colonel Tidball, of the Fourth New York Heavy Artillery.

On the 12th the weather was cloudy and disagreeable. William H. Taylor and Eugene Googins returned from leave of absence. One of our old corporals, T. Fred Brown, was promoted to captain of Battery B, and took command that day. That battery gave him a sword. Colonel Tompkins and Lieutenant-Colonel Monroe were present on that occasion.

On the 17th Lieut. Samuel G. Colwell left the battery, having resigned on account of disability.

On the 19th we had target practice with the artillery.

On the 20th the artillery of the Second Corps was reviewed by General Hancock. There were present one heavy and nine light batteries belonging to the corps.

On April 22d the several divisions of our newly organized corps came together for the first time, when it was reviewed by Lieutenant-General Grant. General Morgan, in speaking of this review, says: "The day was the first bright, sunny one after many days of storm; the ground, so admirably adapted, that from the position of the reviewing officer the eye could take in the whole corps without effort, and the brilliant assemblage of spectators, combined to make this the finest corps review I have ever seen in the army."

Gen. Francis A. Walker says:

"The troops were arranged in four lines directly in front of the 'stand' of the reviewing officer, the divisions being placed in their numerical order: The First, Barlow; the

second, Gibbon; the third, Birney; the fourth, Mott. The artillery was formed on the right flank of, and perpendicular to, the infantry, so that the two arms of the service formed two sides of a square. Among the spectators were Generals Meade, Humphreys, Williams, Hunt, and others, from army headquarters, and Generals Sedgwick and Warren, commanding respectively the Sixth and Fifth corps.

"Besides the departmental staff officers, the corps headquarters staff embraced Maj. William G. Mitchell, Capt. J. B. Parker and William D. W. Miller, aides-de-camp; Capt. Edward B. Brownson, commissary of musters; Capt. H. H. Bingham, judge advocate; Capt. Charles McEntee, assistant quartermaster (assistant to Colonel Batchelder); Capt. John G. Pelton, Fourteenth Connecticut, chief of ambulances; Maj. S. O. Bull, Fifty-third Pennsylvania, provost-marshal; Maj. A. W. Angell, Fifth New Jersey, topographical offcer; Maj. W. H. Houghton, Fourteenth Indiana, acting assistant inspector-general; Captain W. P. Wilson, One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, and Captain W. R. Driver, Nineteenth Massachusetts, acting assistant adjutant-generals; Captain Thickston and Lieutenant Neil, signal officers.

"By the close of April the command had been swollen, by recruiting, to an aggregate of 46,363. The number present for duty was 28,854, or 62.23 per cent. of the aggregate."

The weather continued fine until Sunday, the 24th. On that day we had mounted inspection.

On the 27th we moved from our winter quarters to the vicinity of Stevensburgh. Sergt. Steplien M. Greene returned from recruiting in Rhode Island.

On the 28th we were busy fixing up our new camp.

On the 29th we broke camp and moved near the infantry at Cole's Hill.

On the 30th we were mustered for two months' pay. Rumors of contemplated movements were rife, and troops were being put into position to start with their different com-

mands at a moment's notice. We were assigned to the First Division, under General Barlow.

Sunday, May 1st, was pleasant and warm. We had mounted inspection. A great many of the infantry visited our camp. They were mostly from the old Third Corps, who had recently joined us. We had two divisions who wore the red diamond on their caps.

The weather on the 2d was warm and pleasant. Burnside, with his Ninth Corps, was reported at Warrenton, having just returned from the southwest.

CHAPTER XVIII

Wilderness Campaign.

On the 3d of May we were routed out early and kept busy all day. The whole army appeared to be on the move, and we were curious to ascertain what kind of game Lee would now endeavor to play on Grant. We were decidedly of the opinion that Lee had at last found an antagonist whom he would have some difficulty in coping.

About eight P. M. we broke camp at Stevensburgh with our First Division and marched all night, arriving at Ely's Ford about six o'clock Wednesday morning. The corps all crossed before eleven o'clock, and the head of our column reached Chancellorsville about ten A. M. General Badeau, in his *Life of Grant*, has stated that general's plan of campaign in terms which doubtless must be accepted as official and conclusive. The general declares that it was not the purpose of the commander-in-chief to move on Gordonsville or to reach any position by evading Lee's army or stealing a march upon it; that his sole objective was that army itself; and that his only preference as between positions was, first, for that position which would most surely constrain the Confederates to give battle; secondly, for that position which should afford his own army the highest degree of advantage which might be compatible with giving the Confederates no chance to escape or delay a battle. These being his objects, General Grant decided not to attack Lee's army in front, either along the Rapidan or along Mine Run, but by a rapid march to gain a position on Lee's right, threatening his communications with Richmond, which should compel him to come out and give battle. As

General Grant had to consider the possibility of offensive action on Lee's part, it would be necessary, for a time, that he should hold a line extending from a point so taken northward to the vicinity of the Rapidan. So soon as he should be prepared to take Fredericksburg as a base of supplies, and so soon as he should have swung the vast body of his trains around into his rear upon the new lines he would then be able to shorten his own front. In pursuance of this plan Sedgwick's consolidated Sixth Corps was to cross the Rapidan at Germania Ford and hold the ground immediately on the south, to prevent an offensive movement by Lee to cut our army off from the river. Warren was to cross his consolidated Fifth Corps at Germania Ford and go by way of the Orange Plank road; while Hancock was to cross the river at Ely's Ford, and, after passing Chancellorsville, join Warren on the left to threaten Lee's communications. Burnside, with the Ninth Corps, about fifteen thousand strong, not then considered part of the Army of the Potomac, should advance from Warrenton as soon as our army's crossing should be accomplished.

We arrived at Chancellorsville about noon of the 4th, and went into park, our division forming line of battle across the Fredericksburg road. Here we saw a sickening sight. The charred bones of men who had been killed and died of their wounds in the memorable battle of Chancellorsville, of one year ago, were lying about in every conceivable position.

On the morning of the 5th we marched at seven o'clock, on the road to Todd's Tavern, where we arrived about nine, and, after passing about one mile beyond it, halted. At eleven o'clock we countermarched, taking the Brock road to the Orange Plank road, where we formed in line of battle. This was the move and the position the corps was in when it was reported through the army that our corps had been cut off. Our division was on the extreme left, and was ordered on to rising clear ground, the only open ground that



LIEUT. JAMES P. RHODES.

Enrolled as Private Battery A; promoted Farrier; promoted Second Lieutenant Battery A.

could be seen in that section of the wilderness. All the artillery of the Second Corps was put into position here, except Dow's Sixth Maine, and one section of Rickett's Pennsylvania, which was engaged on the Plank road, and which had been put in position by General Getty of the Sixth Corps, with whom our corps was now forming a junction at the Brock and Plank roads. It is claimed, and seems to be a point well taken, that if General Hancock, instead of countermarching at Todd's Tavern, had pushed on he would have struck Lee in the rear, which, according to Walker's statement, would have put Lee in a very bad position, and the battle of the Wilderness would have been a grand victory for the Union army, with a great saving of life. This argument was held by officers who had been through that section on two or three occasions, and had failed and had repeatedly been driven back with heavy losses. Had General Grant undertaken what those officers thought would have been the proper course, he, too, might have been obliged to have fallen back. As it was, he kept on.

Our battery took position near a house, and began immediately to throw up an earthwork around each gun, the infantry on our left doing the same. The fighting, which was mostly on our right, was very sharp, and in brush so thick that our men could not get through it, and officers could not keep track of their men. There seemed to be no line of battle, and the fighting was on the order of bushwhackers in large force. There was no aggressive movement on our left, except slight demonstrations by cavalry, supported by infantry. During the evening our battery was withdrawn when we went into park for the night. Our beloved general, Alexander Hays, one of the bravest and truest men in our army, was killed that day (May 5th) at the head of his old regiment, of which he had formerly been the colonel. It was a sad blow to his soldiers and a great loss to our army. Our losses throughout the day were reported heavy in killed, wounded, and missing, including two guns. At

four o'clock General Getty received orders from General Meade to move forward down the Plank road toward Parker's store, through a dense thicket, where he encountered Hill's troops, and a fierce combat took place, which caused General Hancock (although not prepared, owing to the narrowness of the road to get his troops over) to throw Birney's and Mott's divisions forward on Getty's right and left, with a section of Rickett's battery on the Plank road moving forward with the troops. As the line of fire became longer it became evident that the advance had been too hasty, as it was impossible to bring up troops with sufficient rapidity to meet the demands from the leading troops for re-enforcements, and one of the fiercest battles of history had begun. Both armies were entering into the first action of the opening campaign with dogged pertinacity. Owen's brigade of Gibbon's division, was thrown in on either side of the Plank road, to support Getty; then Smyth's and Brooke's brigades from Barlow's division went in on our extreme left, and drove Hill back a considerable distance; on his right, Carroll's brigade was sent up the Plank road in support of troops on either side, which had been repulsed and forced back, leaving behind Rickett's two guns. But before the enemy could secure the coveted trophies, detachments from the Fourteenth Indiana and Eighth Ohio succeeded in retaking the guns and hauling them down the road. Darkness put an end to the fighting, with very little advantage gained on the Union side, yet Hill's corps had been driven some distance back, and had been considerably broken and put to flight; and, according to the judgment of some of our generals, Humphreys more especially, did not hesitate to declare that, in his opinion, if there had been one hour more of daylight Hill would have been driven from the field, as he was both outnumbered and outfought; but, owing to the long detour of the Second Corps, it prevented a complete success. General Grant could not have expected an attack at that time or place, or he would not

have sent the Second Corps towards Shady Grove Church. Calling back the Second Corps he had endeavored to outflank and defeat Hill, but had underrated the valor of the Army of Northern Virginia. He found them in the kind of country in which they had been reared, and a country with which its generals had been perfectly familiar by long occupation, and parts of which they had fought over on a number of occasions. Upon the right of our army, the Fifth and Sixth corps had met with varying fortune in their encounters with Ewell, but with no serious reverses, although obliged to relinquish much of the ground they had at first gained.

On Friday, May 6th, our battery returned to its position about three A. M., and, about five o'clock, firing began on the right and soon ran down the whole line, and was something terrific. The fighting was all in dense woods, where our men could not see the enemy a distance of fifty yards. Artillery could not be used in our vicinity, but on the right of our line there was considerable cannonading. Our right section, under Lieutenant Hunt, was sent to the rear to guard a road against rebel cavalry. The Tenth Massachusetts Battery had quite a sharp engagement on our left with a battery that opened on them but soon retired. General Hancock, who was in command of the left wing of our army, made a determined assault and drove the enemy pell-mell nearly two miles, and it began to look like a grand smash of the rebel army, until General Gibbon took a division out leaving a big gap, which the enemy took advantage of, and General Burnside, unfortunately, when he was expected to attack in little over an hour, was over four, which delay had caused Hancock to fall back; also Gibbon's blunder with Barlow's division, the largest in our corps, which he failed to throw in as ordered by General Hancock; and, for which he never acknowledged his error, but persistently declared that he did not receive such instructions. After Hancock had been driven back to the Brock road, Burnside made

his attack, which was too late. The crisis was now fast approaching, as the enemy had discovered the gap in our line where Barlow's division should have been, and four brigades, from different divisions of Field, Anderson, Kershaw and Heth, were sent around Birney's flank. The enemy moved by the right to the bed of the unfinished railroad and there formed, facing to the north, for the decisive charge. At a little after eleven o'clock they made one of those characteristic rebel flank attacks, striking Frank's brigade on end and hurling it back in disorder. They soon overlapped and crushed McAllister's brigade of Mott's division, and also drove them back. Encouraged now by these successes against our flank, the remainder of those divisions threw themselves against the front of Hancock's corps, and, after a desperate struggle, our troops began to give way. Perceiving the hopelessness of any attempt to repair the disaster on his left, Hancock made the utmost exertion to hold the advanced position he had occupied to the north of the Plank road. But, as I have said, he, on Birney's representations, reluctantly gave orders to withdraw the troops to the Brock road. It was now past twelve o'clock, and the question was, would the enemy, relying on the success of this encounter, take the initiative and attack our troops along the Brock road. Had they done so at once the result would have been different. We had, in perfect form, three brigades of Barlow's division, Leasure's brigade of Stevenson's division of the Ninth Corps, and a brigade of Getty's division of the Sixth Corps, none of which had been engaged. All the men remaining belonged to brigades which had been in the desperate fighting of the morning, and had been dragged hither and thither, right and left, through the thickets until they had been greatly scattered.

On the right of the Plank road, where the troops came back under orders, the regiments were generally entire, though greatly depleted by losses and straggling; but on the left of the Plank road many regiments were to be found

in companies or squads. Thousands had fallen in the fight and were still lying in the woods, which, to intensify the confusion and horror, had taken fire in many places in front of the Brock road. The men who were formed in trenches along the Brock road, were as good men as ever fired a shot in battle, but were now badly disorganized. They were, in general, not demoralized. The dispersion of regiments had, in the main, been the result purely of the natural obstructions and of rapid and bewildering movements in the gloom of the forest. Had the enemy delayed an hour or two to get his commands together out in the sunlight along the open road, he would have found his old antagonists on hand to receive him with right good will. And by great good luck this respite was given. Longstreet, in an unlucky moment, after throwing back the Second Corps and its supporting divisions, by his famous flank movement, received a volley while riding down the front of the brigades that had made this decisive movement, which severely wounded him and killed General Jenkins. Such an accident, occurring at such a time, was fraught with momentous consequences. The command of Longstreet's corps devolved upon Gen. R. H. Anderson, and General Lee, arriving on the ground, postponed the attack.

By three o'clock Hancock had his troops ready to meet the enemy. General Grant, however, was not disposed to be content with a defensive position, and orders were received from general headquarters to prepare for an attack all along the line at six o'clock. That order was destined to be anticipated by the enemy's initiative, for, at 4.30 P. M. our skirmishers were driven in, and the Confederates advanced against the entrenchments on the Brock road. The attack was a real one, but was not made with great spirit; the enemy's forces advanced to within one hundred yards of the Union line, and, halting, opened fire, to which our troops replied with spirit, but kept too much down behind the log breastworks, thus discharging their guns in the air.

The breastworks had now taken fire at a number of places from dry leaves and twigs, resulting from the discharge of musketry. The heat, at times, became intense, and the smoke, blown backward over the entrenchments, not only concealed the enemy from view, but blinded and stifled our men. At last, in the most unexpected and unnecessary form, came a break in our line. Just at the junction of the Brock and Plank roads some of Mott's troops in the second line gave way without the slightest cause other than excitement and the strain and the labors and losses of the morning, and a portion of Gen. J. H. Hobart Ward's brigade, of Birney's division, rushed pell-mell to the rear, their commander jumping upon a caisson, which was driven rapidly off. These were the new troops that had joined us from the Third Corps, and whom we called ever after that, the "Flying Diamonds," as they continued to wear the diamond badge upon their caps. Following up the advantage they had gained, Jenkins's (Confederate) brigade, now commanded by Colonel Bratton, dashed forward through the smoke, and mounted their breastworks on the left of the Plank road, and planted their colors there. It was a critical moment, rather from the generally strained and tired condition of our troops, than from the actual number of the enemy who had thus gained entrance; but, startling as was the exigency, it was met as promptly. Carroll's brigade (himself wounded, with his arm in a sling) at this moment lay in reserve on the right of the Plank road. The time had come for him to do the same feat of arms which he had performed on the night of July 2d at Gettysburg. Putting his brigade into motion, himself, with his bandaged arm, he, at the head of the column, dashed on the run across the road, and then coming to a front, charged forward, encountering the exultant Confederates in the very moment of their triumph, and hurled them headforemost over the entrenchments. In an instant the danger had arisen and had disappeared. The enemy fell back into the woods, and

the firing shortly after died down along the left of the line. It does not belong to the scope of a private soldier's diary to tell of the severe fighting that occurred that morning on the front of Sedgwick and Warren, who loyally carried out their assigned tasks of keeping Ewell occupied, or of that startling event of the early evening, when Gordon's and Johnson's brigades, getting on the flank of the Sixth Corps with Pegram attacking in front, rolled up the brigades of Shaler and Seymour, capturing large numbers of prisoners, including both of those general officers. Such, in brief, was the part taken by the Second Corps in the sanguinary battle of the Wilderness.

The corps was sent beyond Todd's Tavern, on the morning of May 5th, and had been ordered to countermarch and move by the way of the Brock road to the Orange Plank road, to resist the attempt of Hill's two divisions to penetrate between the columns of Hancock and Warren. On its arrival it had found Getty confronting large odds, and, as soon as its two leading divisions could be brought up, it went into action, driving the enemy before it, but was deprived, by the coming on of night, of the opportunity to achieve a complete success, Hill having, as it proved, no support that could have been brought up for many hours to come. In this position the Second Corps found itself on the evening of the 6th, after having already been the participant in that two days' mighty struggle. The corps passed the night in the position it had occupied twenty-four hours before.

Two recruits for our battery, Joseph Hoyle and Charles A. Lawrence, joined us May 3d, the same day as we were about to proceed on our march for the Wilderness. Our battery was not actively engaged at that battle, and as our two recruits had never seen any fighting, they started on their own account to view the battle from near the front line. Unfortunately for them they paid dearly for their temerity for both were wounded. Hoyle being wounded in

the foot, while Lawrence was wounded so badly that he never returned to the battery, and it is supposed that he was burned while lying in the woods which were on fire during that awful battle.

The losses sustained by the Army of the Potomac and of Burnside's Ninth Corps (which until the 29th of May was not formally considered as a part of that army) were 2,265 killed, 10,220 wounded, and 2,902 missing; total, 15,387. Many of the missing were doubtless killed or wounded in the thickets unobserved by their comrades. The losses of the Second Corps were: Killed: 699; wounded, 3,877; missing, 516; total, 5,092.

On the 7th, after sleeping near the guns in the earthworks, we began to strengthen them at daylight, and, after a hasty breakfast, we awaited the oncoming contest which we all expected, but which did not take place, as there was very little fighting that day by the infantry, although there was some sharp fighting on the part of the cavalry near Todd's Tavern. The woods were still on fire, and it was reported that a large number of our wounded had perished in them. By the prisoners brought in the report was confirmed that General Longstreet was wounded, and General Jenkins killed by their own men.

Viewed in the light of General Grant's professed policy of reducing his army by continuous "hammering" or "attrition," the battle of the Wilderness was the most successful, always excepting the glorious but terrible 12th of May, of all the actions of that year.

On Sunday, the 8th of May, the weather was hot and dry, the woods still burning furiously, and, by all reports, the dead and wounded had been burned in great numbers. The army's base of supplies had been changed from Brandy Station and Culpepper to Fredericksburg. Our wounded that had been rescued were sent there as quickly as possible; the roads were filled with wagons and ambulances, all moving in that direction. No one who has ever seen an army



SERGT. AMOS M. C. OLNEY.

Enrolled as private in Battery A; promoted Corporal; Sergeant; re-enlisted as a veteran volunteer and served throughout the war.

change its base has any conception of the vastness and complexity of such a movement. The battle of the Wilderness, the first of the campaign of 1864, was over. Lee had no disposition to renew the fighting which he had brought on to gain time to bring up Longstreet's corps. After his unfortunate attempt at Gettysburg Lee was very unlikely to attack the Army of the Potomac on a third day. General Grant appeared in nowise daunted by the bitter fighting of the 5th and 6th, and, in the early morning of the 7th, General Birney was ordered to make a reconnoissance in force down the Plank road, to develop the position of the enemy, who were found to be so far retired from our front as to cause General Grant to decide not to make a further effort in that direction, but throw his whole army to the left, with the view to get between Lee and Richmond, or place himself in a position so threatening as to compel Lee's attack. There was an additional reason for this movement at this time, namely, that General Butler's Army of the James had reached City Point from the south, and General Grant's ultimate plan of action involved the union of the two armies. In the execution of this purpose, the cavalry was to hold the roads crossing the Po River, by which the enemy would have their most direct route from the Wilderness down to Spottsylvania Court House, the point selected by Grant as his immediate objective. The Fifth Corps was to take the lead, and it was expected by a rapid march down the Brock road and under cover of the cavalry, to occupy Spottslyvania, and to be re-enforced by the Sixth Corps coming up on the left by an interior road to the Brock road, and subsequently the Ninth Corps coming up on the left of the Sixth. As soon as the Fifth Corps should pass, leaving the Brock road for Hancock, the Second Corps, which was now the left of the army, should move to Todd's Tavern, about halfway to Spottsylvania, becoming thus the right of the army; and would hold the Catharpin road, which, running east and west, crossed nearly at right angles the north and south

roads which the army was to occupy in the turning movement thus initiated. The trains were to move at three P. M. of the 7th. Warren was not to set out until dark. The attempt to seize Spottsylvania failed through some of those unforeseen circumstances which so frequently happen in war. General Lee had been informed what the Union commander contemplated doing, and he therefore ordered Longstreet's corps, now under Anderson, to move on the morning of the 8th to Spottsylvania. Anderson, however, was so far influenced by the fact that the woods in which his corps lay were still burning, that he determined to set out on the evening of the 7th and make a night march of it, a distance of about fifteen miles. By this movement it came about that when the head of Warren's column, having been delayed by Fitz Hugh Lee's cavalry on the Brock road, arrived at Spottsylvania, instead of finding, as he expected, nothing but cavalry to contend with, found Anderson's corps already in position. Here was a general who had, without orders, marched all night, and by so doing saved Lee's whole army from being cut off. We are not in position to know what would have happened to him had the position he left without orders been attacked, but, as it was, it turned out to be a fortunate movement for General Lee. Anderson, not having any instructions or information from Lee, who had not contemplated any attempt by the Union forces to seize Spottsylvania, but finding Stuart heavily engaged with infantry, he at once set to work constructing breastworks. Warren, coming up with the head of his column, not being aware or making any investigation as to the general movement of the army, and believing that only cavalry was in his front, began an attack without any preparations. Griffin's and Robinson's divisions were thrown in and were repulsed with heavy loss, General Robinson falling, severely wounded. This check caused Warren to bring up his remaining divisions, and hard fighting ensued, with varying success, but with the general result that

the Fifth Corps was drawn close in front of Anderson's breastworks, where Warren determined to await the arrival of Sedgwick.

It appeared to me as though he should not have made the attack until Sedgwick had come up, which would have made a great difference to the success of our army. It looked as if he had been too fast as at Mine Run in November. It was not until late in the afternoon that the attack was made by Sedgwick and Warren.

General Walker says: "But whatever might or might not have been done on the late afternoon of the 8th of May, Anderson's line was not carried before night, and already other Confederate columns were pressing to his support. Meanwhile, Hancock was, during the whole day of the 8th, performing the part assigned him at Todd's Tavern of holding the Catharpin road against any attempt of the enemy of cutting the north and south roads by which Grant's troops and trains were moving. That attempt was very near to being made, for General Lee, full of his thought that Grant was moving on Fredericksburg, had ordered Early, in temporary command of Hill's corps, to move by Todd's Tavern to Spottsylvania Court House, as a part of his own general plan to push his army rapidly southward to interpose between Fredericksburg and Richmond. Whether General Lee, had he known that the Army of the Potomac was moving on Spottsylvania, would have chosen to assail it by attack on the Catharpin road, we cannot know; certain it is that Early, arriving in front of Hancock's position, interpreted his orders to mean essentially that he was to go to Spottsylvania, and not that he was to fight a battle at Todd's Tavern; and so, his designated route being barred against him by a force which would, at least, have exacted a hard fight and a long delay before letting him pass, Early made no serious attempt to break through here."

Our (Second) corps had arrived later than was antici-

pated, owing to the occupation of the Brock road by the Fifth Corps, and our leading brigade not being able to move out of its entrenchments until daylight, at which time it had been assumed in the general plan that the corps would be at the Tavern. Nothing occurred, however, to make the delay important. On our arrival at the Catharpin road, Miles, with his brigade and with a brigade of Gregg's cavalry and a battery, was sent forward on the road nearly to Corbin's Bridge, where it remained until late in the afternoon. About 5.30 P. M., while Miles was retiring under orders, he encountered the division of Mahone moving under the instructions of General Lee, which we have already mentioned. The collision was sharp; but Miles, twice facing about, beat back the enemy advancing upon him. Smyth's brigade was advanced to Miles's support. Expectation of battle was now at its height, as it was not doubted that the Confederates were attempting to "counter" upon General Meade, answering his advance upon Spottsylvania by a movement upon his right and rear. Inasmuch as Gibbon's division had been called for at 1.30 P. M. to move down toward Warren, to support the Fifth Corps, if required, Burton's brigade of heavy artillery was sent up by General Meade at 6.30 to re-enforce Hancock, in view of the anticipated attack. A reconnoissance was made out on the Brock road in consequence of a report, which proved to be unfounded, that the enemy were advancing from that direction. And so the Second Corps stood to arms all the afternoon and into the early evening, believing that another of its great days of battle had come, and that it was to be called upon to resist a supreme effort of the Confederate general, who had shown such capacity for the dangerous initiative, to break through into Meade's right rear and to turn the whole course of the campaign. But the sun went down, and darkness came on, and the anticipated battle of Todd's Tavern was never fought.

During the afternoon General Grant passed by us, and

was well received by the troops. It was not known how many men had fallen in the skirmishing of that day, and in Miles's brush with Mahone; but among the killed were Captains William A. Collins and Thomas G. Morrison, of the Sixty-first New York, and Lieut. Perrin C. Judkins, of the First United States Sharpshooters. The latter officer was serving on the staff of the Second Brigade of the Third Division.

During the night of the 8th and 9th of May, the sounds reported from the picket line intimated a concentration of troops in our front, and, when morning came, there were indications of an advance by the enemy upon Birney's front along the Catharpin road. This caused Gibbon's division to be drawn in somewhat, perhaps a mile from its advanced position, toward Spottsylvania, so that it made connection with Birney, and the brigade of heavy artillery was again called up, but no attack was made. While lying in suspense, momentarily expecting the fight to start, the saddest of all sad intelligence came to us that our old beloved commander, General Sedgwick, had been killed while looking over a part of his line of battle to place artillery. Although he had been for some time the commander of the Sixth Corps, yet our Second Division felt its loss keenly, as he had endeared himself to us by close association on many battlefields and fatiguing marches.

On the 9th we held our position until after nine o'clock, when we marched down the Brock road beyond the position held by Gibbon the day before, and three divisions of the Second Corps went into line of battle on high open ground overlooking the valley of the Po River. Our battery went into breastworks which had been thrown up by the infantry but, although we were in a favorable position, no engagement took place there. About noon we received orders to move, and took a new position on a bluff overlooking the Po River, where an excellent view was obtained of the enemy's wagon trains, within easy shelling distance of us.

Shortly after arriving there, Generals Grant and Meade, with their staffs, came up and dismounted near our position. General Hancock also joined them. After quite a long consultation they decided to try a few shots on the wagon train, which we could see across the river. The right section of our battery, under Lieutenant Hunt, was chosen to go into position and open fire, and a section of Battery B went with it. As usual, our gunners used good judgment, and landed their very first shots in the midst of the enemy, who broke in great confusion and fled in all directions. A battery on the enemy's side was put into position and opened upon our two sections, one or two of their shots taking effect, killing two men of Battery B, and severely wounding in the face Walter Arnold, one of our lead drivers. Here was another illustration of the good fortune of Battery A. It always seemed to me as if we were protected by some indefinable providence, or there would have been none of the battery left to tell of their experiences, or how they had escaped from the many dangers, seen and unseen, to which they had been exposed. After shelling the train it was decided by our generals to throw a division across the river, and General Hancock had two bridges of green timber made, and General Barlow took over with him part of the new troops from the Third Corps which we had termed the "Flying Diamonds," and who fully sustained their previous reputation on that occasion. The intention of our generals was to capture the train, but some writers think a grave mistake was made by shelling it, as it enabled Lee to concentrate his troops at that point, and allowed the train to make its escape, and the troops which had been thrown across the river came near being captured. It was now decided that three divisions instead of one should be thrown across, with a view of gaining the rear of Lee's troops at Spottsylvania. Our First Division crossed with great difficulty, owing to the steepness of the banks, and densely wooded portion where Brooke's brigade went over.

Birney soon crossed above, and Gibbon below. By this time there was something more than a wagon train to deal with (the train being then safe within the enemy's lines), a large rebel force having been sent to that point for our troops to contend against. It was nearly dark when the last divisions were well across. Birney had to drive the enemy's cavalry and a section of artillery from a mill race at the point where he was to cross. General Hancock found it impossible to advance, as he desired, to the bridge on the Shady Grove and Block House road which led directly into Lee's rear, owing to the lateness of our getting across, and the density of the woods. By dark he was only able to get his skirmishers up to the bridge; and here between Glady Run and Po River we rested for the night, while our engineers were actively building bridges through the night at three different points, and by morning our communications were established.

Tuesday morning of May 10th found three divisions of the Second Corps across the Po, threatening Lee's left flank, with (our) Barlow's division in advance on the Block house and Shady Grove Church road facing east, just where the road crossed the river to run into the enemy's rear. It was another one of those hot, dry, mornings, and, at daylight, a reconnoissance was made in force to ascertain the feasibility of carrying the bridge by assault. The enemy was found in force and well entrenched in a position which commanded the bridge and its approaches, and the stream was found to be too deep for fording. During this skirmish near the bridge our battery changed position, the right section going to the left and had a very sharp engagement; and at one time came near being captured, as the enemy had outflanked us; but by a quick movement of Brooke we were relieved and succeeded in extricating ourselves from that grave predicament. It was now decided by our generals to try and turn the position, and Brooke's brigade was sent along the river, while General Birney was directed to

push a brigade out on the Andrews Tavern road to cover the movement. Brooke succeeded in crossing the river halfway between the bridge and the mouth of Glady Run, throwing out a detachment under Lieut.-Col. John S. Hammill, of the Sixty-sixth New York, who pushed the enemy with determination until he succeeded in driving them back into their works, when their real line was discovered. Preparations were now made to follow up Brooke's success by throwing across a sufficient force to take in flank and rear the force holding the bridge-head, and to cross with the remaining troops and continue his turning movement. But at this moment everything seemed to be at a standstill, and, to our surprise, Gibbon's and Birney's divisions were marched away, which left our (Barlow's) division in an exposed and isolated position. While Birney's skirmish line was being drawn in they were attacked by Heth's skirmishers, who had crossed the Po near the mouth of Glady Run, and had also attacked the skirmishers of Barlow. We learned afterwards that General Meade had withdrawn Hancock with two of his divisions to join the Fifth Corps near the Union centre, as an attack was to be made at five P. M. at or near Alsop's; but on General Grant's hearing of the condition of Barlow's division, which had been left across the Po, he directed Hancock to return with all haste. When that general came upon the field from the centre he found his First Division sharply engaged with the skirmishers of Heth. It was an inspiring sight to watch our skirmishers advancing towards the enemy, taking advantage of every tree, stump, or place of shelter, as they advanced. On that occasion our skirmishers were plainly to be seen, and were well handled by their officers; and it must also be said that the enemy exhibited good judgment as well, and kept their men close in hand. About two o'clock the order to withdraw Barlow came. This placed Barlow in a trying situation, being pressed hard in front with heavy woods and a river in his rear. He was very loth to abandon his



SERGT. STEPHEN M. GREENE.

Enrolled as Private; promoted Corporal; Sergeant. On recruiting service in Rhode Island for a time; mustered out June 6, 1864.

position, having the strongest division in the army, and, upon such a field, he felt certain of success if allowed to advance instead of retreat; but orders must be obeyed, and soon the retrograde movement began. Generals Hancock and Barlow, with their staffs, were doing all that lay in their power. Brooke's and Brown's brigades, with (our) Arnold's battery, which formed the front line, were now ordered to fall back. Our left section was sent to the right near some heavy pine woods, all the other batteries having been sent across the river. The fighting now became close and bloody. We were outnumbered nearly two to one, and, finding us on the retreat, and encouraged by it, the enemy determined to crush us then and there. Pushing forward with loud yells, they forced their way up to our line, delivering a deadly fire as they advanced. Our position with the two guns of the left section was near to and facing the Shady Grove road, and, for half an hour, guns were never used to better advantage. Our position was a critical one, with an open field in front and heavy woods in our rear and with no road to get out by. Our troops had now gone, and it is said we were left with that section to cover the troops while falling back. This, to me, always seemed very singular for one section of a battery to cover the retreat of a division without an infantryman in sight. Captain Arnold and Lieutenant Blake remained with the section, and when our position became untenable we were ordered to load the guns and lie down, which was done, the horses being turned around and the limber backed up near the guns until the enemy should get very near, who at that time were massing ready to charge with a battery which was firing canister part of the time. This, to me, seemed the most trying situation in which I had ever been placed. Our men were lying close until the order to fire was given, when both guns, loaded with canister, caused such havoc among the enemy, that they became panic-stricken, and two of their guns which were very near us were put out of service. Our

troops had gone, part of them being the so-called "Flying Diamonds," who had broke and left their comrades to the mercy of the rebels. Our guns were now loaded with canister and fired as fast as men could work until General Barlow came in person and said to our captain, "Why don't you get out of here?" When told we had received no orders to get out he said, "I have sent three men to you, to tell you to get out." This was doubtless true, but not one of those men had reached us. The guns were limbered as quickly as possible, and, by a road which had been cut for us, we started; but, before we had gone far, found that the enemy held the other end of it, and our only chance was to take to the woods, which was done. The writer was driving the wheel horses of the sixth gun and was leading the way out. Once we got hung between two trees, but I soon cut them away with the axe which was always carried on the limber-chest, and I kept on. The captain and lieutenant, with a sergeant and both detachments, stayed with the fifth gun, which had got hung between two trees, and they could not get it free, so the horses were cut from it and it was left to the enemy, making six guns our battery had lost in three years, and the first gun ever lost by the Second Corps. Sergt. Augustus S. Towle stayed with me, and I had two drivers who were attached from the infantry to drive my lead and swing horses. After working our way through the woods for half a mile we came to a very steep hill; bullets were coming, it seemed to me, faster than I had ever heard them before. As soon as possible I dismounted and locked both wheels, then mounted and started down. It was impossible for the horses to hold the gun with both wheels locked, but coming to an old tree that had fallen across our path it broke the force of the gun enough to give the horses a new hold, and we succeeded in getting down all right; but now how were we to get out? After resting the horses a few minutes we started up a single path, and, on reaching the top, came in front of a line of battle advanc-

ing on the woods. It was now open ground along the hillside, but very rough, which made it bad for us. Yet it was our only hope and we used whip and spur to the horses, and, by a miracle, got away; yet every man in that line of battle shot at us. There was a perfect sheet of lead passing over our heads. On our arrival at the bridge, the engineers were cutting it away as fast as they could, and not one of them believed it would hold sufficiently to enable us to cross over, and said we would go down if we should attempt it. The sergeant went first, then we drove on with the gun. It went into the water so that one of our wheels was nearly to the hubs, but did not give way, and we pulled out safely; the bridge being made of green timber it was very tough, which saved us from going down.[1] I am positive I never saw one of our infantrymen for a half-hour or more before we left the position; and do not think I ever saw the rebels as dull as they were on that occasion, or they surely would have captured us; although by putting canister to them as we did they thought we had an infantry support. Captain Arnold, while trying to save the fifth piece, received a bullet through his hat.

After getting safely across the bridge we were ordered into position with the remainder of the battery on the bluff, where they were shelling across the river. It was astonishing to me, as there were no cannoneers to work our gun, and the sponge staff and bucket had been torn off in getting through the woods, why we were compelled to stay there

[1] It was the third gun I had saved or assisted in saving during my three years' service. The so-called Bull Run gun, which I was instrumental in saving at the Bull Run battle, and which has already been referred to, was presented by vote of the General Assembly of Rhode Island to Governor Sprague, in recognition of his services on that memorable 21st day of July, 1861. It was placed by the direction of the recipient in the keeping of the Providence Marine Corps of Artillery on Benefit Street in that city. Of the Bristoe Station gun, I have never been cognizant of anything appearing in any official reports or papers in relation to the part I took in saving it. In regard to the Po River gun there never was any dispute among the men of our battery, but that for my own personal exertions the gun would never have been saved. I cut down the trees that blocked the wheels, and handled my horses so that they were able to take the gun out.

under fire, horses and all, and not able to be of any service whatever. Our battery, with all the Second Corps artillery, kept up a hot fire until dark, setting fire to some buildings which were occupied by sharpshooters. Along towards sunset we blew up a caisson for the enemy, who were coming into position, which effectually checked their advance upon our lines. Our losses while across the river were one man wounded, Stern Reynolds, an attached man from Company K, One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania; and Loring W. Willey, attached man from Company A, Nineteenth Maine, who was killed and left in the woods with the gun, and without doubt was burned.

While the three divisions of the Second Corps, Barlow's, Birney's, and Gibbon's, were across the Po, in the early morning of the 10th, prosecuting a vigorous movement against Lee's left and rear, two of them, Birney's and Gibbon's, as we have said, were withdrawn by General Meade's orders, to support the Fifth Corps of the centre in a combined assault on the Confederate works. Hancock had been directed to take command of all troops here engaged, but the necessity of withdrawing Barlow's division from the south side of the river, under the critical circumstances described, had caused General Meade to ask him to proceed thither and give General Barlow the benefit of that assistance and advice which, in such a situation, a senior may render to the most capable and trusted junior. Meanwhile, General Warren sought, by the advance of his troops, at points, in considerable force, to obtain information regarding the enemy's position. The ground around Spottsylvania differed from that of the Wilderness very greatly, yet the two had much in common; differed, that the proportion of open ground was here much larger; had this in common, that, where the forest still remained, it was scrubby and dense, rendering movements in the line of battle difficult, and observation over any considerable distance impossible. General Lee, who, since the morning of the 8th, had been

fortifying Spottsylvania, had taken every advantage of the nature of the ground, much of his front being covered by tangled woods, almost as difficult to pass through as extensive abattis, yet giving free passage to the fire of musketry and artillery. Through a wide stretch of forest of this character, General Warren, about eleven o'clock A. M. advanced two brigades of Gibbon's division, which had been taken from our corps and placed under his orders. The resistance made by the enemy was obstinate, and our troops were soon compelled to retire with loss, but not without gaining the desired information regarding the extent and direction of the enemy's works. A little later Warren sent forward two of his own divisions, with a view to gain ground for the formation of the column of assault; and, although these troops also were forced to give way, the view obtained of the enemy's position was such as to induce General Warren to report to General Meade that, in his judgment, a general assault would be successful. This report, combined with the knowledge that considerable bodies of the enemy had been drawn off to their left to meet the threat of Barlow's advance, led General Meade, about 3.30 P. M. to order the attack on the centre to be made at once.

On the left, Gen. Horatio G. Wright, who had succeeded Sedgwick in command of the Sixth Corps, was ordered to attack with his own corps and Mott's division of the Second.

General Humphreys's explicit and careful account of this day, says:

"General Warren, wearing his full uniform, proceeded to assault the enemy's position with Crawford's and Cutler's divisions, and Webb's and Carroll's brigades of Gibbon's division, under Gibbon's orders. Opposite the right of this attacking force the woods in front of the enemy's entrenchments were dense, and filled with a low growth of dead cedar trees, whose hard, sharp-pointed branches interlaced and pointed in all directions, making it very difficult for

troops to advance under the heavy artillery and musketry fire they met at the outset. They emerged into the open ground near the entrenchments with disordered ranks and under a heavy artillery and musketry fire, part direct, part flanking, that swept the whole ground, but went forward, some to the abattis, others to the crest of the parapet, but were all driven back with a heavy loss. General Carroll says that the right of his line gained the enemy's breastworks, and his whole line reached the abattis. It is claimed that some of Crawford's men did the same, or it may be, Cutler's. The official diary of Longstreet's corps says, 'some of the enemy succeeded in gaining the works, but are killed in them.' Brigadier-general Rice, commanding a brigade of Cutler's division, a very gallant officer, was mortally wounded in this assault. General Hancock returned to the ground about 5.30 P. M., just before the close of the assault. He was ordered to renew it at 6.30 P. M., but, under orders, deferred it until 7 P. M., when he attacked with Birney's and Gibbon's divisions, part of the Fifth Corps uniting with him, but with no more success than the preceding attempt. In this second attack the woods were on fire in some places.

UPTON'S ASSAULT.

General Walker says:

"The examination of the enemy's works under cover of skirmishers of the Sixth Corps developed a part of them which General Wright deemed to be vulnerable to a systematic, resolute attack. The other portions in his front were covered by a wide slashing and had a flanking artillery fire. The vulnerable part was the right of Rodes's front held by Doles's brigade, whose right rested at the west angle of what I have called the apex of the salient, and the part of the apex itself held by the left of Johnson's division. The entrenchment held by Doles was in open ground,

two hundred yards from a pine wood, with abattis in front and traverses at intervals. In the re-entrant of the line there was a battery with traverses. One hundred yards in rear was a second line partly finished, occupied by a line of battle. A wood-road led from the Scott or Shelton house, where the column of attack was formed, directly to the point of attack. Colonel Upton, commanding the Second Brigade, First Division, Sixth Corps, was designated to make the attack on Doles. General Russell now commanded the First Division. Colonel Upton's command was composed of his own brigade, the Third Brigade, formerly Russell's, and four regiments of Neill's brigade of the Second Division. General Russell, Colonel Upton, and all the regimental commanders examined the ground.

"In conjunction with Upton's attack, Mott, early in the day, moved to the open ground of the Brown house, which is three-quarters of a mile north of what I have called the apex of the salient; open ground connecting Brown's farm with Landron's, on the south end of which lay the apex; but there was wood on each side of that open connecting space that came up to within four or five hundred yards of the apex. At two P. M. General Mott was instructed by General Wright, under whose orders he had been placed, to be ready to assault the works in his front at five o'clock. These works, like those of Doles's, had abattis and were well traversed and well supplied with artillery.

"Upton's column was formed in four lines. They were led quietly to near the edge of the wood, two hundred yards from the enemy. A heavy battery of the Sixth Corps had been put in position to give a direct fire on Doles's front to enfilade the apex line of the salient, which, as before said, adjoined Doles's brigade.

"This battery kept up a constant fire until the moment of Upton's charge arrived. Its cessation was the signal to charge. The column had been led up silently to the edge of the wood, and, upon the signal being given, rushed forward

with a hurrah under a terrible front and flank fire, gained the parapet, had a hand-to-hand desperate struggle which lasted but a few seconds, and the column poured over the works, capturing a large number of prisoners. Pressing forward, and extending right and left, the second line of entrenchments with its battery fell into Upton's hands. The enemy's line was completely broken and, Colonel Upton says, an opening made for the division of Mott's, which was to have supported the left, but it did not arrive. Colonel Upton says further, that re-enforcements to the enemy arrived and assailed him in front and on both flanks, the impulse of the charge being over, and it remained for them to hold the entrenchments won, which they did until General Russell ordered them to withdraw, which they effected under the cover of darkness. Their loss in the assault Colonel Upton states to have been about 1,000 in killed, wounded, and missing. The enemy, he says, lost at the least 100 killed at the first entrenchment, and met with a much heavier loss in trying to regain their works; that he captured between 1,000 and 1,200 prisoners and several stand of colors."

Of the failure of Mott's division General Humphreys thus writes:

"There is no report on the files of the War Department from General Mott of his attack, nor is there any from General Wright of that or any other operation of that part of the campaign. The only report upon it that I found in the War Department is that of Colonel McAllister, who commanded the First Brigade of Mott's division; William R. Brewster commanded the Second Brigade. The division consisted of two brigades. Colonel McAllister says that his brigade formed the first line, Colonel Campbell, with two regiments of the Sixth Corps, being on his right; that the Second Brigade formed the second line, and that the command moved forward to the attack punctually at five o'clock; but he must be mistaken in the hour, since it is

evident that the attack of Mott was intended to be simultaneous with that of Upton, and must have been set in motion by the same signal, the cessation of our artillery fire in that quarter. On entering the field, McAllister says, the enemy opened his batteries upon them, enfilading their lines, and the men fell back in confusion, except a small part of the front line, and that, after consulting with his colonels, he fell back to the foot of the hill, where he massed his command. He says nothing of General Mott, who was well known as a gallant officer. Colonel McAllister was also well known to myself and many others as a man of courage and coolness.

"Mott formed his division for attack in view of the enemy, who made every preparation to meet it. Upton's attack was concealed from their view and was a surprise, and the plan of assault being well arranged and carried out, was a success. The plan and manner of Mott's assault, on the contrary, did not admit of its being a surprise. The formation of his troops probably kept the attention of the enemy upon him, and in that way helped more effectually to conceal Upton's preparations. The failure of Mott's division more than neutralized the success of Upton. Had Mott joined him, the two pressing forward, taking the enemy right and left in flank and rear, and receiving further re-enforcements from the Sixth Corps as they progressed, the probabilities were that we should have gained possession of Lee's entrenchments.

"Such, in its various phases and diverse fortunes, was the battle of the 10th of May. Unquestionably General Humphreys is right, in reviewing the situation of the morning, where he says: 'It is to be regretted that Hancock had not been directed to cross the Po at daylight of the 10th, instead of being ordered to cross late in the afternoon of the 9th. Had he been, there appears to be every reason to conclude that the Confederate left would have been turned and taken in the rear, while the Fifth Corps attacked it in front.

As it was, Hancock crossing in the evening of the 9th put Lee on his guard, and enabled him to bring troops to the threatened flank by daylight of the 10th and throw up entrenchments. It was a mistake, too, as Hancock had crossed, to abandon the turning movement on the morning of the 10th, and make instead of it, a front attack on the strong entrenchments of Longstreet's left. It would have been better to have continued the turning movement, the Fifth Corps aiding by sending one of its divisions to Hancock, and making a front attack with the other two at the critical moment.'

"The assaults on the enemy's entrenchments in the centre had all been bloody and fruitless. Assuming the withdrawal of Hancock's corps across the Po to be necessary, the opportunity of the day was in the assault of Upton. Nothing that can be said of that heroic young officer, or of Gen. David A. Russell, his division commander, could exaggerate the deserts of these two soldiers, the shining ornaments of the Sixth Corps. Whether it would not have been possible for that corps itself to furnish the support needed to turn this initial success into a great victory, I will not undertake to say. General Humphreys rightly says that General Mott was a gallant officer, and that Colonel McAllister was a man of coolness and courage; but certain it is that on the 10th of May, through whatever misunderstandings or misadventures, through whatever fault of officers or men, the Third Division failed to give to Upton a prompt and effective support.

"But the support of Upton should not have been left to a single division. If the position he was ordered to attack was practicable, the assaulting columns should have been backed up by the divisions of the Sixth Corps, by Gibbon, and by divisions of the Fifth Corps uselessly engaged in assaulting the centre. This the more needs to be said, because the characteristic fault of the campaign then opening was attacking at too many points. Few lines can be drawn by



SERGT. AUGUSTUS S. TOWLE.

Enrolled as Private Battery A; promoted Corporal; promoted Sergeant.
Mustered out June 18, 1864.



engineering skill which, owing to the nature of the ground, have not a weak point; few will be drawn by good engineers which have more than one weak point. It is the office of the commander of the army to discover that weak point; to make careful and serious preparation for the attack, and to mass behind the assaulting column a force that shall be irresistible, if only once the line be pierced. It is gratifying to record that the splendid conduct of Colonel Upton received cordial recognition, and that he was at once promoted to be brigadier-general of volunteers.

"The losses of the Second Corps in killed and wounded during the 10th of May, are given approximately by General Humphreys as 2,050, or almost exactly those of the Fifth and Sixth corps combined. The Confederate losses, in killed and wounded, are estimated by General Humphreys to have been only one-half those of the Union troops. The Confederate loss in prisoners was considerable through Upton's captures."

On the 11th the weather came out hot after a heavy shower in the night. Our battery threw up entrenchments during the previous night, and there was considerable artillery firing all that day, with more or less skirmishing. Our officers, after awaking, had their horses unhitched and taken back to the rear in the shade, to give them a much needed rest. About ten o'clock P. M. we received orders to march, and when we started our movements caused the enemy to open upon us with their artillery, and their fire was returned by our batteries. The firing lasted nearly an hour, and the display of missiles hurtling through the air was striking and spectacular, the fuses burning fiercely as they passed back and forth, and, together with the constant explosions, must have appeared to a looker-on, out of range, as grand and impressive.

CHAPTER XIX

Spottsylvania.

On the night of the 11th, about eleven o'clock, we started for Spottsylvania Court House, which place we reached about daylight on the 12th of May. Here, at this place, and in its immediate vicinity, was to be fought one of the most sanguinary battles of the Civil War. A heavy rain had set in, and, together with a dense fog which prevailed, made our situation anything but pleasant. The fog was so dense that morning that when the order to charge was given (at 3.30 A. M.) it was impossible to execute it; but a little later, when another attempt was made by our troops to assault the enemy's works, the movement was successfully carried out. When the charge was made, never, in all my previous battle experiences, had I witnessed such a sight as I then beheld, for, within twenty minutes, our troops had captured over four thousand prisoners (including Maj.-Gen. Edward Johnson, and Brig.-Gen. George H. Stuart), twenty cannon, twenty-three stands of colors, and over a mile of breastworks.

Our battery changed position three times in this battle, and when in our second position, our horses were used to haul out the guns captured from the enemy. My off horse being worn out and old, I traded him for a captured horse, which I found to be a fine one. Our third position appeared to me the worst in which we had ever been placed; yet our loss was not serious. Our guns were run up to the reversed side of the enemy's breastworks inside of the abattis. The caissons could not get in, and we had to change limbers under a heavy fire. We were on what was called the west, or bloody angle, also called the "salient," the most

obtrusive point of the line of battle for both artillery and infantry. After about four hours of hard and continuous work our ammunition gave out, and we were relieved by Battery K, Fourth United States, who did not appear to get the range, and were soon put *hors-du-combat*, the severe fire of the enemy killing and wounding their men and horses, so that our infantry had to pull their guns out by hand. This was another illustration of the skill which our gunners had acquired during their army service in the handling of their guns, and I think they proved themselves superior to any gunners I had ever seen.

We subsequently returned to our first position and remained there through the night, as we were not called to go into active service again. After the charge and when our men had gained such a decided advantage over the enemy, capturing so many prisoners and trophies, they became intensely excited and our formations somewhat broken up, so that the enemy who held the third line opened with a sharp musketry fire upon our troops and continued it into the night, making charges and countercharges upon our forces. It is doubtful if ever during the war such fierce fighting had been known. Hand-to-hand combats and with clubbed muskets were of frequent occurrence, and all this with a heavy rain falling. It was directly in our front that trees of twelve to eighteen inches in diameter were cut down by bullets, the fighting was so hot and steady. One of these trees so cut down is in the War Department at Washington, which was afterwards exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876. Just as our battery was withdrawing, being out of ammunition, Wright's (now Wheaton's) division of the Sixth Corps came in to relieve part of the Second Corps. The Second Rhode Island Regiment was with them. It was the first time we had been together since the first Bull Run battle, and when they found it was Battery A that was retiring they entreated us to stay, but as we had no ammunition we were obliged to with-

draw. The greatest opposition with which we had to contend in that position was a rebel battery to our right front, which was handled well for a time, but again our gunners showed their skill and good judgment and soon put them out, and there was not much trouble afterwards from that rebel battery. Not long after that the enemy put another battery in position against us, but we soon silenced it, and they were compelled to change their line of fire to prevent us from hammering them, which our gunners appeared to be doing so effectually, in order to keep down their fire. We could not see their men or guns, they being in redoubts and under cover of thick woods. Their musketry fire, which, as I have said, was very heavy, was directed mainly against our infantry in our front; but it fell short, while that which was directed at our battery went over, and, we providentially escaped unharmed. It did not seem possible that a battery or a company of any kind could go into such a position and remain there as we did for such a length of time and come out of action unscathed. As I have already said throughout my narrative, Battery A, First Rhode Island Light Artillery, appeared to be protected by some unseen power. When the reader takes into consideration that a battery or a company could go into such a place and remain four hours or more, long enough to fire over a thousand rounds of ammunition and no one injured, and where men were being killed and wounded all around us, and the battery taking our place losing fearfully in twenty minutes in killed and wounded (horses and all), so that the infantry had to pull their guns out by hand, it can hardly be called less than a miracle that any of us escaped destruction. That our battery did so great execution in that position, was proven by me in the Fall of 1898, when I attended a fair held at Richmond, Va., where they had on exhibition (it seemed to me) about all the war relics of Virginia, and among which was a shell placarded, "The Bloody Angle." While I was looking at it I was asked if I ever saw one like

it before; and, in answer, replied, "Oh, yes!" and was confident it was fired from our battery of which I was a member. One of the bystanders asked me this question: "Where were you located?" Upon my replying that we were on the west or bloody angle of the "salient," he exclaimed: "That's the very damned battery!" And all the persons there present who had participated in that battle said that our battery had done terrible execution there.

Before closing my account of this battle it may be well to give the reader a description of the bloody angle, as related by General Morgan, the inspector-general of the Second Corps, who says:

"General Meade decided to attack the enemy on the 12th near the point where Mott's division had made its ineffectual assault. The Confederate entrenchments had been extended to meet the successive threats of the Army of the Potomac until they measured several miles, having been stretched westward to cover the Shady Grove road down which Hancock had marched on the evening of the 9th, and southward below Spottsylvania Court House. The line consisted of two faces: One (the Confederate left) looking mainly north, held by Longstreet's corps; the other (the Confederate right) looking mainly east, held by Hill's corps; but that, at the point where these faces would have met, in an angle at the northeast, the entrenchments were carried northward to enclose a space approximately a mile in a vertical direction, and half a mile in width, of the general shape of an acorn. The 'salient,' or obtrusive portion of the Confederate line, the faces of which, taken together, covered perhaps two and a quarter miles in length, was occupied mainly by Ewell's corps."

Gen. Francis Walker says:

"It was against this position of the Confederate works that General Meade designed to deliver the assault of May 12th. It will be observed that Longstreet's corps held the left of the Confederate line extending from the Brock road

northeast; then came Rodes's division of Ewell's corps; then Johnson's division of the same corps, Johnson's four brigades, being, in order from left to right, as follows: Walker, York, Terry, and Stuart. The line was then taken up by Hill's corps, which stretched away to the south.

"General Grant's order directing the assault at four o'clock on the morning of the 12th, and assigning three divisions of the Second Corps to the work, bears date three P. M. Gibbon's division was in a position where it could not be moved without attracting the enemy's attention. It was, however, to be brought up later. General Meade's order bears date of four o'clock.

"The oral instructions accompanying them contemplated a thorough survey of the ground by Colonel Comstock, United States Engineers, of General Grant's staff, and by officers of General Hancock's staff. The inspector-general of the corps and two other officers were accordingly assigned to this duty. It was also assumed that General Mott having attacked, with his division, near the designated spot on the 10th, and being then in position near it, at the Brown house, would be in possession of valuable information regarding the enemy's works.

"General Morgan thus recounts the experience of the staff on this reconnoissance:

" 'Colonel Comstock, of General Grant's staff, taking with him three of General Hancock's staff, set out, in the midst of a pouring rain, to reconnoiter and decide upon the exact point of attack. Unfortunately the colonel missed his way, and, after riding many miles, the party struck the Ninth Corps. Colonel Comstock took a survey of the angle from the hill opposite the Landron house, but made no remark to indicate that it was to be the point of attack. Owing to the time spent upon the road it was nearly dark before the party arrived at the Brown house, the point indicated by General Meade.

" 'Here General Mott was found, but could tell little

about the ground. An attempt to drive in the enemy's pickets that day for the purpose of gaining some information, had failed; and nothing remained but to add to the little learned from General Mott and the field officer of the day, by inspecting so much of the ground held by our pickets. It was only possible, before dark, to select the line for the formation of the corps.'

"General Morgan thus describes the incidents of the march of Birney's and Barlow's divisions, and the formation of the column of assault:

"'At ten P. M. the troops were put in motion, Major Mendel, of the Engineers, guiding the column. The night was pitch dark, and the road quite bad; but the march to Mott's position was made without any incident of note. The troops showed a little nervousness, perhaps. At one point where the command was closing up on the head of the column, a runaway pack-mule, laden with rattling kettles and pans, bursting suddenly through the line, seemed to threaten a general stampede. At another the accidental discharge of a musket startled the column into the momentary belief that the corps had run into the enemy's lines. Having arrived at the Brown house about midnight, the column was passed quietly over the entrenchments, and as near to the picket line of the enemy as possible, and the formation of the lines began. The ground was thickly wooded, with the exception of a clearing some four hundred yards wide, running to the Landron house, thence curving to the right toward the salient of the enemy's works. Barlow's division was formed across this clearing in two lines of masses, each regiment being doubled on the centre. Brooke's and Miles's brigades constituted the first line, and Smyth and Brown the second. Birney formed on Barlow's right, in two deployed lines. Mott formed in rear of Birney's and Gibbon's division, which had joined sooner than was expected, was placed in reserve. It was nearly daylight when these preparations were made. General Barlow

made anxious inquiries about the nature of the ground over which he was to move, and not getting any satisfactory information, desired at length, to be told whether there was a ravine a thousand feet deep between him and the enemy. When he could not be assured on this point, he seemed to think that he was called upon to lead a forlorn hope, and placed his valuables in the hands of a friend.'

"The requisite preparations had been completed by the time assigned for the assault; but, owing to the heavy fog which spread over the scene, it was not sufficiently light to enable objects to be clearly discerned until half-past four, when the order to charge was given. Birney met some difficult ground in his advance; and, for a few moments, Barlow's line steadily moving forward in the dead silence, was ahead; but Birney's men made superhuman exertions, and, pushing through the obstacles, again came up abreast of the First Division. Near the Landron house the enemy's picket reserves opened fire on the left flank of Barlow's column, which was swiftly passing them, mortally wounding Lieutenant-Colonel Stricker, of the Second Delaware. As soon as the curve in the clearing allowed Barlow's men to see the red earth at the salient, they broke into a wild cheer, and, taking the double-quick without orders, rushed up against the works. Tearing away the abattis with their hands, Miles's and Brooke's brigades sprang over the entrenchments, bayoneting the defenders or beating them down with clubbed muskets. Almost at the same instant Birney entered the works on his side, and the salient was won. . . . Crazed with excitement, Birney's and Barlow's men could not be restrained, but followed the flying enemy until their second line of works, half a mile in the rear, was reached. Here the disorganized masses were brought to a stand by the resolute front presented by the Confederate reserves, true to those traditions which made the men of that army even more dangerous in defeat than in victory.

"Thus far the attack had been a magnificent success, even though Burnside attacking upon his side, had, after lodging the head of the column of Potter's division inside the enemy's works, been driven out with loss. But now the moment of failure of connection, of delay of bringing up reserves, of misunderstanding and misadventure, inevitable in large military operations in such a country, had come. Everything Hancock and his subordinate commanders could do to prepare for a new advance was done; the reserve divisions were ordered to man the captured works; and the leading brigades, broken by the force of the assault, were got together as well as possible under the furious fire now poured in from the second Confederate line. The Sixth Corps coming up took post on right of the Second, occupying the line from the west angle southward. Mott joined the Sixth at that angle; Birney came next on the left; then Gibbon; then Barlow. All these at once set to work to 'turn' the captured entrenchments, for use against those who had constructed them. There was not a moment to spare, for, into that bloody space, were now advancing thousands of stout soldiers, desperately determined to retrieve the fortunes of the day that had set so strongly against the Confederacy, and even promised to result in the disruption and destruction of Lee's army. On the Union side the confusion had become extreme; the long lines formed for the assault had insensibly converged as the salient was reached, and were heaped one upon another. Carroll's and Owen's brigades of Gibbon's division which was formed in reserve, had been caught by the wild excitement of the charge, and, dashing to the front, struggled even past some of the leading troops, and entered the Confederate works on Stuart's line almost at the same moment with the brigades of Miles and Brooke. McAllister's brigade of Mott's division also pushed forward from the second line and threw itself over the enemy's works almost simultaneously with Birney's division of the first line. This en-

thusiasm of the charging column was in itself very commendable; but, taken in connection with the originally dense formation, it had led to an unnecessary and dangerous massing of the troops. Such a body was for the purpose of the impending collision, scarcely so formidable as would have been a single well-ordered line.

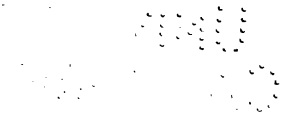
"On the Confederate side Gordon's division was, at the time the storm burst, theoretically in reserve; but he had, in fact, sent one of his brigades (Pegram's) into the trenches near Johnson's left; of the other two, Evans's was in front of the McCool house; Johnson's near Harrison's house. On hearing the firing at the east angle of the salient, he had sent forward Johnson, who, encountering Barlow's right and Birney's left, as they were pressing forward from the entrenchments, was broken and driven back, Johnson being wounded. Withdrawing Pegram's and Evans's brigades at the double-quick, Gordon formed them near Harrison's house and advanced them with great vigor against the left of Hancock's column, driving the disordered assailants some distance back toward the east angle, and momentarily recovering some of the lost guns. At the same time General Rodes sent the brigades of Daniel and Ramseur against the troops of Birney and Mott, which were moving tumultuously down the west face of the salient. Daniel was killed and Ramseur severely wounded; but soon, re-enforced by Perrin's and Harris's brigades, from Mahone, and still later by McGowan's brigade from Wilcox, the Confederates regained some part of the captured entrenchments.

"In these successive encounters all the troops which had crossed over the breastworks into the space enclosed by the salient had been driven out, and the Second Corps now held only their own, that is, the outer side of the entrenchments they had captured in the assault. It was about this time that General Wright arrived with Wheaton's and Russell's divisions of the Sixth Corps, and took post on Hancock's



CORP. JAMES B. BUFFUM.

Discharged on account of being injured at Fredericksburg, Va.



right, that is on the west face of the salient. The conflict had now become the closest and fiercest of the war. The Confederates were determined to recover their entrenchments at whatever cost. For the distance of nearly a mile, amid a cold, drenching rain, the combatants were literally struggling across the breastworks. They fired directly into each other's faces, bayonet thrusts were given over the entrenchments; men even grappled their antagonists across the piles of logs and pulled them over, to be stabbed or carried to the rear as prisoners. General Hancock had, as soon as the first success was achieved, brought up some of his guns to within three hundred yards of the captured works, and these were now pouring solid shot and shell over the heads of our troops into the space covered with the Confederate brigades; he even ran Arnold's Rhode Island and one section of Brown's Rhode Island and a section of Gillis's Fifth United States batteries up to the breastworks; and, though the muzzles protruded into the very faces of the charging Confederates, the begrimed cannoneers for a time continued to pour canister into the woods and over the open ground on the west of the McCool house. The contest had settled down to a struggle for the recovery of the apex of the salient between the east and west angles. No effort was made by the enemy to 'counter' upon Hancock, by emerging from their works on either side. . . .

"If any comparison can be made between the sections involved in that desperate contest, the fiercest and deadliest fighting took place at the west angle, ever afterwards known as 'The Bloody Angle.' Here Wright's Sixth Corps had taken post on coming up at six o'clock. So furious were the enemy's charges at this point that Wright, with his two fresh divisions, was fain soon to call for re-enforcements; and Brooke's brigade, which had been in the front line of the great charge, was sent over. Nine o'clock came —ten and eleven—and yet the fighting did not die down. At the latter hour General Hancock received the following

dispatch from Meade to Grant, sent him for his information: 'Warren seems reluctant to assault. I have ordered him at all hazards to do so, and if his attack should be repulsed to draw in his right and send his troops as fast as possible to Hancock and Wright. Tell Hancock to hold on.' And Hancock held on, with his men four ranks deep, keeping their furious assailants at bay across the captured entrenchments. Warren's attack failed with heavy loss, as that judicious officer had anticipated; and, in the afternoon, Cutler's division of the Fifth Corps marched upon the field at the Landron house, where the contest was still raging with unabated fury along the salient. All day the bloody work went on, and still the men of the North and of the South, now wrought to an inexpressible rage, were not gorged with slaughter. The trenches had more than once to be cleared of the dead, to give the living a place to stand. All day long, and even into the night the battle lasted, for it was not till twelve o'clock, nearly twenty hours after the command 'Forward' had been given to the column at the Brown house, that the firing died down, and the Confederates, relinquishing their purpose to retake the captured works, began in the darkness to reconstruct a new line to cut off the salient.

"So ended this bloody day, and those that slept after its tremendous labors and its fierce excitements, had in them, for the time, hardly more of life than the corpses that lay around on every side. The chilling rain still fell upon that ghastly field; fell alike on the living and the dead, on friend and foeman; on those who might wake to battle in the morning, and on those who should never wake again. It is not possible accurately to distinguish between the 12th of May and the days preceding and following. . . .

"Surgeon McParlin, in charge of the hospital service of the Army of the Potomac, reported the wounded of the several corps on the 12th as follows: The Second Corps, 2,043; the Fifth, 970; the Sixth, 840; total, 3,853.

"Making allowance for the killed, General Humphreys estimates the total killed and wounded at 4,733; the missing as not in excess of 500. Burnside's Corps, the Ninth, which was not at this date counted as of the Army of the Potomac, is supposed to have lost about 1,250 killed or wounded, and 300 prisoners captured in two counter-charges made by the enemy, making Grant's total loss, approximately, 6,800.

"General Humphreys estimates General Lee's losses in killed, wounded, and prisoners, as between nine and ten thousand men, making a hideous gap in his army. The losses of general officers on that side had been excessive, owing to the ferocity of the contest around the salient. Generals Daniels and Perrin had been killed; Generals Walker, Ramseur, Johnston, and McGowan wounded, all severely; and Generals Johnson and Stuart captured.

"On our side the loss in general officers had not been heavy, though rarely were commanders so continuously exposed. General Wright, commanding the Sixth Corps, was struck by a piece of shell which threw him backward several feet, but, though greatly shaken, insisted on remaining at the front to the close. Gen. Alexander S. Webb, while leading his brigade into action, received a ghastly wound in the head which long disabled him. Col. John Coons, Fourteenth Indiana, and Lieut.-Col. Waldo Morrison, of the Sixteenth Massachusetts, were killed. Lieut.-Col. David L. Stricker was killed by the Confederate picket reserves at the Landron house."

Colonels Miles, Brooke, and Carroll were promoted to be brigadier-generals of volunteers, for acts of bravery during this and other battles.

On Friday, May 13th, skirmishing continued all day long. It was found that morning that the enemy had abandoned the salient and built new lines of works entirely cutting off their former position. Owen's brigade was ordered to advance and find where the enemy were, but General Owen be-

ing under arrest General Carroll was sent in his place. Carroll was already wounded and on his way to the hospital when he received the order, and, without an instant's hesitation, turned backward and led his new brigade into action. While on the advancing line he was shot by a rebel who took deliberate aim, and long enough for Carroll to wonder where the bullet would hit him. It took effect in his arm, shattering his elbow. This was another severe loss for the Second Corps, as Carroll had the reputation of being a great fighter and had recently been made a brigadier-general.

General Miles had a sharp skirmish with the enemy and succeeded in capturing two guns which had been left between the lines during the fighting of the day before. The Fifth and Sixth corps started on the march that night, which proved to be extremely disagreeable, as the rain came down in torrents, and the roads were almost impassable.

On the 14th the weather was foggy all day, and our battery remained quiet. There was considerable skirmishing going on, and heavy cannonading was heard in the direction the Fifth and Sixth corps had taken. The fourth detachment received a new gun that day in place of the one lost at Po River; it was one of those captured on the 12th. There was a battery of mortars at work shelling the enemy's position. It was a source of encouragement for us to know that we at last had found a general and a fighter combined, and one who did not retreat after winning a battle. We expected to fight with such a man in command, as it was an established fact that he did not intend to retire under any circumstances.

A flank movement was made by the Fifth and Sixth corps on the night of the 13th on Lee's right flank, as it was supposed that the fighting on the 12th had drawn troops away from the Fredericksburg road. The route of the Fifth and Sixth corps led mainly "across country," through fields and woods, crossing and recrossing the Ny River. The attack

was to be made on the Massaponax road. The darkness of the night, the rain and mist, and wretched condition of the ground caused so much delay and confusion that neither of the corps got into position in time for the contemplated assault on the morning of the 14th. A reconnoissance out on the Massaponax Church road by Confederate cavalry in the afternoon, revealed the presence of the two corps, which caused Lee to dispatch troops to meet the threatened attack. "Fortune," says General Humphreys, "evidently did not favor us on the night of the 13th, for the entrenchments on the Confederate right did not extend much south of the courthouse, and only Hill's corps was on that front. With ordinary weather the two corps would have been able to attack early in the morning before re-enforcements could have been brought up from the Confederate left."

The movement of the Fifth and Sixth corps to the left necessitated fresh dispositions on the right; and, in the early morning of the 15th (Sunday), the weather still rainy and misty, we received orders to march, and, at 1.30 A. M., proceeded about three miles to the Spottsylvania and Fredericksburg road, in the vicinity of the Ny River, with Barlow's and Gibbon's divisions in support, leaving Birney's division to cover the right flank of the Ninth Corps, which remained in its position of the 12th. The picket line was left to be withdrawn by Birney when night should come. During the day the enemy opened with artillery on Birney and administered a vigorous shelling to his division.

On the 16th the weather continued rainy, but our battery did not move. Our Second Division under General Gibbon was sent to remove the wounded of the Second and Sixth corps to Fredericksburg, which they accomplished by ten P. M. It was very quiet along our front. An order was read to us in line that day stating that twenty-three thousand men were on their way to re-enforce the army. Already the division of Gen. Robert O. Tyler, consisting of heavy artillery from the defences around Washington, and

the Corcoran (Irish) Legion was assigned to the Second Corps. They comprised the First Massachusetts, Col. Thomas R. Tanatt; the First Maine, Col. Daniel Chaplin. The remainder of the division consisted of New York regiments as follows: The Second, Col. J. N. G. Whistler; Seventh, Col. Lewis O. Morris; and Eighth, Col. Peter A. Porter. The Corcoran Legion comprised the following infantry regiments from New York: The One Hundred and Fifty-fifth, Lieut.-Col. Hugh C. Flood; the One Hundred and Sixty-fourth, Col. James P. McMahon; the One Hundred and Seventieth, Col. James P. McIvor; and the Sixty-ninth New York State Militia, Col. Matthew Murphy. The last named regiment, subsequently known as the One Hundred and Eighty-second New York Volunteers, should be distinguished from the Sixty-ninth New York, which had served in the Second Corps from its organization. These re-enforcements comprised about eight thousand men, enough to make good numerically the losses of the corps thus far in the campaign.

Walker's History says: "The material of the new coming regiments, and particularly of the heavy artillery, could not have been surpassed. During the years of greatest discouragement at the North, these regiments destined, as it was supposed, for garrison duty, had 'the pick' of all the volunteers; and finer bodies of men, in line of battle, it would be difficult to find.

"Yet all this could not make good the losses which the corps had sustained in the first fortnight of the campaign. Those who had fallen were men inured to camp life, to hardship, exposure, and fatigue; in bivouac they knew how to make themselves almost comfortable with the narrowest means; how to cover themselves in rain and storm; how to make fires out of green wood; find water in dry ground, and cook their rations to best advantage. On the march they had learned to cover the greatest distance with the least wear and tear; on picket and in skirmish they had

learned a score of tricks by which they at once protected themselves and became more formidable to the enemy. In battle, officers and men had become veterans through a score of fierce encounters; no form of danger could be a surprise to them. With a high price bought they this knowledge. Thousands had died that these regiments might know how to advance and how to retire, as occasion should demand; how to cover themselves most completely through long hours of waiting, and how to throw themselves, body and soul, into one tremendous blow, on the vital spot, at the critical instant. Of the troops named, the Corcoran Legion was assigned to Gibbon's division. The heavy artillery remained, for the time, unattached."

This, without doubt, was the finest re-enforcement the army ever received. It seemed apparent to even the dullest mind that General Grant intended to use his utmost endeavors to crush the rebellion as speedily as possible. He had not taken any retrograde movement as yet, and all the manoeuvres and attempts at flank movements by General Lee, such as he had been in the habit of practicing with our former commanders and forcing them to retire, had, so far, signally failed. Lee had found in General Grant no mean antagonist.

On the 17th the weather was quite pleasant and a decided change from that we had recently experienced. All batteries had been reduced to four guns each. The men in our battery were busily engaged in repairing the equipments and casting aside the worthless and worn out ones. Twenty-four horses with two guns were taken to Belle Plain Landing and turned in. I was one of the detail to go with them, and, in the absence of any officer of our battery, I had charge of the men in our section. During our absence that day, about four o'clock, our battery changed camp, and, at ten o'clock in the evening, received quick orders and marched away to the right of the line.

On the 18th the weather was delightful, and we proceeded

to the vicinity of our old position of the 12th, near the Landron house, and were held in reserve. The Second Corps with the Corcoran Legion, was to charge over the same ground as on the 12th, our corps starting from the position gained at that time. We moved forward at daylight and found the enemy. During the night the divisions of Barlow and Gibbon moved to the vicinity of the Landron house, Birney being already in position, while the heavy artillery was formed between the Brown and Landron houses. The enemy was strongly posted in rifle-pits, their front completely covered by heavy slashing, and a powerful artillery fire was opened promptly upon the column. The assaulting brigades could not penetrate the dense slashing in the face of the musketry and artillery fire they encountered, although very gallant efforts were made, and our troops displayed great steadiness in action. The Corcoran Legion showed itself worthy of the corps to which it had been assigned. One of Gibbon's brigades gained possession of an advanced line of rifle-pits, but was unable to hold it. The enemy's works were found to be as strong again as on the 12th, and the attack was abandoned. Our battery was in a good position to see the fighting, but was not engaged. Capt. T. Fred Brown, with Battery B, was sent near the entrenchments, and their short range guns were engaged for a short time. Generals Grant and Meade came to our position and observed the fighting. Soon afterward General Hancock joined them and then, after a short consultation, rode back and ordered the troops to be withdrawn. We were then ordered back to camp where we had left the condemned guns.

As soon as we had taken care of our horses, the men who were to go to the Landing with the condemned horses and guns were called into line and given instructions; then drew three days' rations, and were soon on the way to the Landing, arriving there late in the afternoon. The change from the front to this scene of activity and bustle was very

noticeable. This immense massing of supplies for an army was something of which I had never before been cognizant, although I had been to supply stations many times before; but here were steamships and crafts of all kinds unloading everything appertaining to the subsistence of our troops, while trains were being unloaded or waiting to be unloaded to convey those supplies to the troops in the field. There were new troops by thousands, the regiments large enough to overlap the flank of any brigade in our corps. The knapsacks of the men were packed to overflowing, and proved a burden to those who carried them, after they had started on their march to the front. After turning in the horses and guns we began to look for a place to camp down for the night, and I had the good fortune to find a convenient resting-place. To me there was great excitement going on all that night. Details of men were kept busy night and day, loading and unloading, and the scene was so attractive to me that I kept moving around nearly all night, watching it. The new troops, as soon as they had landed, started on the road for the front. They were a fine looking lot of men, and under good discipline. When we started to return to the army we found clothing strewn all along the roadside where the new troops had thrown it away, and, before the camps were reached, many of these men had cast aside most of their new clothing, and some even had thrown away their knapsacks, and were marching like seasoned troops with only a blanket and haversack.

On the morning of the 19th we started for the front about seven o'clock. It was clear and hot; there were two commissioned officers, two sergeants, and about seventy men of our artillery brigade, the latter named being drivers. It seemed strange to start off on foot, but we got on nicely and arrived at our camp a little after dark, and found the battery had changed camp and gone into some large woods near army headquarters. All of the party who had been to the Landing had new suits which had been picked up along

the route that the new troops had thrown away. About half-past five o'clock the enemy made a dash on the Fredericksburg road, where the artillery brigades and our new troops were posted; and, for a while, there was considerable excitement. Our battery was hitched up and went about two miles on that road, but did not go into action, as it was about over when we arrived. It was reported that the enemy had broken through the lines occupied by the new troops and were near General Grant's headquarters at one time, but the report proved to be untrue, as our artillery had succeeded in repulsing the enemy and inflicting upon them serious loss. In the afternoon, about two o'clock, orders were received at headquarters for our corps to move at two A. M. to Bowling Green and Milford Station, *via* Guinea Station, but the fight on the Fredericksburg road caused that order to be countermanded. It is said that when this order was received General Morgan remarked, "There is an old adage that it is the willing horse that is worked to death," and he broke out into a somewhat indignant recital of the marches and battles of the Second Corps from the 3d to the 18th of May, closing with, "and now, on the third consecutive night, it was proposed to send it on a flank march over twenty miles, to 'attack vigorously in the morning.' "

Providence and the Confederates interfered to prevent the movement across the Mattapony, which had been ordered. As I have already said, Ewell sought to steal around Meade's right, chiefly to ascertain whether we were moving or not; and, secondly, to do as much mischief as possible. He made a wide detour around the right of our army, then, turning, bore down about 5.30 o'clock P. M. upon the Fredericksburg road, which was, at this time, our line of supply, expecting to find, so far to the rear, a small force or none; but, as it proved, Kitching's brigade and Tyler's division of heavy artillery were there ready to receive him, while Kitching was promptly re-enforced by the Maryland brigade

of infantry from the Fifth Corps. Hancock soon had Birney's division coming forward on the double-quick. The "Heavies" were found fiercely engaged in their first battle against some of the most redoubtable troops of the Confederate army. Hancock, taking charge of the line, threw in two brigades of Birney's division, but the stress of the battle was over. Ewell's leading troops recoiling broken from the encounter, he threw in his reserves, but the whole line being hard pressed in front and on the left flank, gave way and retreated across the Ny River. Ewell's loss was conceded to be nine hundred. This was intended to be another Chancellorsville surprise, but Grant, not Hooker, was now in command, and, aided by that sterling soldier, Hancock, beat back the cohorts of the enemy. The "Heavies" did noble work in such a sudden attack, and exhibited no signs of panic. They took about four hundred prisoners. The losses of the day in the entire army had been about thirteen hundred, "chiefly," says Humphreys, "in the Second Corps," that is, in Birney's division and Tyler's Heavy Artillery. The entire losses of the Army of the Potomac and Burnside's corps during the several actions around Spottsylvania Court House, from May 8th to 19th, inclusive, are estimated by General Humphreys as follows: Killed, 2,447; wounded, 10,821; killed and wounded, 13,268; missing, 1,411; total losses, 14,679. The losses of the Second Corps had been as follows: Killed, 834; wounded, 3,958; missing, 665; total, 5,457. It will be observed that of the killed 8.6 per cent. were commissioned officers; of the wounded but 5.2 per cent.; of the missing less than 3 per cent.

After all the excitement was over attending the result of Ewell's attack upon our lines and his subsequent withdrawal, our battery went back to the camp where the battery-wagon and forge had been left, and where we found them on our arrival from the Landing. The horses were not unhitched, and, on being assigned to my old team, after getting a bite to eat, being very weary and exhausted from my long tramp, lay down beside the gun and fell asleep.

The weather on the 20th was clear and warm. While going to water the horses, under Lieutenant Hunt, we passed quite near General Grant's headquarters. The general was smoking when we passed, and, on our return, came out and motioned Lieutenant Hunt to stop, which he did. We came to a front face, and the general walked around the line looking carefully at every horse. When he arrived at the left of the line he stopped, and, after looking my horses over, asked how it was that they were in so much better condition than the others. I replied that they were good horses and kept fat, but Lieutenant Hunt saluted him and said: "He gets punished more than any other man in the battery for stealing grain for them!" At this General Grant smiled and nodded his head to me, which I took as a sign of approval, and I saluted him. He said it was the finest looking lot of horses he had seen in the army. The boys thought I had received rather a rough introduction to the general: but on the contrary I was pleased with it, and I think the general was. It only confirmed me in the opinion that he was a good judge of horses as well as a good general. My horses always did look well and I was proud of them; they were bright bays with bobtails. They went from Providence with the first three months' battery, and were formerly owned by Charles Hall, a resident of that city. They were of high mettle and well broken, round built, about sixteen hands high, and would weigh nearly twelve hundred pounds. I took great pride in them and they always received good care from me. They always performed their share of hard work. We had participated in some very trying experiences together, but by my using a little judgment and showing kindness to them, they with willingness and often with great exertion, pulled us out of many hard places. It was through their assistance and arduous labors that we saved the gun at Bristoe Station, and also the one at Po River. The off horse was old and not strong enough for his mate, and, on the 12th, when there were so many



PRIVATE HENRY F. HICKS.

Severely wounded at Fredericksburg, Va.; both feet amputated.

guns and horses captured, I traded and got an extra good one, but he did not match in looks my old one of our earlier campaigns. Whenever the infantry saw us on the road, by day or night, they would ask while passing by us: "What battery is that?" But as soon as they saw my team, they would exclaim "Oh! I know; it's the Rhode Island battery, here are the bobtailed horses." They had been driven by Daniel C. Dore until he was taken sick and discharged, then I took charge of them. My horse was always called "Old Dan." My deepest regret on my discharge from the service was to leave "Old Dan" behind. Our captain took his horse with him, and I begged of him to take Dan also, but he declined my request. My greatest joy would have been to have brought him home myself. As it was I kissed the old fellow, bade him good-bye and left him, realizing as I did that he had lost a good friend.

CHAPTER XX

North Anna and the Totopotomoy.

ON the morning of May 21st we reached Guinea Station about daybreak. Our cavalry, under General Torbert, drove in the rebel vedettes. The marching was forced and we reached Bowling Green at a little past ten o'clock, proceeding by way of the Fredericksburg and Gordonsville railroad. It was a quaint-looking old Virginia town, and contained some of the sauciest rebels I had ever met. The negroes had never before seen any Yankee soldiers, and it was difficult to make them believe that we were Yankees. After asking numerous questions, they would say, "If use ar Yankees, whar is yer horns?" These sayings pleased our boys. We tried in every way possible to assure them we were Yankees, but when our flag came in view then they said, "The rebs don't carry that kind of a flag!" One of them said, "No; dey use to hav dat kind, but dey don't has it any more!" After we had convinced them that we were Yankees, they all reckoned that we were a better looking lot of men than Marsa Bob's, meaning General Lee's soldiers. Their owners had made them believe that the Yankees had horns, and were enemies to them.

Torbett's cavalry and horse artillery, with the Second Corps, charged and drove the home guards and all other forces that appeared in their path. We forced our way along towards Milford Station, which was quite an important railroad junction, and was a town with many neat appearing homes. It was just beyond Bowling Green. The cavalry found the enemy in rifle-pits on the north side of Mattapony River, which they charged and drove the rebels across the river, capturing sixty of them, and saving the

bridge from being destroyed. Barlow's (our) division crossed the river as soon as it reached the stream. As our battery came to the bridge and was preparing to cross, two guns from a wooded side hill opened upon the bridge with a will. Our left section was turned short to the right on trot march and went into battery near the river under cover of some large trees, and soon drove the rebel gunners away. Birney's division was crossing when the shelling began, and his division broke. Putting spur to his horse, Birney took the lead and rode straight across, his troops following him in good order. Burnside came up with a part of his troops. He also rode in front as steady as if on parade. We crossed the bridge about six o'clock and went into park. About seven o'clock the enemy brought out those two guns, and began shelling again, but was soon compelled to cease firing, and it was reported that some of our troops had captured them. From the night of the 20th we had marched thirty miles.

Sunday, the 21st, the weather was hot and dry. About seven o'clock we marched out for a mile or thereabouts and took position in line of battle. Our battery began immediately to throw up an earthwork around the guns. After it was completed we were ordered to move some two hundred yards, and another battery took our place, which caused great dissatisfaction among the men of our battery, but we were soon busy on another earthwork, although we had no occasion to use our guns. We had built more entrenchments in that campaign than we had during all the time of our previous service. We understood then that Meade was in hopes that the enemy would attack us in that open country, or, better still, that Hancock would take the aggressive against the enemy advancing to attack him, and thus a fight in the open would be brought on between considerable bodies of the two armies. Considering, however, that he was alone on the extreme left flank of the army, across an important stream, and not knowing but that some accidental

or treacherous discovery of Meade's plans might bring down upon him the whole weight of Lee's army, General Hancock set his troops to entrenching. The line thrown up in a few hours was a marvel for the skill and industry it displayed.

Walker says: "The writer well remembers the astonishment of General Burnside, when he arrived, at the massive character of the works. He could scarcely believe that these had not required days for their construction; and, after exhausting his powers of expression, would, with a brief rest, break forth again in the same vein."

I am of the opinion that General Hancock showed a great weakness here, as he was requested to attack in case the enemy did not, and it was evident that he did not want or intend to fight, without being forced to do so, in an open country; and I am also of the opinion that had Hancock vigorously attacked at this point the disaster at Cold Harbor never would have happened. As it was Lee did not intend to attack Hancock, as it had been hoped he would do, but his purpose was to place himself again between Grant's army and Richmond. He was, meanwhile, being re-enforced, after his severe losses, by all the troops that could be brought from the Valley of Virginia, from the James, and from North Carolina, to meet the advance of Grant.

Walker says: "These re-enforcements did not equal in numbers those reaching Grant from Washington. On his part Grant was preparing to draw to his own support a portion of Butler's Army of the James, which, after his repulse by Beauregard, was 'bottled up' in Bermuda Hundred."

By the night of the 22d the whole army was all well up abreast of Hancock, or in support of him; while Lee had concentrated his army at Hanover Junction, some eighteen miles away, being uncertain whether Grant would move direct on him or undertake a further move by the left. Grant had determined to move direct to North Anna River, and to force its passage.

On the 23d the weather was fine, and, about five o'clock, we marched with Birney's division not far from ten miles, and arrived at Chesterfield about noon near a bridge over Polecat Creek; about one mile from the North Anna River. Torbett's cavalry was skirmishing with the enemy. After lying there an hour our battery was ordered to advance, taking a position behind a narrow strip of woods near the river. Part of the artillery brigade, under Colonel Tidball, was brought up and opened fire across the North Anna upon Lee's army, which could be seen coming rapidly into position. Our artillery fire caused them to scatter in all directions to the cover of their entrenchments. They still held a small earthwork on our bank of the river covering the county bridge, but our advancing forces steadily pushed them back until their skirmishers were all driven across, though the bridge-head was still held by troops from Kershaw's division, which General Hancock determined to carry. Two brigades of Birney's, now under Col. Thomas W. Egan, and Col. Byron R. Pierce, were formed for attack, and, at half past six, charged across the field from nearly opposite directions converging upon the earthwork. Our right section was advanced with the brigades, to close musketry range, and opened fire with canister, and the enemy were driven pell-mell across the bridge, our troops capturing a few prisoners. This section had fired away about all of its ammunition, but its chests were soon afterwards replenished, and immediately our battery crossed the bridge, being the first artillery over the creek. We went into position, and, during the night, built breastworks around our guns. The enemy endeavored to burn the county bridge over the river when they retreated, and made two or three ineffectual attempts through the night. They succeeded, however, in partially burning the railroad bridge.

The 24th was clear and warm. Skirmishing began at daylight. About eight o'clock, Birney's division, to which we were then attached, crossed the river and took and occu-

pied the abandoned work around the Fox house, after first driving away the enemy's skirmishers. Two pontoon bridges were thrown over below the railroad bridge, on which Barlow's and Gibbon's divisions crossed. Tyler's Heavy Artillery remained on the north bank, holding the captured bridge-head and connecting the Second with the Fifth Corps on our right. Our battery went to the right of the bridge to engage the enemy's battery, which was shelling it. We engaged them for an hour without much effect, as they were strongly fortified. One of our men, Thomas Steere, was shot through the leg by a sharpshooter from across the river. Our battery was relieved by Battery K, Fourth United States, and we returned to our first position. About four o'clock General Burnside, with Potter's division of the Ninth Corps crossed the bridge in support of the Second Corps. Burnside took the lead and went as slowly and as steadily as if on parade, the enemy opening a heavy artillery fire upon them. Our battery was then ordered across. Captain Arnold told the cannoneers to scatter and go ahead, as the horses were liable to draw the enemy's fire, which they did in good earnest. It appeared as if some of the horses or guns were likely to be hit, as it seemed an easy mark on a bridge so high, with a clear view for gunners; yet nothing was touched. After crossing we took position in breastworks thrown up for us by some infantry of our corps, sheltered somewhat by the Fox mansion, and in line with our infantry. A sharp engagement took place before dark, but a heavy shower came up which put an end to it, Smyth's brigade of Gibbon's division doing the fighting. It was reported that night that the Ninth Corps had been incorporated into the Army of the Potomac. The situation of our army at that time was as follows: Warren, on the right, had reached the river about the same hour as Hancock, on the 23d, and crossed it at Jericho Mills, three miles above where Hancock had crossed without opposition; but at six o'clock he was attacked with fury by A. P. Hill. Cut-

ler's division, acting badly, broke in confusion, and, after some hard fighting, were thrown off by Griffin, and Warren's position was secure. General Lee still held up to the bank of the river, at Oxford, about a mile above Chesterfield, and along the river, for perhaps three-quarters of a mile. It was from this position that the enemy shelled what was called the Chesterfield bridge, which we had passed over. This movement put Lee between Warren and Hancock, and strongly entrenched. Burnside was on the north bank at Oxford, but during the day Stevenson's division was sent to Warren, and Potter's to Hancock. The Sixth Corps was assigned to the right wing to co-operate with Warren. This appeared to place Grant's army in a rather bad position, as Lee could concentrate with the greatest rapidity against either wing of Grant's army for attack or defence, while our army would have to cross and recross the river. Whether it was Grant's wish that Lee would attack in this position it was never known; but it certainly appeared dubious to those who were not informed in regard to General Grant's plans.

The morning of the 25th was cloudy and damp. Our cannoneers were sent to the front with axes, shovels, and picks, to fortify a position for our guns, and the guns were advanced about eight o'clock under a hot fire from the enemy's sharpshooters, and to which we were subjected throughout the day. The Second Corps had three strongly entrenched lines, our battery being in the front line with the infantry. Our mortar batteries had been firing steadily all day long. Our situation looked gloomy indeed. We had a heavy shower in the evening.

On the 26th the weather still continued damp and cloudy. Some of the Ninth Corps had been sharply engaged. Our corps remained quiet throughout the day, except that the mortars did some firing. We were ordered to evacuate the south side of the river, and, about ten P. M., crossed on the pontoons and took position where our first line of battle

was formed on the 23d, and stayed there through the night. It looked to the common soldier as if General Grant had acted wisely in refraining from attacking such a position, and determining, as he did, on a further movement to the left.

Our cavalry having returned from their great raid, begun on the 8th of May, during which time that brilliant rebel cavalry leader, General Stuart, had been killed at Yellow Tavern, Sheridan was dispatched with a heavy column around Lee's left to do as much damage as possible to the railroad, and create the impression that Grant's next move would be in that direction. While Lee's attention was thus occupied, General Grant withdrew his army from the south bank of the North Anna, and started it upon another flank movement by the left, with the hope of getting between Lee's army and Richmond.

The losses of the Second Corps during the periods of May 21st to 26th amounted to 543, exclusive of the casualties in a few regiments from which reports were never received, owing to the rapid succession in which marches and battles occurred at this juncture. Of this aggregate 100 were killed, 388 wounded, and 55 missing. Of these the artillery brigade lost 4, the First Division 95, the Second Division 241, the Third Division 203. Of the killed 8 were commissioned officers, of the wounded 15.

The 27th was clear and warm. The Sixth Corps was in the advance, marching for Hanover Town, near the Pamunkey River, which was over thirty miles from our position on the North Anna. Our corps had been engaged during the morning tearing up the railroad toward Milford, and was to follow the Sixth. The Fifth and Ninth corps were to move by an inside road, and to cross the Pamunkey about four miles below Hanover Town. Owing to delay in waiting for the Sixth Corps we did not get away until eleven o'clock, when we marched over a very hot, dusty road for nearly eleven miles. About eight o'clock we made a halt

for two hours, then marched nearly four miles and bivouacked in a ploughed field. Although this march of eleven miles was quite tiresome the troops were cheerful, thinking that they were about to put Lee's army on the run, and that one decisive battle in an open country would end the war.

The 28th was hot and dusty. We started at eight o'clock and made a slow, tedious march of it to the Pamunkey River, which we crossed about four o'clock on pontoon bridges, and went into line of battle between the Fifth and Sixth corps in front of Hanover Town, about seventeen miles from Richmond. Our left was on the Totopotomoy Creek. We went into camp about one mile from the river, and unharnessed our horses, which was a great relief to them. We could see our gunboats down the river. Sheridan's cavalry had a hard fight, supported by infantry from Butler's Army of the James, at Hawes's Shop, driving the enemy and capturing a number of prisoners.

On the 29th, Sunday, the weather was warm, and the roads dusty. We hitched up at two o'clock A. M., but did not move until eight, Barlow's division having gone on a reconnoissance, and by some mistake we were ordered to go with it; but as we were at that time attached to Birney's division, this order should not have been given. We did not go far, however, when the mistake was discovered and we returned to our former position. We moved again at eleven and marched over a very good road, but rather dusty, which runs from Hanover Town through Hawes's Shop, Pole Green Church on the Totopotomoy, Huntley's Corners, and Shady Grove Church, toward Richmond, crossing the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge. All these places were well known to the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac in May and June, 1862.

As we passed Hawes's Shop, where Sheridan had fought so stubbornly the day before, a number of dead cavalrymen were to be seen. The enemy had been found at the junction of the Cold Harbor and Hanover Court House roads, but

was driven out. At Swift Creek the enemy was discovered strongly entrenched. Here a line of battle was formed, Barlow on the left, Birney on his right, with Gibbon on the right of Birney. It was a hard-looking position, and appeared as if a hard fight would have been made if Lee had attacked us there. His army had been re-enforced by Breckenridge's troops from up the valley, while Grant's army had been augmented by a re-enforcement of about sixteen thousand troops from the Army of the James under Butler. But, after several forced marches, Lee succeeded in putting his army between Richmond and Grant's forces.

On the 30th the weather came out clear and quite warm. The army had been engaged in fortifying from the time of our arrival there at one o'clock that morning. About daylight our battery was ordered to the extreme front with the infantry, when we began again to throw up breastworks for our protection. It was fortunate for us that a heavy fog prevailed, as the rebel sharpshooters would have made great havoc in our ranks. About eleven o'clock we returned and took position behind the works made for us, but our section was ordered to the left by Colonel Tidball, chief of artillery, and moved on to a fine ridge, where our artillery brigade were all stationed, and then opened fire upon the enemy's works. It proved to be a fierce artillery duel, but after awhile we succeeded in silencing them. A mortar battery was at work between our guns during the afternoon. Our first lieutenant, Peter Hunt, was the only one of our battery who was wounded, his foot being shattered by a shell, and his wound proved fatal. Our guidon bearer, John F. Leach, was directed to take the lieutenant to the hospital, which he did, and a surgeon of the Irish brigade attended him, taking a number of pieces of bone from his foot. He was then taken by Leach to a fine old Virginia mansion (called the Gale house) standing upon the ridge where our artillery was stationed, but shells were continually passing through it, so after awhile he was placed in an ambulance with a



GUIDON-BEARER JOHN F. LEACH.

Acted as bearer of dispatches for Generals Sumner, Hunt, Morgan, and others, and was distinguished for bravery on many battlefields.

colonel from a New York regiment and Leach was sent with them to White House Landing, where they were put on board of the old steamboat *Canonicus*, and Leach returned to the battery.

Lieutenant Hunt was removed to the hospital at Washington where his limb was amputated. Sinking under the effects of his wound he died June 14th.

A singular incident occurred in the yard of the Gale house during that artillery combat. While one of the limbers of the Tenth Massachusetts Battery was being taken to the rear of the house to refill it with ammunition, a negro woman, crazed with fright, ran out of the house with a shovelful of ashes from the fireplace and emptying them into the ammunition chest, a terrific explosion followed, killing two men and wounding four others. The wheel horses of the limber were also killed, but, strange to relate, the negro woman escaped unharmed.

Walker's *History of the Second Corps* speaks of the Gale mansion as follows: "General Hancock, after deciding to attempt the passage of the creek, had instructed me to write to the ladies of the house immediately at the crossing, who, as he had learned, were there unprotected, informing them that their estate was likely to be the scene of a severe conflict the next day, and offering them transportation to the rear. This was done, and, to save time, an ambulance was sent along. In reply to the letter, we received an hour later a very courteous appeal from the ladies not to make their house the scene of conflict; stating that one of the members of the household was sick and could not well be moved, and requesting that the Second Corps would take some other route. It being not altogether convenient to alter the plans of the Army of the Potomac at so short a notice, it was necessary to reply that the Second Corps could not well change its line of march, and that if they valued their lives they would retire. I not only sent the ambulance a second time, but requested the able and humane medical director

of the corps, Dr. Dougherty, to visit them and see that the sick member of the household suffered no harm. Dr. Dougherty went, but speedily came back. He had pronounced the sick lady to be in condition to move without the slightest danger; but his opinion had been received with indignation not of the speechless variety. I myself received a letter, in which the opinions of the household concerning the Congress, president, people, and army of the United States were set forth with the utmost distinctness. The epistle closed with informing me that if any of the family were killed on the morrow their blood would rest upon my soul forevermore. Inasmuch as the only possible chance of their being injured was by shots from cannon manned by Confederates, it was difficult to apprehend the logic of this denunciation. The upshot was that the ladies, sick and well, stayed in the house, having moved down into the cellar. As our signal officers used the roof for the purposes of observation, the Confederate cannoneers were particularly attentive to it. The house was repeatedly struck, but none of the family in the cellar were hurt."

After the enemy's batteries were silenced by our artillery, General Hancock was directed not to press matters, as the other corps were to attempt to turn the enemy's position at a little after seven o'clock P. M.

Walker says, "Hancock was informed that Warren, on the extreme left, at Bethesda Church, had been violently attacked, and he was directed, as soon as he could find a suitable place, to assault the enemy, in order to relieve the pressure on the Fifth Corps. Instantly Barlow's division was launched at the enemy,—corps, division, and brigade commanders equally co-operating to make the action prompt, and, if possible, successful. In less than thirty minutes from the receipt of the first message General Meade sent an order to cease the attack; but Brooke's brigade had already carried the enemy's line of rifle-pits in splendid style, over natural obstacles of the most formidable character, and

against a stubborn resistance. Darkness now came on and operations were suspended."

On the morning of the 31st Barlow's divison held the rifle-pits captured from the enemy before Birney's division had crossed Swift Creek and carried the entrenched skirmish line. Outside of this nothing was accomplished on our part of the line, except a battery of smooth-bore Napoleon guns were allowed to shell the woods, over our heads, nearly half a mile in our rear, which was about the limit of range of those guns. We were at a loss to understand how Colonels Tidball and Hazard, our artillery chiefs, should permit rifle-guns to be placed on the front line while smooth-bores were kept at a distance in the rear. There was considerable skirmishing going on, and sharpshooters were busily engaged in picking off any person who came within the reach of their deadly aim. Norris L. Church, of our battery, was shot through the head that day by a rebel sharpshooter in a tree. He died in a few moments after being hit. The different sections of our battery came together that day. Also on the same day Gen. W. F. Smith (Baldy) arrived with sixteen thousand of Butler's troops, by way of White House Landing. The other corps of the army appeared to have met with no better results than our own. General Grant therefore determined again to retire from his direct advance toward Richmond, and throw his army with all speed toward Cold Harbor. The losses of our corps on the North Anna and Totopotomoy had been as follows: Commissioned officers: Killed, 15; wounded, 58; missing, 2; total, 75. Enlisted men: Killed, 244; wounded, 1,074; missing, 258; total, 1,576.

General Walker says: "During the latter part of May it was decided to break up the divisions of heavy artillery under General Tyler. The Second New York was sent to Miles's brigade; the Seventh to Brooke's brigade; the First Massachusetts to the Second Brigade of the Third Division, Colonel Tannatt assuming command by seniority; the First

Maine was sent to Mott's brigade of the Third Division. A new brigade, the Fourth, was constituted in Gibbon's division, under the command of General Tyler, consisting of the Eighth New York Heavy Artillery and the Corcoran Legion.

"The corps returns for the 31st of May showed an aggregate, present and absent, of 53,831, distributed as follows: Corps Headquarters, 21; Artillery Brigade, (48 guns), Colonel Tidball, 3,188; First Division, General Barlow, 15,807; Second Division, General Gibbon, 16,046; Third Division, General Birney, 18,769. The 'present for duty' was but about one-half the aggregate, as follows: Commissioned officers, 1,293; enlisted men, 25,608; total, 26,900."

CHAPTER XXI

Cold Harbor.

JUNE 1, 1864, was an eventful day in the annals of the Army of the Potomac and of its brave antagonist the Army of Northern Virginia, for on that day Grant commenced a series of assaults against Lee's army, the results of which form an important epoch in the history of our country. On that day nothing but skirmishing was going on in our immediate front, but there was heavy firing heard in the direction of the left of our army, which seemed a long distance away. It proved to be the Sixth Corps, commanded by General Wright, who was relieving Sheridan's cavalry at Cold Harbor, who was severely engaged with the enemy's cavalry and infantry when Wright's corps arrived. After relieving Sheridan, the Sixth Corps was in a dangerous position, owing to the Eighteenth Corps, under Gen. Baldy Smith, having gone astray by an error in his instructions. The Confederates, anticipating the movement on Cold Harbor, had concentrated very strongly on their own right, between Cold Harbor and Bethesda Church. About six o'clock A. M. the Eighteenth Corps was in position, and all danger of disaster was passed. Four divisions of Lee's army opposed Wright and Smith, viz.: Hoke's, Kershaw's, Pickett's, and Field's.

Walker says: "About six o'clock Wright and Smith attacked, with varying fortune and heavy losses, but on the whole successfully. Portions of the enemy's entrenched lines were carried, and many hundreds of prisoners taken. The two corps under Wright and Smith having thus occupied Cold Harbor, and even gained considerable advantages, in spite of an unexpectedly large concentration of the hostile forces, Hancock was dispatched, in haste, to join them."

About dark our battery left the Totopotomoy, marching all night to Cold Harbor.

On the 2d the weather was hot and the dust suffocating. We marched the night before in a cloud of dust, and proceeded by a road that was in a wretched condition. In some places there was no road. There was not room enough for the guns and wagons to pass between the trees. We arrived at Cold Harbor about eight o'clock that morning, and were allowed to unhitch our horses. We did not become engaged but were under a severe fire from the rebel skirmishers all day. About five hundred prisoners were marched past us that morning who had been captured by the Sixth and Eighteenth corps. It began to rain in the afternoon and continued into the night, which was a great blessing to the army. Everyone who could use a shovel or pick was at work, and a great many were digging with tin cups, plates, spoons, or anything that would throw up dirt.

Walker's *History of the Second Corps*, says: "General Meade's order was unusually urgent. In it he wrote: 'You must make every exertion to move promptly, and reach Cold Harbor as soon as possible. At that point you will take position to re-enforce Wright on his left, which it is desired to extend to the Chickahominy. Every confidence is felt that your gallant corps of veterans will move with vigor and endure the necessary fatigue.' So much as this is rarely expressed in the formal orders from headquarters, and General Hancock took it in earnest. The instructions of General Meade would have been fully carried out had it not been for the error of one of his own staff, a faithful and excellent officer of engineers, who undertook to conduct the column, by a short cut, through a wood road. After moving for some distance the road was found too narrow for artillery, until finally the guns were fairly caught between the trees and unable to move."

This, the reader will notice, fully coincides with what I have said in my diary.

On the morning of the 3d we found the atmosphere very refreshing after the rain which had fallen the night before. Our corps was on the extreme left of the line. Our battery was back again in Barlow's division. We were within six miles of Richmond, with our division on the extreme left, Gibbon's next, and Birney's in support. Lee having discovered the abandonment of the Totopotomoy, sent Early's corps against Burnside, who caught the Ninth Corps while retiring and a great many of their men were captured. Early swept down our line from the right, striking the flank of Warren's corps and capturing a considerable number of men, and at once moved against Warren's right and rear. Griffin's division was encountered here, and, after a severe contest, in which General Dole, of Early's corps, was killed, forced back Rodes's division; while Crittenden's division of the Ninth Corps, subsequently re-enforced by Potter and Willcox, checked and held the division of Heth. So the day on the Totopotomoy closed, both armies strongly entrenching themselves during the night.

Walker says: "Lee's line was a very strong one. Its right rested on the Chickahominy, amid swamps, but soon rose to high ground, and ran in a direction a little west of north, to Early's position, which looked to the northeast. The road from Despatch Station, past Barker's Mill, to Cold Harbor, ran along the foot of the high ground forming Lee's right, much of the way sunken below the general level of the ground, until it diverged and ran into the Union lines on the front of Gibbon's division. Along this part of the road, near the foot of the high ground was an advanced line of Confederate entrenchments, Hill's and Breckenridge's, with probably a part of Hoke's divisions, which held this portion of the enemy's lines. It was here the Second Corps was to be called to attack on the fateful morning of the 3d. Then followed the rest of Hoke's division, then Longstreet's corps, and then Early's, forming Lee's left. The Confederate army was at last at bay, close on Richmond, the city being

distant only about six miles; the forts protecting the city only half that distance. It was no longer practicable to turn either flank of Lee's army. His right rested on the Chickahominy. His left was hidden in the swamps of the Totopotomoy and the Matadequin. . . . General Grant determined to hazard a grand assault, in view of the momentous consequences of a victory here. The Second Corps on the Union left, the Sixth on the centre, and the Eighteenth on the right, were to attack each on its own front, at half-past four."

A little after four o'clock Barlow advanced and found the enemy in the sunken road running diagonally along with our line. They were strongly posted, and, after a severe struggle, Barlow drove them into their works, under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery. Our battery took position about eight o'clock A. M., and at ten we were sent to the front line where we immediately engaged the enemy's batteries. The breastwork around the guns was very slight and poorly constructed. The enemy opened again in the afternoon, and, as soon as they obtained our range and cut the breastwork, the firing ceased for awhile. Our battery should have taken warning and strengthened the breastwork but did not do so. About eight o'clock in the evening they opened again, the first five shots passing directly through our works, wounding five men on our first gun, namely, William K. Sweet, face; James H. Giles, slight; Edwin Swett, back, severely; John Coleman, groin; John U. Whitford, right arm shot off. It was reported that our battery did great execution, and made havoc among the enemy. Barlow captured in his charge two hundred prisoners, one color, and three cannon.

General Walker says: "The captured guns were turned on the enemy by Col. L. O. Morris, of the Seventh New York Heavy Artillery, and the most strenuous efforts made to hold the position, but the supports were slow in coming up; an enfilading fire of artillery swept down the first line, the

works in the rear opened upon them, and large bodies of fresh troops, from Breckinridge's division, re-enforced by Hill, advanced, with the utmost determination, to retake the position. The first line held on with great stubbornness, but was finally forced out, Brooke being severely wounded, and Colonels Byrnes and O. H. Morris killed. Though compelled to retire the men of the leading brigades would not go far. A portion of the line fell back to a slight crest opposite the enemy's entrenchments, and distant only from thirty to seventy-five yards therefrom, and proceeded to cover themselves by loosening the earth with their bayonets and scraping it up with their hands or tin plates, and here they remained throughout the day. Miles's brigade also expected a lodgment in the works, Hapgood's Fifth New Hampshire, recently returned from the North, being foremost in the assault; but these troops also were driven out by the enfilading fire of the Confederate artillery and by the strong lines advanced against them.

"On the right Gibbon's division had had no better fortune. That officer had directed his second line to follow closely, and, at a given point, push rapidly forward, pass the first, effecting, if possible, a lodgment in the enemy's works and then deploying. In his advance Gibbon's line was cut in two by an impassable swamp, which widened as he approached the works. The existence of this had not been known. The fire of artillery and musketry was terrific. General Tyler fell seriously wounded. Colonel McKeen, gallantly bringing his brigade up on the right of Tyler, was killed. Colonel Haskell, of the Thirty-sixth Wisconsin, succeeding to McKeen's command, also fell mortally wounded. The troops struggled on against the furious blast of fire from fully manned works on the high ground. Colonel McMahon, of the One Hundred and Sixty-fourth New York, having become separated by the swamp from the rest of Haskell's brigade at last gained the breastworks, at the head of a portion of his regiment, but fell dead in the midst of the

enemy. A portion of Smyth's brigade, also reforming and advancing after their first repulse, gained the entrenchments; but Owen's failure to bring up his brigade left Smyth's shattered command unsupported. At last, scarcely twenty-two minutes from the time the signal was given, the repulse of the corps was complete. Three thousand men had fallen." . . .

"Although the repulse of both divisions had been decisive, the troops yet clung tenaciously to the ground nearest the Confederate works, wherever so much as half cover could be obtained. In some cases our men lay within thirty yards of the enemy; at other places, according to configuration of the ground, the line ran away to fifty, seventy, a hundred feet or more. Here the troops entrenched themselves, by bayonet and tin-plate, until a beginning had been made, and waited for night to go to work on a larger scale and with better tools. Meanwhile, Wright and Smith had been attacking on their respective fronts. Each was beaten back after a severe struggle. Burnside had also tried the enemy's line and been repulsed.

"At nine o'clock General Hancock received a dispatch from headquarters saying, 'General Wright thinks he can carry the enemy's main line if he is relieved by attacks of the Second and Eighteenth corps. . . . Wright and Smith are both going to try again, and, unless you consider it hopeless, I would like you to do the same.'

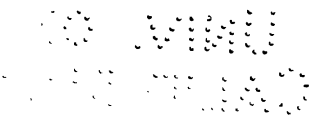
"General Hancock declining the responsibility of renewing the attack, Birney's division was detached and sent to the right to support General Warren, from whence it did not return until the 5th, and Rickett's Pennsylvania battery was detached to report to the Eighteenth Corps.

"As the evening came on a furious fire broke out along the two lines, now so near together that in many cases no pickets could be thrown out. This was supposed to indicate an attempt by an unseen enemy to carry our lines in the dark with a rush. The Confederate reports, on their part, speak



EDWARD SHAW.

Severely wounded at battle of Gettysburg July 3, 1863; served his three years' term of service, and was mustered out June 18, 1864.



of being attacked at this time, from which it is fair to conclude that the greatest part of the firing was done from the breastworks on either side. The Second Corps entrenchments, so rapidly constructed under heavy fire, at an almost incredibly short distance from the Confederate line, had by this time been sufficiently strengthened to make them as formidable to the enemy as theirs to us; and in this critical and painful situation the two armies settled down to watch each other."

That night Col. John G. Hazard, our chief of artillery, came to Captain Arnold and told him to take his battery to an advanced position more to the right, and he would see that the engineers built us a good breastwork. We started before daylight and took our position in the vicinity of the Eighteenth Corps, but found no entrenchments of any kind ready for us, and our position was within seventy yards of the rebel works. Had it not been for a very foggy morning our battery doubtless would have been subjected to a terrible fire from the enemy. As it was our guns stood there unprotected until some of the infantry came and threw up some works in front of their own position, and then our guns were hauled by prolonge into the works, the men creeping out and hitching on the rope.

In the fighting which started so furiously through the evening, Charles W. Lake, one of our old members, whose time was out on the 6th, was seriously wounded.

The morning of the 4th found the troops of both armies still watching each other. Shortly after getting our guns into our new work, Dow's Sixth Maine Battery fired a signal gun, and every battery in our line opened on the long lines of Confederate works, keeping up the bombardment for about two hours. From my position, behind the left gun, I could see about what our battery was doing, and surely there was some fine gunnery displayed there. To the writer's mind this was the great secret of the success of our battery. Throughout its three years' term of service it al-

ways handled its opponents so severely, and in such quick time, that it protected itself by its own good gunnery; and, in fact, this was always credited to the battery by all the generals who commanded in the Second Corps, and we had many of them. I never could understand why the rebel artillery opened so furiously as they did, as there was no charge made on any part of the line, and there was no harm done to their works, nor would there have been if we had fired for a week. Sharpshooters were kept steadily at their deadly work through the day, and, at about eight o'clock P. M., the enemy opened fire again, and there was another artillery duel for half an hour or a little more. Patrick Murray, of our battery, was wounded during the fighting. At no time of the day was it safe to show your head above the breastwork.

Sunday, June 5th, the weather was clear and hot; the night was one of the worst I had ever experienced, for there were our poor wounded men still lying between the lines, not able to crawl, yet were within sight and sound but could not be secured. All that could creep or crawl managed to get into the lines, while some were brought in by their comrades at the risk of their own lives.

It was understood that General Lee refused permission for our troops to care for our wounded. We were greatly surprised at this action, for we could not believe that he would be so inhuman. He might have had in mind Antietam and other battlefields, where, under a flag of truce (and to the surprise of our generals), he withdrew his army, and perhaps he thought there might be something to be gained by thus refusing permission to remove our wounded from the field. Sharpshooters still kept up their fire all day, and whenever one could get a peep over our breastworks it was a queer sight to see line after line of the works of the enemy, and not a sign of life around or in them, unless someone exposed himself; then you would see puffs of smoke from rifles in the hands of our men who were watching with intense solicitude the rebels in their front.

Captain Arnold called on General Hancock that day and informed him that our time was out and that we desired to be relieved. Shortly after Major Hazard came with orders that we were to be relieved by Ames's New York battery. We held our position until after dark, when we received orders to limber to the rear, but, as soon as our wheels made a noise as if moving, the enemy opened fire the whole length of their line; the guns were run back and our men returned their fire with a will, and for half an hour no one ever saw handsomer fireworks than were displayed on that occasion. There was a steady blaze of artillery and musketry, which, in the darkness, made a brilliant illumination, as the main lines of battle were only from thirty to seventy yards apart, and the sheets of lead and iron that went flying through the air were fearful to behold. About half past nine we hitched up and withdrew without any more trouble. That event ended our three years' service, and, for myself, will say that I had passed a great many pleasant hours while in the service, and would have remained until the close of the war had it not been for circumstances which at this late day need not be recounted here.

Then the men who were going home moved back to where our caissons, battery wagon, and forge were located. As we left our position at the front the men of the different organizations in our vicinity cheered us and bade us good-by, as our battery was held in high esteem by all the troops in our corps. General Hancock expressed himself as exceedingly sorry to lose one of the best batteries under his command.

On the 6th the weather was clear and hot. Captain Arnold, who was to return home with the discharged men, turned the battery over to Lieut. Gamaliel L. Dwight (a former corporal of our battery), who had been appointed to reorganize and continue it in the service. Several of our non-commissioned officers who had never received their warrants went to Colonel Tompkins's quarters to obtain them

before leaving for home. We were under fire all that day. Towards evening our camp was changed, yet we were still exposed to the shot and shell of the enemy. The mortars of both contending forces kept up an unremitting fire upon each other. There is one peculiarity about these shells fired from mortars, you never know where they are going to strike. The whizzing and screeching noise they make while flying through the air is very annoying and exceedingly exasperating to the nerves. Breastworks do not afford much protection from these deadly missiles. Bomb-proofs are the only adequate means of defence against them. A number of the rebel shells came in close proximity to us that day, and I proposed to our men whose time was out that we move out of range, but no one paid any attention to my proposition, and, as no one would go with me, we remained one more night under fire.

General Grant finding it impossible to turn either flank of Lee's army or to break his lines, cast about for another entrance into the Confederate capital, and came to the conclusion that to cross the James and go by way of Petersburg, which controlled the communications of Richmond, with the main country of the Confederates, was the better plan. Accordingly, the Army of the Potomac was to be held in its trenches at Cold Harbor, maintaining all active operations until the way could be clear to make the next move. This continued until the night of the 12th, when the army was stealthily withdrawn from the trenches and marched across the Chickahominy.

During the stay at Cold Harbor the duty was exceedingly trying to the troops of the Second Corps which lay nearest the enemy. Through all those long and weary days not a man in the corps could show his head above the works or move about within fifty yards of them, to the rear, without being fired upon. In order to relieve or supply the troops in the front line, trenches had to be dug to enable the men to pass back and forth in safety.

General Grant in his *Memoirs* says: "I have always regretted that the last assault at Cold Harbor was ever made." This is the only sentence the writer ever found in his writings where he said that he regretted anything he had done in relation to army movements. In regard to the Second Corps at Cold Harbor the writer feels justified in referring to the melancholy words of General Morgan: "The Second Corps here received a mortal blow, and never again was the same body of men." He then goes on to say that between the Rapidan and the Chickahominy, a period of about thirty days, the losses of the Second Corps had averaged over four hundred daily. And again he says: "It was not in numbers only that the loss was so grievously felt. Between those rivers the corps had lost terribly in its leaders; the men whose presence and example were worth many thousand men: Hays, Abbott, Merriam, Carroll, Webb, Brown, Coons, Tyler, Byrnes, Brooke, Haskell, McKeen, McMahon, Porter, the Morrises, and many other gallant men who were dead or lost to the corps; and, though there were many brave and efficient officers left, the places of those who had been taken could not be filled."

Down to the point we have reached, the body of troops which had been organized by Gen. Edwin V. Sumner, in March, 1862, had made a record for itself of which it might justly be proud.

General Walker has well said:

"It had wrested twenty-five cannon from the enemy; it had lost but one gun. It had taken more than eighty flags in battle; it had yielded, perhaps, half a dozen in the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, and at Cold Harbor. Its 'missing' in all its terrible battles had been about five thousand; it had captured over eleven thousand Confederates in action. It had not been more impetuous in assault than steady, enduring, and resourceful in disaster and defeat. In the long column which wound its way in the darkness out of the entrenchments at Cold Harbor, on the 12th of June, 1864,

and took the road to the Chickahominy, little remained of the divisions that had crossed that river on the 31st of May, 1862, to the rescue of the broken left wing; and the historian feels that as he concludes the story of Cold Harbor, he is in a sense, writing the epitaph of the Second Corps."

On the 7th the weather in the morning was fine. The foliage and the blossoms on the trees in Virginia at that season are luxuriant and beautiful. The original members of the battery who were to be discharged turned in all property belonging to the government. While this was going on shot and shell from the enemy's batteries and mortars were flying all around us. I said to the men who were going home: "Boys, my time is out, there is no reason for us to stay here where we cannot do any good, and take chances to get killed or wounded. I am going out of range." I then walked up a short distance to a negro cabin surrounded by peach trees in bloom, which presented a neat appearance, and, within twenty minutes, all the members whose term of service had expired came up where I was. We went into camp in some woods about one mile to the rear. While there was cause for rejoicing on the part of those who had completed an honorable term of service, and were going home, yet, to me, the rejoicing was tinged with sadness when I realized that, although Lee had at last allowed our men under a flag of truce to bury our dead and bring in our wounded from his lines, who had lain there for five days, yet it did not seem possible that any of them could live with such terrible wounds and such exposure as they had been subjected to.

General Morgan says: "Better the consuming fires of the Wilderness or the Po than the lingering, agonizing death of these poor men, whose vain calls for relief smote upon the ears of their comrades at every lull in the firing. One man who was brought into our lines had survived the dreadful ordeal, and his accounts of his sufferings, how he had quenched his thirst by sucking the dew from such grass as

he could pull at his side, and had allayed the pangs of hunger in the same way, were not well calculated to encourage his comrades to run any risk of being placed in the same position."

Badeau seeks to throw the responsibility for this delay upon General Lee. After the cessation of hostilities for two hours, from six to eight P. M., which was the time allowed to remove the wounded and bury the dead, the rebels opened with their artillery, as they had been doing every night, and any one in rear of the lines was as liable to be hit as were those who were on the front line. General Hancock's tent was riddled by bullets; Capt. Alexander M. McCune, Seventy-fourth New York, was killed by a solid shot at the door of General Hancock's tent. Fortunately those of us whose term of service had expired were out of the range of the enemy's guns.

The losses of the corps from the 2d to the 12th of June were: Killed, 494; wounded, 2,442; missing, 574; total, 3,510.

CHAPTER XXII

RETURN HOME OF THE VETERANS.

WEDNESDAY, June 8th, was a day ever to be remembered by the members of Battery A, First Rhode Island Light Artillery, who had served their country faithfully for three long years. At the break of day the original members of the battery assembled at the camp of Battery A, and put their luggage on board of a mule wagon that had been procured for us. Unfortunately for myself some person during the night had stolen my knapsack, containing a new suit of clothes, and a pair of shoes never worn, which I had purchased for the purpose of making a presentable appearance on my arrival home. I sat up until a late hour writing in my diary, or I should have lost that also. Therefore I had no luggage to be transported. I consoled myself with the thought that I still retained my diary.

We left Cold Harbor about seven o'clock for White House Landing, a distance of fifteen miles, which we traveled with light hearts, arriving at our destination about two o'clock, and for once in the history of the battery, had the good fortune to find the propeller *New Jersey* all ready to leave. We went on board, and at four o'clock started down the Pamunkey River, going as far as West Point, where we dropped anchor about nine o'clock. I was very tired, yet I had no inclination to sleep, as the great and sudden change which had taken place in my condition from a soldier to a citizen and a freeman, precluded all disposition to slumber.

On the 9th the weather was fine, though hot. The *New Jersey* got under way about five o'clock, and steamed down the York River, which, to me, appeared to be the most

charming one I had ever seen, except Providence River. We passed Yorktown, Gloucester Point, and steaming out through the Chesapeake Bay and up the Potomac River, dropped anchor about twenty miles below Acquia Creek.

On the 10th the weather was clear and warm. The *New Jersey* continued her voyage, starting about five o'clock, and steamed up the Potomac. The men of the battery stayed below cleaning up and putting on their new clothes which they had saved for their home coming. When they came on deck the captain and crew did not recognize them, their new clothing having completely transformed them, and they made a very presentable appearance. It was a great disappointment to me that my new suit had been stolen, which prevented me from arraying myself in an attire similar to my comrades. About three o'clock the boat put into Gooseberry Point, left the horses and mules there and then ran up to Washington to the foot of Sixth Street, from which we marched to the barracks of the Soldiers' Home, where we were to stop all night.

On the 11th the weather was fine and quite hot. We were up early, and some of the boys made trips in and around Washington. Senator William Sprague came to the barracks, and, before he left, treated the men to cigars. He did not have much to say to us, however, but congratulated us on our good fortune in having passed through the hardships and perils of war and returning home in comparatively good health. We then took our departure from Washington, passing through Baltimore, Wilmington, and Philadelphia, and arrived in New York about eleven o'clock, and were quartered in the Park barracks, not far from the city hall and post office. The trip tired me more than it would to have marched all day. The home guards at the barracks were the worst lot of men we had ever met. They had no great liking for soldiers coming from the front, and, by appearances, it looked as though if we had had any money they would have been glad to have relieved us of it.

On the 12th the weather was fine. We arose at an early hour, and had liberty to go where we pleased until five o'clock, when we were to take a train for Providence. As I had no money I did not care to go a great ways, but looked around a little. It was a long day to me. At five o'clock that afternoon we marched to Madison Square and took the train for Providence. We crossed the Connecticut River from Saybrook to Lime on a ferry-boat. There was a lunch counter on the boat, and I espied David Fales, of Central Falls, of the firm of Fales & Jenks, partaking of a light repast. I spoke to him and he was glad to see me, and said, "Will you have a bite to eat?" I thanked him, and he said, "Help yourself." About a dozen of our men who stood near also helped themselves at Mr. Fales's expense, and it appeared to be a pleasure for him to foot the bill. We proceeded to New London, arriving there on time. After crossing the Thames River at that place, and as we were about to take the train, we learned that the engine had met with a mishap and had become disabled. We were therefore obliged to wait a long time for another engine to take its place.

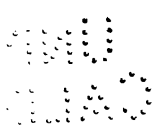
On the 13th the weather was fine. Just before daylight an engine appeared, was hitched onto the train, the conductor called out "All aboard," and we started for Providence. We left New London about daylight, and nearly all of the soldiers slept on the way to that city. I did not awake until I heard some one call "Olneyville," when I was on my feet in an instant, and said, "Where?" I then fully realized the fact that I was nearing home. It seemed to me as if I were still in the army, and that we were moving from place to place. But the thought that Providence would soon be reached came suddenly to my mind, and it appeared to me as if the train could not go fast enough. I began to conjecture where I could go when I arrived in that city, not expecting to see any of my relatives at the depot. What a sight met our view as our train ran into the station. Exchange Place was packed with people. About the first



WILLIAM C. DORE.

He was mustered in Aug. 13, 1861; he with Charles V. Scott performed a very daring feat at Point of Rocks, Md., by volunteering their services to swim the Potomac River, in full view of the enemy and at easy range. They successfully crossed the river and returned unharmed, after having secured a skiff which was the object of their going upon their perilous mission. He was mustered out Oct. 12, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Va.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA



person I met was my sister, and she appeared to be overcome with joy at meeting me. The captain endeavored to form the men into line, but it was of no use. Husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, and sweethearts were embracing each other, so overjoyed were they to meet again. While I was surveying this animated scene I was nearly taken off my feet; three or four of my friends had surrounded me. My father and sister were among the number. The captain finally ordered us to report at the Marine Artillery Armory at eleven o'clock the next day, and we then dispersed. The Marine Corps of Artillery was firing a salute, and everybody seemed crazy with excitement. The Second Rhode Island Regiment had just returned home, only two days before, and had had a grand reception. The people had been waiting for us at the station all night, the break-down of the engine at New London causing the delay in our arrival. Some of the men of the battery went to the Marine Artillery Armory and had a collation. I was so delighted at the thought of my safe arrival in "Little Rhody" that I hardly knew how to act. I finally went home with my relatives, rejoicing in the fact that I was a free man again, and that war's rude alarms would no longer disturb me.

On the 14th the weather was fair and warm. At eleven o'clock we reported at the Armory, and were ordered to meet at Railroad Hall on the 18th, when we would be mustered out. We also received an invitation to a banquet to be given at the City Hotel by prominent citizens who had held our battery in high esteem, and whose interest in its welfare had been unabated throughout its long and honorable career.

On Wednesday evening, June 15th, the company went to the City Hotel, where three long tables were well filled and it was an inspiring sight. Hon. Thomas A. Doyle, mayor of the city, presided. Among the guests were Lieut.-Gov. Seth Padelford, Hon. Amos C. Barstow, Earl P. Mason, Esq., Hon. William M. Rodman, Rev. Augustus Woodbury,

Adjt.-Gen. Edward C. Mauran, Maj.-Gen. Olney Arnold, Gen. Charles T. Robbins, Gen. Joseph P. Balch, Col. Henry T. Sisson, Col. S. B. M. Reed, Lieut.-Col. Henry F. Jenks, Maj. Stephen H. Brown, and various other gentlemen of distinction in civil and military life. The American Band, with its old leader, Joseph C. Greene, was in attendance, and its music formed an agreeable part of the entertainment. A graceful address of welcome was made by Mayor Doyle, which was responded to by Captain Arnold. Sentiments were offered and brief speeches were made by Lieut.-Gov. Seth Padelford, Lieutenant Whiteside, of the United States Army, Rev. Augustus Woodbury, Col. William H. Reynolds (the first commander of the battery), Hon. Amos C. Barstow, Capt. De la Mesa, of the United States Veteran Reserve Corps, Lieutenant Ramsey, of the United States Ordnance Corps, George W. Danielson, Esq., Col. Nicholas Van Slyck, Generals Mauran, Arnold, Balch, and Robbins, Dr. Charles G. McKnight (first surgeon of the battery), Capt. Charles D. Owen, Caesar A. Updike, Esq., Cols. Sisson and Frank Allen. Patriotic songs were sung, four of our battery forming a quartette led by Charles Codding, who delighted the audience with several numbers, including a song, by request, entitled "My Bonny Black Bess," which had been a favorite in the battery from its organization. Cheers were given for Governor Sprague and General Burnside, and at a late hour the company separated.

On the 16th and 17th we went where we pleased, but on Saturday, the 18th of June, 1864, Battery A met for the last time at Railroad Hall in the old depot at Providence to be mustered out. We were paid in full, including our one hundred dollars bounty. Thus ended my career as a soldier, and for which I must say I feel proud, having passed through three years' service, and through nearly all the battles of the Army of the Potomac, and was never wounded nor reported sick, and experienced all the vicissitudes and hardships incidental to a soldier's life.

On Monday, June 20th, the remains of Lieut. Peter Hunt, who had died in Washington, D. C., of wounds received at the battle of Swift Creek, were brought to Providence, where an impressive service was held in the Central Congregational Church. About thirty of the original men of the battery, who had recently returned home after their three years' service (myself included), attended the funeral. His remains were interred in the family burying-ground at Seekonk, Mass, now Rumford, R. I.

The following are the original members of the battery who were mustered in June 6, 1861, returned home and were mustered out June 18, 1864:

Aldrich, Thomas M.
Aldrich, Stephen W.
Barker, William C.
Bennett, Henry H.
Boutems, Charles E.
Brooks, Joseph E.
Byrne, George
Calder, Wesley B.
Carter, Frank
Chester, George N.
Codding, Charles D.
Collins, Timothy
Crandall, Henry B.
Dickerson, Joseph C.
Drape, William
Gardner, James
Googins, Eugene
Grady, Michael
Greene, Stephen M.
Greenleaf, George J.
Griffin, John
Hawkins, Albert
Hines, Joseph E.
Humphreys, Preston A.
Irons, Lewis W.
Lake, Charles W.
Lewis, James
Lynott, John
Maines, Alexander
McDonough, John
McKay, John W.
Morrison, William
Navin, John
Page, Alexander K.
Pearce, Dexter D.
Raynor, Robert
Reichardt, Theodore
Rowbottom, Robert
Shaw, Edward
Slocum, George L.
Thompson, John B.
Thornley, Richard
Towle, Augustus S.
Wales, Joseph W.
Walsh, John
Wild, John

NOTE.—Of the above, Stephen W. Aldrich was promoted corporal; Henry H. Bennett, promoted corporal; Joseph E. Brooks, wounded at Bull Run and taken prisoner; Wesley B. Calder, promoted corporal; William Drape, promoted corporal; James Gardner, wounded in action at Auburn; promoted corporal; Stephen M. Greene, promoted corporal; sergeant; George J. Greenleaf, promoted corporal; quartermaster sergeant; Gilbert Harrison, wounded at battle of Gettysburg, Pa.; Lewis W. Irons, on detached duty as commissary sergeant; Charles W. Lake, wounded at Cold Harbor; John McDonough, promoted corporal; John Navin, corporal; sergeant; Robert Raynor, wounded at battle of Antietam; promoted corporal; Theodore Reichardt, wounded at Auburn; promoted corporal; Robert Rowbottom, promoted corporal; sergeant; Edward Shaw, wounded at Gettysburg; John B. Thompson, promoted corporal; sergeant; first sergeant; Richard Thornley, promoted corporal; Augustus S. Towle, promoted corporal; sergeant; Joseph W. Wales, wounded.

Attached men from the Second Rhode Island Infantry who were mustered in with that regiment, afterwards transferred to Battery A, returned with it to Rhode Island, and were mustered out June 18, 1864:

Leach, John F.	Pierce, George S.	Wilcox, James E.
McConnell, John	Snow, Horatio B.	

The following is a summary of the original members of the battery who died of disease, were killed, wounded, discharged for disability, re-enlisted, transferred, promoted, deserted, and dropped from the rolls:

Killed	9
Discharged for wounds	15
Promoted	20
Transferred	19
Died of disease	1
Discharged for disability	33
Re-enlisted	2
Deserted	3
	102
Dropped from rolls	8
	109
Returned home with the battery	46
Total	156

NOTE.— Capt. William A. Arnold, although not one of our original members, returned home with the battery and was mustered out with it.

The battery while on the Dexter Training Ground, June 6, 1861, at roll call, mustered 156 men and five commissioned officers, and I have shown in the summary above what became of them. The men who were discharged or dropped from the rolls from different causes are as follows: William F. Peck and John F. Watson were discharged at the request of their relatives at Providence, R. I.; Calvin Fletcher, Thomas Flood, William J. Greenhalgh, John Griffin, 2d, and John Whalen were discharged at Camp Clark, Washington, D. C., as unfit to continue in the service; Henry H. Stewart was mustered in with the battery at Providence, June 6, 1861, but there is no record of his service, and, strange to say, he appeared at Providence June 5, 1864, and was mustered out.

CHAPTER XXIII

REORGANIZATION OF THE BATTERY AND ITS SUBSEQUENT CONSOLIDATION WITH BATTERY B.

AS has already been mentioned, after the departure for home of the original members of Battery A, it was reorganized, and about fifty men, including recruits, continued in the field. To these must be added the attached men from several infantry regiments of the army. The task of reorganizing the battery devolved upon First Lieut. Gamaliel L. Dwight, who was well fitted for the position. In a few days it was ready for active service at the front. It was assigned to the Third Division (Birney's), Second Corps.

On June 10th and 12th it participated in the battles of Cold Harbor.

On the night of the 12th the Second Corps crossed the Chickahominy, marching as far as Wilcox's Landing on the James River.

On the 13th it went into bivouac after a tedious march, and, on the 14th, the corps crossed the James River to Windmill Point as soon as boats could be obtained. The operation was long and tedious, but by four A. M. of the 15th, Hancock had got all his infantry and four of his batteries over, Battery A being the first to cross, and fired the first shot into Petersburg. Up to this time it is said by some of the best writers that the movement from Cold Harbor to the James River between the 12th and 16th of June, was distinctly the finest thing the Army of the Potomac had ever accomplished.

In the action before Petersburg June 16th and 17th Battery A was hotly engaged throughout the fight, and Lieu-

tenant Dwight received the official thanks of the major-general commanding for the handsome manner in which he placed his battery and drove the enemy from the field. After silencing the enemy's guns it entrenched itself in its position, which it held during the day. Early on the following morning General Barlow ordered the battery moved to the front and right, where the lieutenant received the general's thanks in person for the effective service performed.

On July 17th Lieut. Gamaliel L. Dwight was mustered out of service at Providence, R. I., by order dated July 7, 1864. On the same date (July 7th), First Lieut. William S. Perrin of Battery B, was ordered to take command of Battery A.

On the 11th of August the Second Corps received orders to undertake another movement across the James River. On arriving at Deep Bottom it was to be joined by Birney's Tenth Corps and Gregg's cavalry, all under Hancock.

On August 12th another detachment from Battery A whose time had expired were mustered out in front of Petersburg the day before the Second Corps started on its second trip to Deep Bottom. The original members of Battery B were also mustered out on that day, and the remaining men of Battery A were transferred to Battery B. The men of Battery A whose term of service expired on the 12th of August, 1864, were seven in all, namely, Walter Arnold, George Bray, William C. Dore, William Knight, George Lewis, James Mauran, and John Tyng. Together with the remaining members of Battery A who were transferred to Battery B were the attached men, which gave the latter battery a sufficient number of men to continue its organization.

About six o'clock on the evening of the 12th of August Batteries A and B combined under Capt. T. Fred Brown, broke camp and proceeded north on its way to Deep Bottom, the discharged men of A and B going with the battery, marching all night and halting about three A. M., the next

morning on the road to City Point, near the James River, where they went into camp for a few hours' rest. Soon after sunrise the discharged men took leave of the battery and resumed their march to City Point, where they took the mail boat *Charles Vanderbilt* bound for Washington, and where, on the 15th, they received their pay, including bounty and mileage.

They left Washington on the 15th, at six P. M., and arrived at Providence on the morning of the 17th, where they were given a reception by the governor, James Y. Smith, and, escorted by the Mechanic Rifles, marched to the Marine Armory on Benefit Street, where they were welcomed by Lieut.-Gov. Seth Padelford, Gen. William W. Paine, and others. They then partook of a bountiful collation, after which the men dispersed to their homes.

Let us now return to the combined battery A and B which we left at Jones's Neck, where it was encamped with other batteries of the brigade on the morning of the 13th, awaiting the arrival of the infantry which had gone to City Point and taken transports in order to give the enemy the impression that they were going to Washington under cover of the night. However, their object was to return up the James (sixteen miles above City Point) there make a landing near Deep Bottom, and, after rapidly debarking, press up the several roads to Richmond, thus making the second attempt to turn the enemy's line on Bailey's Creek. As the column moved from the landing they passed between men on both sides of the road lying dead from sunstroke; and, before noon, one division commander reported that in two of his regiments over a hundred men had been overcome by the heat. Grant's orders had been issued under the impression that the Confederate line had been depleted by dispatching three divisions of infantry and one of cavalry to re-enforce Early in the Valley of Virginia, where he was opposed by Sheridan with the Eighth and Nineteenth Corps together with the Sixth Corps which had been withdrawn from the

Army of the Potomac. Grant's information was erroneous, for when our troops advanced to the familiar line of Bailey's Creek the works were found fully manned; and, when Barlow about four o'clock with his division and that of Gibbon now under command of Gen. Thomas A. Smyth, delivered an attack near Fussell's Mill, he was easily beaten off. It must be said in sorrow for the Second Corps, that only one brigade—that commanded by Col. George N. Macy, of Massachusetts—did anything like its full duty. When we have to record that the troops most at fault were the Irish brigade and Brooke's old brigade, both of which had made themselves famous with a long and glorious career, it will give the reader some idea to what condition the army had been reduced by three months of desperate fighting. For six days Hancock remained on the north bank of the James trying here and there on the enemy's lines to seek a weak spot by which he might turn their flank. Several actions resulted, in one of which the Tenth Corps displayed great gallantry while sustaining heavy losses. Gregg's cavalry fought the enemy on Deep Creek supported by Miles's brigade, gaining great credit for both commands.

During this trip of the Second Corps to Deep Bottom Batteries A and B now acting together, lay at Jones's Neck. Lieut. John T. Blake of Battery A, was assigned to the left section. The whole number of men reported to Captain Brown at this time, including veterans, recruits, and attached men, was sixty. The battery remained at Jones's Neck until the 22d, reorganizing and assigning the men to their new positions.

On the 18th William S. Perrin, the senior first lieutenant of Battery B, who had been since July 7th in temporary command of Battery A, was relieved and returned to Battery B for duty. On the 19th Lieut. John T. Blake, at his own request, was mustered out of service.

On the 20th it rained very hard, chilling the air, which was very refreshing and much needed. Captain Brown re-

ceived orders to move, and, at sunset, the battery broke camp and marched back in the rear of Petersburg to its old camp, arriving there between nine and ten o'clock.

On the 21st, Sunday, about nine o'clock, the battery marched to near Second Division headquarters and parked with the artillery brigade which was here massed awaiting orders. Maj. John G. Hazard returned from Rhode Island and resumed command of the artillery brigade. He brought with him four recruits for Battery B, Joseph Fisher, Samuel H. Greene, Patrick Kelly, and Charles Stephens.

On the 22d, at sunrise, the infantry was on the move early. At 9.30 "boots and saddle call" was sounded, the battery moving out on the road and taking up the march with the artillery brigade to the left. After passing the Jones house on the Jerusalem Plank road it went into park on the right of the road. There Capt. T. Fred Brown left his command, having been ordered home on recruiting service. First Lieut. William S. Perrin then assumed command of the battery.

On the 23d the battery held inspection under Lieutenant Perrin, the right section under Lieut. James E. Chace, and the left section under Lieut. Gideon Spencer. In the afternoon the battery received marching orders from General Gibbon to follow his division when it should move. Embodied in this order were instructions to have all corps or state insignia removed from hats, caps, and clothing, so, if captured the enemy could not tell to which corps the prisoner belonged; also to prevent the enemy from learning that the Second Corps was down on the left of the line instead of being up on the right in the entrenchments in front of Petersburg.

At six o'clock in the evening the battery started down the Jerusalem Plank road. On its arrival at Shay's Tavern the column turned to the right and moved toward the Weldon Railroad. At ten o'clock that evening the battery halted

and went into park. Lieutenant Perrin received orders at midnight to move to Reams's Station (twelve miles south of Petersburg) and report to General Miles commanding the First Division. The battery had not gone far before its progress was retarded by fallen trees which blocked the way, placed there by the enemy. After a time the obstructions were removed, the battery proceeding on its way to the station, arriving there a little before three o'clock on the morning of the 24th. The left section under Lieutenant Spencer went out on the Halifax road to the right of the station, taking position facing northwest supported by only a few cavalry vedettes. Lieutenant Perrin with Lieutenant Chace's right section went south down the railroad and below the station.

After taking position one piece was placed a few yards to the right in a field in order to cover and protect the infantry which was destroying the railroad. Earthworks were thrown up around the pieces during the night, and by sunrise the next morning they were completed. The left section at nine o'clock that morning by General Gibbon's orders joined the right section below the station. After the left section had joined the right Lieutenant Spencer's right piece was put in position on the Halifax road to the left of Lieutenant Chace's left piece. Lieutenant Spencer's left piece was placed in the field to the right of Lieutenant Chace's right piece. The third and second pieces thus placed formed the left section of the battery, and was under the command of Lieutenant Chace, while the first and fourth pieces formed the right section of the battery under the command of Lieutenant Spencer. Lieutenant Perrin was in command of the battery which was facing southwest, overlooking the railroad and the fields west of the Halifax road. The battery's position at that time was about two hundred yards south of the junction of the Dinwiddie stage road with the Halifax road. The battery bivouacked in the entrenchments all night.

At the break of day on the morning of the 25th, the men were awakened by the infantry going out of the works to the support of the cavalry which had been ordered to make an extended reconnoissance to the south. Reports were received that the enemy's pickets had been repulsed at two points without developing any increase of strength. General Hancock ordered General Gibbon's division out to continue the work of destroying the railroad. They had hardly left their entrenchments when they were attacked by a strong force of the enemy and compelled to retire. General Gibbon then deployed a strong skirmish line to check the enemy's advance, which he succeeded in accomplishing after a sharp skirmish, and the division held its ground but did not advance. It was finally ordered back within the breastworks.

The enemy had shown itself in force on our right, and caused Lieutenant Perrin to change front and Lieutenant Spencer's two pieces which were in the field to the right of the railroad swung around to the right and rear about one hundred yards nearer to the traverse of the breastworks. Lieutenant Chace's right piece, which was on the railroad bed was swung around to the front and right. By these changes three pieces were facing nearly west with one of Lieutenant Chace's pieces facing nearly southeast on the Halifax road. Such was the position of Batteries A and B at Reams's Station on the morning of the 25th. To the right and front were heavy timber in which the enemy's infantry was massed.

Soon the enemy's sharpshooters began to pick off our men and horses, and several were killed. Orders were now given by Lieutenant Perrin to shell the enemy's line. An order was then received from brigade headquarters to cease firing, which was obeyed. In the meantime the First Division had repulsed several attacks of the enemy on its lines. After the battery had ceased firing it became apparent that the rebels were preparing to make another attack upon our right. About 5.30 P. M. a strong force of the enemy ap-

peared, directing its assault against the northeast angle to the right of the Tenth Massachusetts Battery. Here our troops gave way, and the rebels swarmed over our works. The enemy then opened with a terrific fire with their artillery, which was massed in a cornfield on our right and front. Their guns were served with vigor. Our artillery in the meantime was not idle and quickly replied to the enemy's fire. But the battery soon found itself in an unpleasant position, as both men and horses were exposed to the deadly fire of the enemy. The horses began to fall one after another until all were either killed or disabled. Several of the men had been severely wounded. Nevertheless the battery held its ground and continued its fire upon the rebels. Four times the rebels charged up to our breastworks, but were repulsed. At last our infantry gave way and the enemy leaped the entrenchments and poured their fire right and left down the line upon those who still stood firm. Sleeper's Massachusetts battery across the railroad was captured entire in spite of a stout resistance on the part of officers and men. Brown's consolidated A and B Rhode Island battery, which was also across the railroad, met the same fate except one limber which was taken away by some of the men of the battery. A little later the flushed and victorious enemy advanced upon Dauchey's Twelfth New York Battery, and, after a hand-to-hand fight with the gunners, took possession of the pieces one by one. Such were the first results of Heth's charge. The enemy had, owing to the misconduct of a portion of our First Division, carried twelve hundred yards of our entrenchments, with twelve guns. The brigade from the Second Division commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Rugg, though called upon by General Miles in person to go forward and drive back the enemy, cowered in the railroad cut and were captured nearly entire without resistance. This was the colonel to whom Lieutenant Spencer, of Battery B, gave orders to come and protect the battery which he was there to support, but he re-

fused, claiming that he had no orders and could not do it; whereupon Lieutenant Spencer vigorously replied, "To h—ll with orders!—march your men in there and cut off the enemy from getting back!" But the colonel, who would not accept an order from General Miles, would not accept one from a second lieutenant of a Rhode Island battery.

Never in the history of the Second Corps had such an exhibition of incapacity and cowardice been given. But the battle of Reams's Station was not over. With the enemy holding the entire face of our entrenchments and ready to sweep, in greatly superior numbers, adown both returns, it would seem that naught but further disaster and final complete rout could ensue. The enemy had, however, still to reckon with a few indomitable spirits; Generals Hancock, and Miles, Colonels Lynch and Brody, with a score of staff officers and regimental commanders whose courage rose with the emergency, threw themselves across the path of the exultant Confederates. The flags of the corps and the division commanders were advanced into their very faces. Dauchey's cannoneers with their rammers, portions of the Sixty-first and Tenth New York and half a dozen other organizations, with some of the braver individual soldiers from those who had been driven out of the angle, joined Hancock and Miles in the effort to retake the captured guns and works. Not more than three hundred men made up the little party which rushed upon the enemy, standing among Dauchey's pieces. Step by step they drove the Confederates back, till the last one of Dauchey's guns across the trail of which Lieutenant Brower lay dead, had been retaken, and those who had held it sought refuge in the railroad cut. So daring and desperate had been the unexpected onset made by this small band of Union officers and soldiers that the Confederate advance was not only checked but stopped; and never during the brief remaining hour of the day was there a serious effort made to follow up the advantage gained in the first charge. Three of Dauchey's

guns were hauled off by our men, the fourth, which had been detached and sent farther down the entrenchments, to fire up the Halifax road, being too much within the range of the enemy's musketry to be withdrawn. The situation was this: The enemy occupied the whole face of the entrenchments and railroad cut, which, as stated, was parallel thereto. Their rifles also commanded the inside of our entrenchments some distance down each return. Murphy's brigade of Gibbon's division, along the left return, had fallen precipitately back when Brown's (A and B), R. I., and Sleeper's (Tenth Massachusetts) batteries were taken.

Our line was now drawn across the ground enclosed by the works, parallel to the face of the entrenchments and to the railroad, a distance from the latter of nearly three hundred yards. Gregg's cavalry still held their place firmly in our left rear, having thrown off all attacks, while upon the new front Warner's New Jersey battery, the only one which could be brought into action (Dauchey's recaptured guns being without ammunition) replied with undaunted courage to the fire of all the Confederate batteries now concentrated upon it from three sides. In front were eight brigades of infantry flushed with victory, and on the left a greatly superior force of cavalry, yet Hancock was most reluctant to relinquish to the enemy the final possession of any part of the field; and Miles, though his division was reduced to a skeleton, was hot to recommence fighting. He had already got some of his men over the breastworks on the right, where they were joined by the brigade of cavalry which we have spoken of as covering our left rear. Gregg, too, promised to join from his side in a general advance to retake the works. But when the question was put to Gibbon, that officer was compelled to admit that he could not hope to bring his troops up. Rugg's brigade had largely gone into the enemy's hands; Murphy's regiments had been badly disorganized by the enfilading and reversed fires to which they had so long been subjected, and, by their own

hasty retreat when the Confederates broke through along the railroad. Even the gallant Smyth had to say that his brigade could not be relied upon for any aggressive movement. There was nothing left for Hancock, therefore, but to submit to the hard fate which had befallen his command. The blow to him had been an awful one. "It is not surprising," writes Morgan, "that General Hancock was deeply stirred by the situation, for it was the first time he had felt felt the bitterness of defeat during the war. He had seen his troops fail in their attempts to carry the entrenchments of the enemy, but he had never before had the mortification of seeing them driven and his lines and guns taken, as on this occasion; and never before had he seen his men fail to respond to the utmost when he called upon them personally for a supreme effort; nor had he ever before ridden toward the enemy followed by a beggarly array of a few hundred stragglers who had been gathered together and pushed toward the enemy. He could no longer conceal from himself that his once mighty corps retained the shadow of its former strength and vigor. Riding up to one of his staff officers in Warner's battery, covered with dust and begrimed with powder and smoke, he placed his hand upon the staff officer's shoulder and said: 'Colonel, I do not care to die, but I pray God I may never leave this field!' The agony of that day never passed away from the proud soldier. . . . So one who was gifted to discern the real forces which in us make for life or for death, looking down on the cold and pallid form of Hancock as he lay at rest beneath the drooping flag of his country on Governor's Island, in February, 1886, would have seen 'Reams's Station' written on brow, and brain, and heart, as palpable as, to the common eye, were the scars of Gettysburg."

Night was now coming on, and Hancock sent word back to halt the re-enforcements approaching the field, which, had they been sent by the Halifax road would easily have reached him before the main assault fell. He had no

fear of further attack from the enemy, who seemed content to let him alone. So savage had been the onslaught of the small column which retook and carried off Dauchey's guns, that the enemy showed no disposition to renew hostilities. After dark Hancock drew off his broken battalions. At the same moment the enemy began their march back to the Petersburg lines, carrying with them nine guns, seven colors, and seventeen hundred prisoners.

But not from the commander of the Potomac or from the great silent chief of all the armies of the United States came one word of reproof or blame. Before midnight General Hancock received the following dispatch from General Meade:

"DEAR GENERAL: No one sympathizes with you more than I do in the misfortune of this evening. McEntee gave me such good accounts of affairs up to the time he left, and it was then so late, I deferred going to you as I intended. If I had had any doubt of your ability to hold your lines from a direct attack I would have sent Willcox with others down the railroad; but my anxiety was about your rear, and my apprehension was that they would either move around your left or intervene between you and Warren. To meet the first contingency I sent Willcox down the Plank road, and, for the second, I held Crawford and White ready to move and attack. At the same time I thought it likely, after trying you, they might attack Warren, and wished to leave him, until the last moment, with some reserves. I am satisfied you and your command have done all in your power, and though you have met with a reverse, the honor and escutcheon of the old Second is as bright as ever, and will on some future occasion prove it is only when enormous odds are brought against them that they can be moved. Don't let this matter worry you, because you have given me every satisfaction.

Truly yours,

GEORGE G. MEADE."

The losses sustained by the Second Corps at Reams's Station were: Killed, 157; wounded, 427; missing, 1,982; making the total losses of the two divisions, besides artillery and staff, 2,566.

The losses of combined Batteries A and B were: Killed: First Sergt. Charles H. Adams and Private John Glynn, and two attached men. Of the wounded and taken prisoners nine of them belonged to Battery A: Thomas Donnelly, John Hampston, Frederic G. Herman (who died of disease at Salisbury, N. C.), Thomas McNamara, Charles F. Riley, W. Irving Tallman, Benjamin W. Walker, Henry A. Wellman, and William W. Winsor. First Lieut. William S. Perrin was wounded by a piece of shell which broke his leg below the knee, and was taken prisoner. Lieutenants Gideon Spencer and James E. Chace were also taken prisoners. The following men of Battery B were wounded and taken prisoners: Sergeants Aborn W. Carter, and Calvin L. Macomber and Charles J. Rider and Corp. William H. Maxcy. Also taken prisoners: Corp. Samuel H. Collington, who deserted and took the oath of allegiance and joined a Confederate battery, and afterwards deserted from that organization. Corp. Samuel J. Goldsmith and Private William Costin also of Battery B were taken prisoners. Of the attached men two were killed and twenty-seven taken prisoners; a total of fifty-two officers and men. The whole battery of four guns and four caissons were lost, and only one limber was saved. It was nearly midnight when the last squad of men from the battlefield arrived at the camp of the battery's train, which was parked on the left of the road between the Norfolk Railroad and the Jerusalem Plank road.

On the 26th of August, First Sergt. William D. Child, of Battery A. (twin brother of Benjamin H. Child), by orders from corps artillery headquarters, was placed in command of the remaining remnants of Batteries A and B, and ordered to make a report of the battle of Reams's Station,

which duty he faithfully performed to the entire satisfaction of his superior officers.

After the return of the Second Corps from Reams's Station, during the remainder of August, the First and Second Divisions were chiefly engaged in building earthworks which had been ordered by General Grant to be constructed for the purpose of protecting the left wing of the army. The Third Division held the entrenchments from the Strong house to the Norfolk Railroad. Meanwhile Batteries A and B, under command of First Sergt. William D. Child, lay in camp awaiting orders.

On Sunday, September 4th, Capt. T. Fred Brown returned and resumed command of the combined battery.

On the 9th the corps advanced and took possession of the enemy's rifle-pits at the point known as "The Chimneys," on the Jerusalem Plank road. This was acknowledged to be one of the most creditable operations of the siege.

On the 18th, Sunday, Captain Brown received a park of new Napoleon guns, light twelve-pounders and caissons, the battery being now fully equipped and in fighting trim.

On the 20th Captain Brown commenced a series of mounted drills, twice a day, weather permitting, as many new men and horses had been added to his command.

On the 23d of September, 1864, the two batteries which had been associated and operating together since August 12th, were officially consolidated as one command, and thereafter was known as Battery B, First Regiment Rhode Island Light Artillery. This act terminated a distinctive history of Battery A, marked by brilliant deeds of one of the best and most efficient batteries of the Second Corps, as well as of the Army of the Potomac.

We can no longer follow the fortunes of our men who remained in the field with Battery B. The task of recounting the future events of the services of that battery has been well recorded by the historian of that battery.

Battery A has no cause to blush for the part it took in the great struggle for the preservation of the Union. It

was tried and tested on many battlefields and never found wanting. Time and again it received the high commendation of its commanding officers.

Gen. Francis A. Walker, the accomplished historian of the *History of the Second Corps*, makes frequent and deserved mention of the services of our battery. He speaks of it as being the first battery to support French's division at the battle of Fredericksburg. On page 203 of his work he justly says, referring to the Chancellorsville campaign: "The artillery, too, was carried to a pitch of perfection in all exercises never before thought of. Our volunteer gunners had, indeed, from the first been wonderfully expert; but it is not merely shooting straight on certain occasions which makes a battery useful. There must be the care of pieces, horses, accoutrements, and ammunition, in camp and on the march, and the thorough discipline of men and animals which will enable a battery to go through a long and arduous campaign, amid discomfort and privation, without loss of strength of spirit, without 'slumping in' at critical moments, or finding anything lacking or broken-down or misplaced, no matter how quick the call, or how sharp the emergency. There are a hundred exigencies with artillery beyond those known to infantry, which render first-class training and discipline enormously profitable in a campaign. Under Hooker, for the first time, the difference between regulars and volunteers ceased to exist so far as this arm of the service was concerned. Up to that time, notwithstanding the rare excellence of Hazard's (Arnold's) and Pettit's, with their peerless gunners, that difference was still perceptible, clearly so at the beginning of a campaign, and more so at the close of one."

At the battle of Bristoe Station, Walker further says: "A powerful battery, supposed to be Jones's battalion of sixteen pieces, among them some twenty-pounders, opened from the direction of Warrenton, and even farther around to the south, and was gallantly replied to by Arnold's 'A,' First Rhode Island, which, having been in action against

Stuart, had literally executed the order—seldom, if ever, heard, except on the drill ground—'Fire to the rear! Limbers and caissons, pass your pieces!'"

Our battery was distinguished as a school of instruction for both officers and men. Many of the officers and men afterwards received commissions in other Rhode Island batteries, some of whom commanded batteries while others attained high rank in the artillery branch of the service, reflecting imperishable renown upon the State that sent them forth.

Of our original commissioned officers Capt. William H. Reynolds was promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy in the First Rhode Island Light Artillery Regiment, and not major, as erroneously stated on page 43 of this work. Of the original commissioned officers who became captains in other batteries of the regiment we would mention: First Lieut. Thomas F. Vaughn, promoted to the captaincy of Battery B; First Lieut. J. Albert Monroe, captain of Battery D, and subsequently promoted major and lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. Second Lieut. John A.. Tompkins succeeded to the command of Battery A as a captain upon the promotion of Captain Reynolds. Captain Tompkins was afterwards promoted major of the regiment; breveted lieutenant-colonel. Second Lieut. William B. Weeden was promoted to the captaincy of Battery C.

Of our original non-commissioned officers Sergt.-Major George E. Randolph was the first captain of Battery E, as was also Sergt. Charles D. Owens, of Battery G. First Sergt. Henry Newton was promoted to a first lieutenancy in Battery A; Q. M. Sergt. Albert E. Adams to second lieutenant in Battery F, and afterwards first lieutenant in Battery D. Sergt. John H. Hammond wounded at Glendale; discharged by reason of wounds and promoted second lieutenant of the Rhode Island Hospital Guards. Sergt. William H. Walcott promoted first lieutenant in the 17th Infantry; brevet captain and brevet major; promoted captain in the regular army; retired from active service by reason

of loss of leg from wound received at Gettysburg; brevet lieutenant colonel and colonel in U. S. A. Sergt. Francis A. Smith promoted to second lieutenant Battery B. Corp. H. Vincent Butler promoted to acting master's mate in the U. S. Navy. Corp. Charles H. Clark promoted to first-lieutenant Battery C. Corp. Gamaliel L. Dwight promoted second lieutenant Battery B; first lieutenant Battery A; appointed adjutant of regiment; reorganized the battery after the return home of the original members. Corp. Harry C. Cushing promoted sergeant in battery; promoted second lieutenant 4th U. S. Artillery; captain same regiment; major 17th U. S. Infantry. Corp. William A. Sabin promoted second lieutenant 3d R. I. Heavy Artillery; first lieutenant same regiment. Corp. T. Frederick Brown promoted second lieutenant Battery C; first lieutenant Battery B; captain same battery; breveted major; lieutenant-colonel. Corp. George W. Field promoted first lieutenant Battery F; resigned; second lieutenant 4th R. I. Infantry; killed in action at Crater, near Petersburg, Va.

Farrier James P. Rhodes promoted second lieutenant Battery A. Private Elmer L. Corthell transferred to Battery F; promoted sergeant; second lieutenant Battery H; captain of Battery D. Private Benjamin H. Child, promoted corporal; sergeant Battery A; second lieutenant Battery H. His twin brother, William D. Child, promoted first sergeant of the battery, and commanded combined Batteries A and B (for a time) after the battle of Reams's Station. Private Thomas W. Sayles transferred to Battery H, and promoted sergeant; commissioned first lieutenant Troop D, 3d R. I. Cavalry; subsequently promoted captain Troop H. Willard B. Pierce, promoted to second lieutenant Battery B. Charles V. Scott, promoted to second lieutenant Battery G. Benjamin Shippee, promoted to second lieutenant 6th R. I. Vols.

Of the officers who came to the battery after its organization, Capt. William A. Arnold, who succeeded Captain Tompkins, had been a first lieutenant in Battery E. First

Lieut. John G. Hazard of Battery C, transferred to Battery A, and subsequently promoted to the captaincy of Battery B; breveted brigadier-general of volunteers for distinguished services during the war. His brother Jeffery Hazard, was commissioned second lieutenant of our battery, appointed adjutant of the regiment; subsequently promoted to captain of Battery H. Lieut. Peter Hunt first sergeant Battery C; promoted second lieutenant and subsequently first lieutenant of our battery; died of wounds received in action at Swift Creek, Va., or Totopotomoy. First Sergt. Jacob H. Lamb, of Battery E, promoted to second lieutenant Battery A; promoted first lieutenant and transferred to Battery C; transferred to Battery G; brevet captain; promoted captain of Battery G. Second Lieut. Charles F. Mason assigned to Battery A; promoted to first lieutenant and transferred to Battery H.

On the escutcheon of our battery are emblazoned the names of scores of hard-fought battles which attest its loyalty and devotion to the Union's cause:

BULL RUN,
BOLIVAR HEIGHTS,
YORKTOWN,
FAIR OAKS,
PEACH ORCHARD AND SAVAGE STATION,
WHITE OAK SWAMP,
GLENDALE,
MALVERN HILL,
CHANTILLY,
HYATTSTOWN,
TURNER'S GAP,
ANTIETAM,
SNICKER'S GAP,
FREDERICKSBURG,
CHANCELLORSVILLE,
GETTYSBURG,
AUBURN MILLS,
CEDAR RUN,
BRISTOE STATION,
ROBERTSON'S TAVERN,
MINE RUN,
ORANGE PLANK ROAD,
WILDERNESS,
TODD'S TAVERN and PO RIVER,
SPOTTSYLVANIA,
"THE SALIENT,"
BLOODY ANGLE,
LANDRON HOUSE,
CHESTERFIELD BRIDGE,
NORTH ANNA,
GAINES'S FARM,
PAMUNKEY RIVER,
TOTOPOTOMOY CREEK,
NY RIVER,
COLD HARBOR,

Those of our comrades who remained in service with Battery B saw the close of the mighty struggle which culminated in the surrender of Lee at Appomattox and the complete triumph of the Union arms, justly claim the historic battle names of

REAMS'S STATION,
DEEP BOTTOM,
PETERSBURG,



PRIVATE THOMAS M. ALDRICH.

As he appeared June 19, 1861.

Served three years and twelve days, and was never reported on the sick list.

APPENDIX.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS ASSIGNED TO THE BATTERY AFTER ITS ORGANIZATION, JUNE 6, 1861.

ARNOLD, WILLIAM A. First lieutenant Battery E, commissioned Sept. 28, 1861; discharged Dec. 12, 1862, to accept promotion as captain of Battery A.

BLAKE, JOHN T. Enrolled as sergeant Battery B, Aug. 13, 1861; promoted to first sergeant Feb. 5, 1863; severely wounded at battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863; discharged Dec., 1863, to accept promotion as second lieutenant in Battery A.

COLWELL, SAMUEL G. Enrolled as sergeant Battery H Aug. 4, 1862; discharged Nov., 1863, to accept promotion as second lieutenant of Battery A; resigned April 15, 1864.

HAZARD, JEFFREY. Commissioned second lieutenant Oct. 5, 1861; appointed adjutant Jan. 22, 1862, and continued as such (not relieved from battery duty) until Oct., 1862; promoted to first lieutenant; discharged Oct. 10, 1862, to accept promotion as captain of Battery H; resigned Aug. 17, 1863.

HAZARD, JOHN G. Commissioned first lieutenant Battery C Aug. 8, 1861; transferred to Battery A Sept. 17, 1862; promoted to captain of Battery B; on detached service commanding artillery brigade of the Second Army Corps, from May, 1863, until Oct., 1863; commissioned major April 7, 1864; commanding Second Brigade Artillery Reserve, Army of the Potomac, April, 1864; commissioned lieutenant-colonel, but never mustered; brevet lieutenant-colonel of volunteers for distinguished services and good conduct throughout the campaign, especially at Cold Harbor, Va., to date from Aug. 1, 1864;- brevet colonel and brigadier-general of volunteers for meritorious services during the war, to date from May 3, 1865; chief of artillery, Second Army Corps, at the battles of Gettysburg, Auburn Hill, and Bristoe Station; mustered out July 1, 1865.

HUNT, PETER. Enrolled as sergeant Battery C; promoted to first sergeant; discharged to accept promotion as second lieutenant of Battery A; promoted to first lieutenant Nov. 5, 1862; died at Washington, D. C., June 14, 1864, of wounds received in action at Totopotomoy or Swift Creek, Va.

LAMB, JACOB H. Enrolled as sergeant Battery E; promoted first sergeant, March 14, 1862; discharged to accept promotion as second lieutenant Battery A Oct. 31, 1862; severely wounded in hand at battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863; promoted to first lieutenant Nov. 6, 1863; transferred to Battery C; in command of battery from Sept., 1864, until Dec., 1864; transferred to Battery G Dec. 29, 1864; brevet captain for gallant and meritorious services in the battles of Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek, Va., to date from Oct. 19, 1864; promoted to captain and transferred to Battery E.

MASON, CHARLES F. Commissioned second lieutenant of the battery Dec. 24, 1861; promoted to first lieutenant and transferred to Battery H, Oct. 15, 1862; subsequently appointed aide on Colonel Tompkins's staff.

RECORD OF THE ORIGINAL MEMBERS OF BATTERY A WHO DID NOT RETURN WITH IT TO RHODE ISLAND IN JUNE, 1864.

CAPT. WILLIAM H. REYNOLDS. First lieutenant First Light Battery; resigned to accept promotion as captain in Battery A; promoted to lieutenant-colonel of the First R. I. Light Artillery; resigned June 26, 1862.

FIRST LIEUTENANT THOMAS F. VAUGHN. First sergeant First Light Battery; discharged to accept commission as first lieutenant Battery A; promoted to captain of Battery B; resigned Dec. 11, 1861.

FIRST LIEUT. J. ALBERT MONROE. Promoted to captain of Battery D; promoted to major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel of the First R. I. Light Artillery.

SECOND LIEUT. JOHN A. TOMPKINS. Promoted to captain Battery A; promoted to major First R. I. Light Artillery; breveted lieutenant-colonel.

SECOND LIEUT. WILLIAM B. WEEDEN. Promoted to captain Battery C; chief of artillery of a division of the Sixth Corps; resigned July 22, 1862.

FIRST SERGT. HENRY W. NEWTON. Promoted to first lieutenant Battery A; resigned Nov. 22, 1862.

QUAR. SERGT. ALBERT E. ADAMS. Promoted second lieutenant Battery F; promoted first lieutenant Battery D.

SECOND SERGT. JOHN H. HAMMOND. Wounded at Glendale. Discharged Sept. 6, 1862; promoted second lieutenant Rhode Island Hospital Guards.

THIRD SERGT. WILLIAM H. WALCOTT. Promoted first lieutenant 17th U. S. Infantry; brevet captain; brevet major; promoted captain; brevet lieutenant-colonel and colonel U. S. A.

FOURTH SERGT. G. HOLMES WILCOX. Discharged for disability Nov. 3, 1862.

FIFTH SERGT. CHARLES D. OWEN. Promoted to first lieutenant Battery A; promoted to captain Battery G; resigned Dec. 29, 1862.

SIXTH SERGT. FRANCIS A. SMITH. Promoted to second lieutenant Battery B; resigned Nov. 28, 1861.

SERGT. MAJOR GEORGE E. RANDOLPH. Promoted to second lieutenant Battery A; first lieutenant Battery C; captain of Battery E; chief of artillery, Third Corps; brevet major; lieutenant-colonel; colonel; resigned Dec. 29, 1863.

CORP. CHARLES M. REED. Promoted to sergeant; killed at battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

CORP. H. VINCENT BUTLER. Transferred to U. S. Navy, March 26, 1863.

CORP. CHARLES H. CLARK. Promoted to first lieutenant Battery C, Sept. 13, 1861; resigned Aug. 7, 1862.

CORP. ALBERT F. REMINGTON. Transferred to 48th Co., V. R. C.; mustered out June 6, 1864.

CORP. NATHAN T. MORSE. Killed by explosion of limber chest at Washington, D. C., July 9, 1861.

CORP. JAMES B. BUFFUM. Discharged for disability at Falmouth, Va., Jan. 1, 1863.

CORP. GAMALIEL L. DWIGHT. Promoted second lieutenant Battery B; promoted first lieutenant Battery A; appointed adjutant of First R. I. Light Artillery; reorganized and commanded Battery A after the return home of the original men.

CORP. HARRY C. CUSHING. Promoted second lieutenant Fourth U. S. Artillery; captain Fourth U. S. Artillery; major 17th U. S. Infantry.

CORP. WILLIAM A. SABIN. Promoted second lieutenant Co. C, Third R. I. Heavy Artillery; promoted first lieutenant same regiment.

CORP. GEORGE W. FIELD. Promoted first lieutenant Battery F, Oct. 17, 1861; resigned Oct. 26, 1862; second lieutenant Co. B, Fourth R. I. Infantry; killed in action at the Crater, near Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864.

CORP. T. FREDERICK BROWN. Promoted first sergeant of battery; second lieutenant Battery C Aug. 13, 1862; first lieutenant Battery B Feb. 14, 1863; captain same battery April 13, 1864; wounded severely in neck, July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.; breveted major to date from Dec. 2, 1864; breveted lieutenant-colonel April 9, 1865.

CORP. SEABURY S. BURROUGHS. Discharged for disability April 22, 1862.

ARTIFICER DANIEL W. MARSHALL. Discharged for disability at Falmouth, Va., Mar. 8, 1863.

FARRIER GEORGE A. STETSON. Taken prisoner at battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861; released June 2, 1862.

FARRIER JAMES P. RHODES. Promoted second lieutenant Battery A, Nov. 11, 1862; resigned Oct. 20, 1863.

Privates.

ALLEN, GEORGE W. D. Discharged for disability at Poolesville, Md., Feb. 14, 1862.

ADAMS, GEORGE A. Discharged for disability at Fortress Monroe, Va., Nov. 6, 1862.

ARNOLD, NELSON H. Bugler. Discharged for disability at Washington, D. C., July 10, 1861.

BENEDICT, FREDERICK H. Deserted at Darnestown, Md., Oct. 13, 1861.

BOURNE, WILLIAM E. Killed by explosion of limber chest at Washington, D. C., July 9, 1861.

BROWN, CIOVIS G. War records state "Last borne on roll for July and August, 1861. No further record." Records of the War Office report him "Discharged on surgeon's certificate." Date not shown.

BROWN, JOSHUA. Wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run battle, July 21, 1861; discharged for disability Jan. 14, 1863.

BUTLER, FREEMAN. Transferred to Battery F Oct. 3, 1861.

BUP, FREDERICK. Killed at battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.

BYARS, JOSEPH. Discharged for disability at Poolesville, Md., Feb. 24, 1862.

CARGILL, CHARLES. Wounded at Gettysburg July 3, 1863; discharged at Lovell General Hospital, Portsmouth, Grove, R. I., June 6, 1864.

CHAFFEE, CHARLES E. Discharged for disability at Washington, D. C., March 15, 1863.

CHAFFEE, GEORGE W. Discharged for disability at Washington, D. C., Dec. 5, 1862.

CHILD, BENJAMIN H. Wounded at Bull Run battle July 21, 1861; wounded slightly in head at battle of Antietam Sept 17, 1862; promoted corporal; promoted sergeant; wounded severely in shoulder at battle of Gettysburg July 3, 1863; promoted to second lieutenant Battery H, Jan. 8, 1864; resigned for disability Nov. 23, 1864.

CHURCH, JOHN. Wounded severely in leg at battle of Antietam Sept. 17, 1862; discharged for disability Dec. 26, 1862.

COLLINS, JAMES H. Discharged for disability at Poolesville, Md., Feb. 14, 1862.

COOPER, JAMES. Wounded at Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862, and discharged by reason of wounds Sept. 17, 1862.

CORTHELL, ELMER L. Transferred to Battery F Oct. 31, 1861; promoted sergeant same date; second lieutenant Battery H Oct. 11, 1862; first lieutenant Battery G, Nov. 6, 1863; captain Battery D, Oct. 21, 1864.

CURTIS, HORACE M. Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863; transferred to V. R. C. Dec. 22, 1863.

DAY, HENRY F. Transferred to Battery F, Oct. 3, 1861.

DESMOND, MICHAEL. Wounded at battle of Bristoe Station, Oct 14, 1863; discharged for disability May 16, 1864.

DONEGAN, PATRICK. Discharged for disability April 29, 1863.

FLETCHER, CALVIN. Dropped from rolls. No further record.

FLOOD, THOMAS. Dropped from the rolls. No further record.

FRANKLIN, GEORGE A. Transferred to Battery F Sept. 10, 1861; deserted at Bolivar, Va., Oct. 27, 1862.

FREEMAN, EDWARD R. Wounded by the explosion of a limber chest at Washington, D. C., July 9, 1861. Discharged for disability Feb. 14, 1862.

GLADDING, OLNEY D. Mortally wounded at the Bull Run battle, July 21, 1861.

GOLDSMITH, JAMES H. Wounded at the Bull Run battle, July 21, 1861; prisoner of war at Richmond, Va., July 24, 1861; mustered out of service May 21, 1862.

GRAHAM, HENRY, JR. Transferred to Battery F Oct. 3, 1861.

GREENHALGH, WILLIAM J. Dropped from the rolls. No further record.

GRIFFIN, JOHN, 2d. Dropped from the rolls. No further record.

HARRISON, GILBERT F. Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863; transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 29, 1864.

HAYNES, WILLIAM. Discharged for disability Feb. 14, 1862.

HICKS, HENRY F. Severely wounded at battle of Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862; both feet amputated; discharged for disability Dec. 23, 1863.

JENCKES, ALBERT J. Transferred to Battery F Oct. 3, 1861; mustered out June 5, 1864.

JOLLIE, THOMAS. Discharged for disability at Harrison's Landing, Va., Aug. 14, 1862.

LANNEGAN, PATRICK. Killed at battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

LAUGHLIN, ROBERT. Transferred to Battery F Oct. 3, 1861.

LAWRENCE, JOHN H. Killed at battle of Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.

LUTHER, HEZEKIAH W. Discharged for disability at Harrison's Landing, July 12, 1862.

LUTHER, LEVI. Discharged for disability Jan. 16, 1863.

LYNDSAY, BENJAMIN F. Discharged for disability at Harrison's Landing, July 15, 1862.

MARCY, ALBOURNE W. Discharged for disability July 15, 1862. Died on steamer *Vanderbilt* July 21, 1862, while returning North.

MARTIN, BENJAMIN F. Discharged for disability at Yorktown, Va., April 10, 1862.

MCCARRACK, JOHN O. Discharged for disability at Providence, R. I., April 4, 1863.

MESSINGER, ELI. Transferred to Artillery Headquarters as hospital steward.

MESSINGER, GEORGE. Transferred to Battery H, and promoted to sergeant.

MORAN, JOHN. Died of wounds received at battle of Bristoe Station, Oct. 14, 1863.

MORSE, NATHAN T. Accidentally killed at Washington, D. C., by explosion of limber chest, July 9, 1861.

MOWRY, CHARLES H. Deserted at Sandy Hook, Md., July 27, 1863.

MUNROE, BENJAMIN S. Discharged for disability at Providence, R. I., Oct. 20, 1862.

OLNEY, AMOS M. C. Promoted sergeant; re-enlisted Dec. 19, 1863, and transferred to Battery B Sept. 23, 1864.

PECK, WILLIAM F. Discharged at Providence, R. I., before the battery left Dexter Training Ground.

PERCIVAL, RICHARD. Discharged for disability at New York City Sept. 21, 1862.

PHILLIPS, FREDERICK A. Wounded at battle of Antietam Sept. 17, 1862; discharged for disability Dec. 24, 1862.

PIERCE, WILLARD B. Promoted first sergeant; promoted to second lieutenant Battery B Aug. 2, 1863; resigned on account of physical disability April 11, 1864.

POTTER, EDWIN. Discharged for disability at Poolesville, Md., Feb. 14, 1862.

PRATT, HENRY L. Discharged for disability at Camp Clark, Washington, D. C., June 28, 1861.

REICHARDT, A. H. V. Discharged for disability at Poolesville, Md., Feb. 14, 1862.

REMINGTON, RICHARD T. Discharged for disability at Poolesville, Md., Feb. 14, 1862.

RIDER, WILLIAM H. Promoted to corporal; wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863; transferred to V. R. C. March, 1864; discharged as corporal of the 117th Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C.

SAYLES, THOMAS W. Transferred to Battery H, July 22, 1862; sergeant Battery H; first lieutenant Troop D, Third R. I. Cavalry; captain Troop H.

SCOTT, CHARLES V. Promoted second lieutenant Battery G April 29, 1864; wounded severely at battle of Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; breveted captain; died at Winchester, Va., Jan. 21, 1865, of wounds received at Cedar Creek, Va.

SEDDON, JOHN. Discharged for disability Nov. 22, 1862.

SHEPARDSON, GEORGE A. Discharged for disability at Providence, R. I., Jan. 5, 1863.

SHIPPEE, BENJAMIN. Second lieutenant Sixth R. I. Vols., Mar. 16, 1863.

STANLEY, MILTON. Transferred to Battery F Oct. 3, 1861; re-enlisted Dec. 12, 1863; died at Providence, R. I., Dec. 6, 1864, while on furlough.

STEWART, HENRY H. Never served with the battery, but appeared at P rovidence, R. I., June 5, 1864, and was mustered out.

SWAIN, REUBEN C. Transferred to V. R. C. Dec. 15, 1863; died at Providence, R. I., Dec. 24, 1863.

TAYLOR, WILLIAM H. Re-enlisted and transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

VOSE, WARREN L. Wounded and reported missing since the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.

WALKER, ARNOLD A. Discharged for disability at Falmouth, Va., Feb. 5, 1863.

WALKER, STEPHEN. Discharged for disability at Fortress Monroe, Va., Oct. 28, 1862.

WARDEN, SAMUEL P. Discharged for disability at Frederick City, Md., Dec 23, 1862.

WARDEN, WENDALL. Discharged for disability at Yorktown, Va., April 19, 1862.

WATSON, JOHN F. Discharged on Dexter Training Ground, at Providence, R. I., June 9, 1861, on request of relatives.

WEEDEN, AMOS C. Transferred to Battery C Aug. 25, 1861, and appointed quartermaster sergeant.

WELLMAN, GEORGE A. Taken prisoner on the Peninsula; transferred to Battery B.

WHALEN, JOHN. Discharged at Camp Clark, Washington, D. C.

WICKES, EDWIN E. Deserted at Providence, R. I., Nov. 1, 1861, while on sick leave.

ZIMALA, JOHN. Wounded in leg at battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862; killed at battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

RECRUITS FOR BATTERY A.

ALDRICH, GEORGE N. Enrolled April 8, 1864; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

ANGELL, FRANCIS H. Enrolled Aug. 1, 1862; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

ARMINGTON, AMOS H. Enrolled May 22, 1864; promoted to sergeant; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

ARNOLD, WALTER. Enrolled Aug. 13, 1861; promoted to sergeant; severely wounded in leg at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863; also wounded in face at Po River, May 9, 1864; mustered out near Petersburg, Aug. 12, 1864.

BRAGG, WILLIAM A. Enrolled July 8, 1864; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

BRAY, GEORGE E. Enrolled Aug, 13. 1861; mustered out Aug. 12, 1864.

BUDLONG, EDWARD F. Enrolled Aug. 13, 1861; wounded at battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862; discharged at U. S. General Hospital, Frederick, Md., Dec. 5, 1862.

BURRILL, WILLIAM H. H. Name found only on regimental returns; sick in U. S. General Hospital from Nov., 1863, until July 5, 1864, when dropped by special order for prolonged absence.

CHAPPELL, EDWARD H. Enrolled July 18, 1862; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

CHILD, WILLIAM D. Enrolled Oct. 4, 1861; promoted to first sergeant; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864; placed in temporary command of combined Batteries A and B, for a time after the battle of Reams's Station.

CHURCH, NORRIS L. Enrolled March 24, 1862; killed in action at Totopotomoy or Swift Creek, Va., May 31, 1864.

CLARK, GEORGE P. Enrolled May 4, 1864; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

CLARK, GEORGE T. Enrolled Oct. 4, 1862; deserted at Frederick, Md., July 20, 1863.

CLARK, HAMILTON. Enrolled Aug. 13, 1861; mustered out Sept. 2, 1864.

CLARK, HENRY. Enrolled Aug. 4, 1862; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

CLARK, HENRY F. Enrolled Aug. 13, 1861; sick and wounded in hospital, July, 1863; discharged for disability at New Haven, Conn., Dec. 7, 1863.

COBURN, ANDREW S. Enrolled Aug. 17, 1862; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

COOK, JOSEPH. Enrolled March 17, 1864; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

COOPER, BENJAMIN. Enrolled August, 1864; transferred to Battery B, probably by order dated Aug. 12, 1864.

COSTIN, WILLIAM. Enrolled Oct., 1862; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

DEMPSTER, THOMAS. Enrolled Oct. 15, 1862; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

DERMODY, PATRICK. Enrolled Feb. 2, 1864; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

DERVIN, JOHN. Enrolled March 24, 1862; never served in Battery A; sick in general hospital at Washington, D. C., and discharged therefrom Jan. 21, 1863.

DONNELLY, THOMAS. Enrolled Feb. 29, 1864; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864; missing in action at Reams's Station. No later record.

DORE, DANIEL C. Enrolled Aug. 13, 1861; discharged for disability at Harrison's Landing, Aug. 14, 1862; enlisted second time in battery, April 29, 1864; transferred to Battery B; discharged at Finley Hospital, Washington, D. C., because of injury of spine from explosion of shell at Reams's Station.

DORE, WILLIAM C. Enrolled Aug. 13, 1861; mustered out near Petersburg, Va., Aug. 12, 1864.

ELLIS, LEONARD G. Enrolled Aug. 14, 1862; transferred to Battery D, date not shown; wounded at battle of Campbell's Station, Tenn., Nov. 16, 1863.

GILES, JAMES H. Enrolled Aug. 9, 1862; discharged from Government Hospital, near Washington, D. C., March 28, 1863.

GREEN, JOHN. Enrolled Aug. 16, 1862; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

GROSS, JOHN W. Enrolled March 12, 1862; discharged at Yorktown, Va., April 13, 1862.

HAMPSTON, JOHN. Enrolled March 16, 1864; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864; captured at Reams's Station, Va., confined at Military Prison, Richmond, Va., Aug. 27, 1864; sent to Salisbury, N. C., Oct. 9, 1864; returned to battery April 25, 1865, having made his escape from rebel prison at Greensborough, N. C.

HAMUS, FREDERIC. Enrolled Oct. 17, 1862; deserted, date not shown.

HARRISON, JAMES M. Enrolled Oct. 6, 1862; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

HATHAWAY, GEORGE. Enrolled Aug. 6, 1862; wounded in shoulder at battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863; borne as sick and wounded in hospital until April, 1864; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864,

HELLO, CHARLES. Enrolled Oct. 17, 1862; deserted, date not given.

HERMAN, FREDERICK G. Enrolled Oct. 14, 1862; wounded in action at Bristoe Station, Oct. 14, 1863; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864; taken prisoner at battle of Reams's Station; sent to Salisbury, N. C., where he died of disease Nov. 4, 1864.

HOYLE, JOSEPH. Enrolled Feb. 24, 1864; wounded in action at battle of Wilderness May, 1864; sent to General Hospital and borne as wounded until transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864; deserted from hospital in Cleveland, Ohio, Nov., 1864.

HUNTER, WILLIAM H. Enrolled Aug. 5, 1862; promoted to corporal; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

JERROLLMAN, JAMES F. Bugler. Enrolled Aug. 29, 1862; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

JOHNSTON, GILBERT C. Enrolled Aug. 18, 1862; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

JOHNSTON, ROBERT L. Enrolled Aug. 16, 1862; promoted to corporal; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

JOY, THOMAS W. Enrolled Aug. 18, 1862; discharged for disability at Bolivar, Va., Oct. 10, 1862.

KEAN, MICHAEL. Enrolled June 16, 1862; transferred to Battery B, probably by order dated Sept. 23, 1864.

KEENE, SETH H. Enrolled Aug. 13, 1861; promoted to corporal; sick in hospital from July, 1863, and so borne until Sept. 11, 1863, when transferred to 48th Co., 2d Battalion, V. R. C.; died in Kalorama Hospital, Washington, D. C., March 23, 1864.

KENNEY, MICHAEL. Enrolled Aug. 13, 1861; in Government Hospital, Newport News, from Aug., 1862, and borne in hospital until Oct., 1862; re-enlisted as a veteran volunteer Dec. 19, 1863; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

KINE, JAMES. Enrolled April 18, 1864; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

KNIGHT, WILLIAM. Enrolled Aug. 13, 1861; promoted to sergeant; mustered out Aug. 12, 1864, near Petersburg, Va.

LARKIN, PATRICK. Enrolled Aug. 6, 1862; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

LAUGHLIN, ROBERT. Enrolled March 18, 1862; discharged for disability Feb. 16, 1863.

LAWRENCE, CHARLES A. Enrolled April 20, 1864; killed in the battle of the Wilderness, May, 1864.

MARKEY, MICHAEL. Enrolled Aug. 13, 1861; wounded at battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

MAURAN, JAMES H. Enrolled Aug. 13, 1861; promoted to corporal; promoted to sergeant; mustered out near Petersburg, Va., Aug. 12, 1864.

MAX, FRANK. Enrolled Oct. 16, 1862; deserted, time and place not given.

MCDONALD, OWEN. Enrolled Aug. 6, 1862; sick in hospital from Oct., 1862, until Aug. 20, 1863, when dropped from the rolls at Elkton, Pa.; again taken upon the rolls Oct. 18, 1863; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

MCNAMARA, THOMAS. Enrolled March 19, 1864; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864; captured at Weldon R. R., Aug. 25, 1864; escaped at Columbia, S. C., Feb. 27, 1865; reported at Camp Parole, Md., March 28, 1865; sent to Camp Distribution, Va., May 4, 1865; mustered out June 12, 1865.

MILLETT, HENRY. Enrolled June 16, 1862; in hospital at Potomac Creek, Va., from April, 1863, until Aug. 19, 1863, when discharged for disability at Convalescent Camp, Va.

MOORE, JOHN. Enrolled Oct. 6, 1862; deserted, date not given.

MORRISSEY, EDWARD. Enrolled Aug. 6, 1862; wounded in action near Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863; borne as absent wounded until Jan. 5, 1864, when discharged for disability at Convalescent Camp, Va.

O'DONNELL, MICHAEL. Enrolled Aug. 13, 1861; mustered out near Petersburg, Va., Aug. 12, 1864.

PARKER, THOMAS. Enrolled June 13, 1862; borne as absent wounded until March 6, 1863, when discharged for disability at Newton University Hospital, Baltimore, Md.

PECKHAM, ISRAEL. Enrolled Feb. 27, 1862; wounded and borne as absent sick in U. S. General Hospital from March, 1864; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

PHILLIPS, FRANCIS E. Enrolled Aug. 13, 1861; promoted corporal; wounded at battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862; re-enlisted as a veteran volunteer Feb. 15, 1864; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

PRESTON, HENRY A. Enrolled Aug. 14, 1862; borne as wounded in General Hospital from Sept., 1862, until April, 1864; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

RILEY, CHARLES F. Enrolled March 19, 1862; in Government Hospital, Newport News, from Aug., 1862, until Oct., 1862; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864; captured at Reams's Station, Aug. 25, 1864; released at Varina, Va., Oct. 8, 1864.

SALISBURY, WILLIAM. Enrolled Sept. 8, 1862; died of disease in Fairfax Seminary Hospital, Oct. 14, 1863.

SCHROEDER, EDGAR. Enrolled Oct. 17, 1862; deserted, date and place not given.

SHERMAN, SHEFFIELD L. Enrolled March 24, 1862; discharged at Baltimore, Md., Dec. 20, 1862, by reason of gunshot wound received at the battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

SIDDERS, CHARLES. Enrolled March 7, 1864; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

SLOCUM, MOSES F. Enrolled Feb. 12, 1862; discharged for disability at Falmouth, Va., Feb. 3, 1863.

SLOCUM, WILLIAM H. Enrolled Aug. 13, 1861; slightly wounded and sent to hospital at Washington, D. C., July 30, 1862; discharged for disability there July 24, 1863.

SMITH, CHARLES E. Enrolled July 17, 1862; promoted corporal; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864; promoted sergeant in that battery.

SNOW, BYRON D. Enrolled Aug. 13, 1861; wounded by explosion at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863; sent to hospital and borne as absent sick until May 21, 1864, when discharged at Lovell General Hospital, Portsmouth Grove, R. I., by reason of wounds.

STEERE, THOMAS P. Enrolled Aug. 4, 1862; in hospital at Potomac Creek, Va., April, 1863, and so borne until June, 1863; wounded at Chesterfield Bridge, May, 1864; borne as wounded in hospital from May, 1864, until Aug. 12, 1864, when he was transferred to Battery B.

STONE, ALMENZO S. Enrolled March 7, 1864; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

STONE, EDWIN. Enrolled Aug. 15, 1862; killed at battle of Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.

SWEET, WILLIAM K. Enrolled Aug. 13, 1861; borne as wounded in U. S. General Hospital from June, 1864, until Aug., 1864; mustered out at Providence, R. I., Aug. 12, 1864.

TABOR, GEORGE. Enrolled April 12, 1864; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

TALLMAN, W. IRVING. Enrolled March 7, 1864; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864; captured at Reams' Station, Va., Aug. 25, 1864; released at Varina, Va., Sept. 24, 1864.

THORNTON, JOHN A. Enrolled Aug. 4, 1862; sick in hospital July, 1863, and so borne when transferred to Battery B, Aug. 12, 1864.

TYNG, JOHN F. Enrolled Aug. 13, 1861; promoted corporal; mustered out near Petersburg, Va., Aug. 12, 1864.

VICKERY, OTIS. Enrolled March 10, 1862; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864.

WADE, WILLIAM H. Enrolled Aug. 16, 1862; deserted at Frederick, Md., July 20, 1863.

WAGNER, WILLIAM. Enrolled Feb. 29, 1864; sick in U. S. General Hospital from April, 1864, until Aug. 12, 1864, when he was transferred to Battery B.

WALKER, BENJAMIN W. Enrolled Aug. 15, 1862; in U. S. General Hospital from Feb., 1864, and borne as wounded until Aug. 3, 1864; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864; captured at Reams's Station, Aug. 25, 1864; released at Varina, Va., Oct. 8, 1864; reported at Camp Parole, Md., Oct. 9, 1864. Also borne as BENJAMIN A.

WELLMAN, HENRY A. Enrolled Sept. 4, 1862; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864; captured at Reams's Station, Aug. 25, 1864; released at Cox's Wharf, Camp Parole, Md., March 10, 1865.

WHITFORD, JOHN U. Enrolled Feb. 16, 1864; severely wounded in action at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, losing right arm; discharged at U. S. General Hospital, Sept. 26, 1864.

WILBUR, WILLIAM B. Enrolled Aug. 3, 1864; transferred to Battery B, date not known.

WILDER, ABEL. Enrolled Aug. 13, 1861; wounded at battle of Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862; sent to hospital, and borne as absent sick until June 26, 1863, when he rejoined the battery; re-enlisted as a veteran volunteer Feb. 9, 1864; Feb. and March, 1864, on furlough in Providence, R. I., reported as in U. S. General Hospital wounded, and so borne until Aug., 1864; transferred to Battery B Aug 12, 1864.

WILSON, HENRY. Enrolled Aug. 5, 1864; transferred to Battery F, date not given.

WINSOR, WILLIAM W. Enrolled Aug. 8, 1862; sick in hospital July, 1863, and so borne until Oct., 1863; rejoined battery by order dated Dec. 10, 1863; transferred to Battery B Aug. 12, 1864; captured at Reams's Station, Va., Aug. 25, 1864; confined in Military Prison, at Richmond, Va.; sent to Salisbury, N. C., Oct. 9, 1864; admitted to Prison Hospital, Salisbury, N. C., Feb. 19, 1865; died of disease while *en route* from Salisbury to Richmond, Va., to be exchanged, Feb. 22, 1865.

WORSLEY, HIRAM. Enrolled Aug. 13, 1861; discharged for disability at Harrison's Landing, July 15, 1862.

Of these ninety-five recruits, eighteen deserted before they reached the battery, and six were transferred to other batteries of the regiment, making a total that finally joined the battery of

seventy-one. Of these seventy-one, four were killed, sixteen wounded, three of them twice; twelve were discharged for disability, and two died of disease, making a total of thirty-four. Nine of these men enrolled in August, 1861, were mustered out in front of Petersburg, Va., Aug. 12, 1864, leaving twenty-eight men to be transferred to Battery B.

During the term of service of Battery A it had one officer and seventeen men killed, and ninety men wounded. Of the latter, forty were discharged on account of wounds; fifteen of which were original members, seventeen recruits, and nine attached men. Of the men discharged for disability, thirty-three were original members, ten recruits, and five attached men, making a total of forty-eight. Five men were transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, four men were taken prisoners, two of whom returned to the battery, and two were discharged. Of the seventeen killed, nine belonged to the original battery, four were recruits and three were attached men. One officer, Lieut. Peter Hunt, who was promoted to our battery from Battery C, was killed at the action of Totopotomoy or Swift Creek, Va.

ATTACHED MEN FROM THE SECOND RHODE ISLAND INFANTRY.

ARNOLD, WILLIAM, Co. F. Transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 16, 1864.

CORR, PHILIP, Co. E. Wounded at Gettysburg; re-enlisted and transferred to the V. R. C.

DEVEREAUX, JAMES E., Co. F. Wounded at Bristoe Station; sick in Lovell General Hospital, Portsmouth Grove, R. I., and discharged therefrom June 6, 1864.

HAYDEN, LEWIS F., Co. D. Discharged for disability at Falmouth, Va., Jan. 1, 1863.

HIGGINS, JOHN, Co. K. Died of wounds received in action at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

LEACH, JOHN F., Co. K. Wounded at Bristoe Station; returned and mustered out with battery June 18, 1864.

MCCONNELL, JOHN, Co. E. Returned with battery and mustered out June 18, 1864.

PIERCE, GEORGE S., Co. G. Returned and mustered out with battery June 18, 1864.

SEDLINGER, SIMON M., Co. G. Wounded at Glendale, Va.; discharged from General Hospital at Washington, D. C., Oct. 15, 1862.

SNOW, HORATIO B., Co. I. Absent sick in Rhode Island, June, 1862; mustered out with battery June 18, 1864.

WILCOX, JAMES E., Co. H. Sick in Providence Nov., 1861, and so borne until March, 1862; returned and mustered out with battery June 18, 1864.

These eleven attached men from the Second Rhode Island infantry came to the battery in July, 1861, immediately after the battle of Bull Run. During the three years we had thirty-nine from different regiments, making a total of fifty. In June and July, 1864, there were forty-one more who were drawn from different regiments, making a total of ninety-one attached men during its entire term of service, up to Sept. 23, 1864, when the battery was consolidated with Battery B. Of the eleven attached men of the Second Rhode Island Infantry, one was killed, and three wounded and transferred to the V. R. C.; two were discharged for disability, and five returned with the battery and were mustered out with it June 18, 1864.

ATTACHED MEN SERVING WITH BATTERY A FROM DIFFERENT REGIMENTS OF THE SECOND CORPS.

BRINK, ALBERT, Co. E, 126th New York Infantry; wounded at Auburn, Oct. 14, 1863.

BROWN, CHRISTIAN H., 52d New York Infantry; sick in hospital, 1863.

BURNS, EDWARD, April 11, 1864; no further record.

CASTLE, HENRY, 14th Connecticut; May 13, 1863.

CLAPP, HENRY H., 15th Mass. Infantry; returned to his regiment July 12, 1864.

COBURN, OTIS, 15th Mass. Infantry; returned to his regiment July 12, 1864.

COLEMAN, JOHN, 82d New York Infantry; wounded at Cold Harbor, June 5, 1864.

CREAMER, SIMEON, 12th New Jersey Infantry; killed at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

*CREIGHTON, PHILIP. No record as to what regiment he belonged.

DANIELS, JAMES, 15th Massachusetts Infantry; returned to his regiment July 12, 1864.

GILLEO, JOHN, 59th New York Infantry; no date; sick in hospital, 1863.

GLYNN, THOMAS, 15th Mass. Infantry; returned to his regiment July 12, 1864.

HAYES, THOMAS, 15th Mass. Infantry; returned to his regiment July 12, 1864.

HEALY, PATRICK, 15th Mass. Infantry; returned to his regiment July 12, 1864.

HOSMER, JOEL, 15th Mass. Infantry; returned to his regiment July 12, 1864.

IVORY, JOHN, 15th Mass. Infantry; returned to his regiment July 12, 1864.

KARNES, JAMES, 28th Mass. Infantry; returned to his regiment July 17, 1864.

MCINTIRE, HERBERT D., 15th Mass. Infantry; returned to his regiment July 15, 1864.

MCKAY, DONALD, name of regiment not given; return to his regiment April 18, 1864

* Sergt. Stephen M. Greene is positive that he was a member of the 42d New York Tammany regiment.

McKENZIE, MICHAEL, 15th Mass. Infantry; returned to his regiment July 12, 1864.

MIDDLETON, EMERSON, name of regiment not known; wounded at Auburn or Bristoe Station, Oct. 14, 1863.

MORRIS, THOMAS, 12th New Jersey Infantry.

MULLANEY, CHARLES, 15th Mass. Infantry; returned to his regiment July 12, 1864.

MURPHY, OWEN, 28th Mass. Infantry; returned to his regiment July 17, 1864.

OAKS, OLIVER S., 15th Mass. Infantry; promoted corporal; returned to his regiment July 12, 1864.

PRICE, JOHN, name of regiment not given; returned to his regiment April 11, 1864.

REYNOLDS, STERN, 59th New York Infantry; wounded at battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864.

SCHAMPAN, JOHN, 59th New York Infantry; wounded in action at Auburn, Oct. 14, 1863.

SWETT, EDWIN, Co. K. 19th Maine Infantry; wounded at Bristoe Station, Oct. 14, 1863.

STOPPLE, CHARLES, Co. E, 52d New York Infantry; sick in hospital Oct., 1863.

SPARKS, HENRY, name of regiment not given; returned to his regiment April 11, 1864.

THORNTON, JOHN G., 15th Mass. Infantry; returned to his regiment July 12, 1864.

VOGAL, HENRY, 24th New Jersey Infantry; returned to his regiment June, 1863.

WEST, GEORGE W., 24th New Jersey Infantry; returned to his regiment June, 1863.

WILLEY, LORING W., Co. A, 19th Maine Infantry; killed at Po River May 9. 1864.

WIRTH, WILLIAM, name of regiment not given; returned to his regiment April 11, 1864.

WOOLSTON, LEVI, Co. B, 24th New Jersey; returned to his regiment June, 1863.

WRIGHT, WILLIAM, name of regiment not given; returned to his regiment April 11, 1864.

ZOBRIST, JOHN, 39th New York Infantry; returned to his regiment Oct., 1863.

Of these thirty-nine men who were attached to Battery A, two were killed, six wounded, and three went to the hospital sick, the remainder returning to their regiments at different times as already stated. Besides these, there were forty men attached to the bat-

tery at Cold Harbor, on June 6, 7, and 8, after the term of service of the original members of the battery had expired. Including the eleven attached men from the Second Rhode Island Infantry, in July, 1861, Battery A had during its service ninety attached men to assist in working its guns, besides ninety-five recruits from Rhode Island. Its number of original members was one hundred and fifty-six, making a total of three hundred and forty-one men who were enlisted or attached, a number of the recruits having deserted before reaching the battery, and some, as already mentioned, were sent to other Rhode Island batteries.

LIST OF KILLED OF BATTERY A.

Commissioned Officer.

HUNT, PETER, Lieut. Promoted from first sergeant of Battery C. Killed at Swift or Totopotomoy Creek, Va., May, 1864.

Original Members.

BOURNE, WILLIAM E. Killed by explosion of limber chest at Washington, D. C., July 9, 1861.

BUP, FREDERIC. Killed at battle of Bull Run, Va., July 21, 1861.

GLADDING, OLNEY D. Killed at battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. 1862.

LANNEGAN, PATRICK. Killed at battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

LAWRENCE, JOHN H. Killed at battle of Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.

MORAN, JOHN. Killed in action at Bristoe Station, Va., Oct. 14, 1863.

MORSE, NATHAN T. Killed by explosion of limber chest at Washington, D. C., July 9, 1861.

REED, CHARLES M., Sergt. Killed at battle of Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.

ZIMALA, JOHN. Killed at battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

Recruits.

BOSWORTH, JOSEPH T. Killed at battle of Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.

CHURCH, NORRIS L. Killed at Swift or Totopotomoy Creek, Va., May 31, 1864.

LAWRENCE, CHARLES A. Killed at battle of the Wilderness, Va., May, 1864.

STONE, EDWIN. Killed at battle of Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.

Attached Men.

CREAMER, SIMON W., Co. K, 12th New Jersey Infantry. Killed at battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

HIGGINS, JOHN, Co. K, 2d Rhode Island Infantry. Killed at battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

WILLEY, LORING W., 19th Maine Infantry. Killed at battle of Po River, May 10, 1864.

CREIGHTON, PHILIP. Killed at battle of Bristoe Station, Oct. 14, 1903.

Total killed, eighteen, one officer and seventeen men. Nine original members, four recruits, and four attached men.

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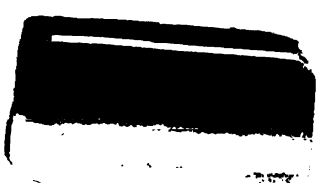
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